Child of Pallas:

DEVOTED MOSTLY TO THE

Belles-Lettres.

By CHARLES PRENTISS.

Quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
docet.

HORACE.

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PRELIMINARY.

TO the PATRONS of LITERATURE, and the PROMOTERS of USEFUL and *rational entertainment.*

To you this child of expectation looks up anxiously for the indulgent smiles of encouragement and support.

As modesty well becomes the infancy of a life, which she hopes will be long, pleasant and useful, it were unnecessary to prejudice friends in her favor, by faithless declarations of great future performances: to the discerning therefore it will be only proper to observe, that, added to her personal decency of garb, she hopes her intellectual accomplishments will be such, as to engage general favor and esteem.

She engages not to be the telltale of slander, or of individual reflections. Her disposition shall be innocent; and in the exercise of candor to others, she presumes that by them the mantle of charity will be kindly thrown over any foibles or blemishes, which may inadvertently arise from her youth or inexperience. Her countenance will be sometimes overcast with anger and the indignant frowns of reproof, when combating the inauspicious aspect of vice, the baneful force of fashionable crime, and the menacing weapons of wickedness of every shape. On the trifling or immoral whims of crazy custom, she will occasionally throw a smile of beneficial effect, and not unfrequently occasion a merry but useful laugh.

Happy in uſing her little utmoſt to render more firm the pillars of government and ſupporters of ſociety, of the ſacred and lovely charms of religion and virtue, whoſe ſeparate exiſtence ſhe deems incompatible, ſhe will be a conſtant admirer and warm advocate.

She has no creed in politics, and with her opinions on that ſubject, ſhe is determined never to trouble the reader.

To the FAIR, who juſtly claim, and will ever receive, her fervent conſiderations of eſteem and affection, ſhe hopes to become a little cloſet confident, a much loved friend and adopted ſiſter. To many a pretty tale ſhe will cauſe them to liſten, and while amuſing the fancy, ſlyly convey the moral to the heart.

Senſible of the unfavorable reception which has conſtantly attended ſimilar attempts, heretofore, in America, ſhe trembles with fearful apprehenſions, leſt ſhe, like her predeceſſors, ſhould be leſt to pine away a ſhort exiſtence in the cold and diſtant valley of unanxious neglect, or, having ſuffered for a time the rude blaſts of uncandid criticiſm and ſevere reproach, without a parent or friend, die at laſt the haple's infant of abortive preſumption—but, animated with perhaps an inconſiderate hope, ſhe looks forward to the days of ſtrength and reſpect, from the guardian attention and aſſiduity of

THE EDITOR.

Child of Pallas, &c.

The Jumper.

(No. I.)

I ASSUME this title becauſe I expect to jump about from one place to another, and from one ſubject to another, "from grave to gay, from lively to ſevere," juſt as fancy may incline me. Now I ſhall be as grave and thoughtful as Miſs Nancy, heſitating whether to marry a city fop or a rich country bumpkin; and now as pert and airy as my maiden niece Doratha, who (don't mention it for the world, reader, for it is all a ſecret in our family, and the neighborhood) has juſt now paſſed the dreaded, wrinkled age of thirty; yet is not ſo old by many months as ſhe was at eighteen.

What is the reaſon that the moſt females, after having arrived to a certain age, with ſtudied attention endeavor to conceal their years; and, as is the caſe with my niece, would ſooner part with a dozen kiſſes at once, than the ſecret of their age? I muſt tell you ſome anecdotes of this niece of mine.

She was converſing with a gentleman a few evenings ſince, when, in the courſe of the different topics that occurred, ſhe happened to obſerve, that ſhe could very well remember the time of the declaration of Independence. "Ah," ſays Mr. A——, "how old was you then?" The ſudden recollection of the conſequential diſcovery of her age, ſpread a bluſh over her face. She heſitated, "I mean," ſaid ſhe, "the news of Peace," It was too late. The awkward manner of her ſecond aſſertion convinced the company of its untruth; and her mortification deadened the pleaſure of the remaining part of the evening. I talked with her on the ſubject the next day, and reprehended with much freedom the fooliſhneſs of her conduct; and aſſured her that if ſhe ever again attempted to conceal her age by a falſehood, I would let all the world know it, by publiſhing it in the papers. She declared ſhe would not: and, as ſhe has not yet been detected in doing ſo, I have ſtill ſcrupulouſly kept the knowledge of her age as one of the moſt profound of my ſecrets.

With another foible my niece is very much troubled. She has become of late ſo delicate that it is with much difficulty ſhe is able to expreſs her ideas on many ſubjects, in the uſual terms of her own language. Drinking my tea a few evenings ſince, ſhe happened accidently to overturn my cup, wet my clothes, and ſcald me very much. I obſerved to her that the tea was very hot; that it had not only wet my breeches, but had taken the ſkin off my knee. "Good God," exclaimed ſhe, "what an indelicate old man you are. I really believe if you ſhould ſay breeches

again, ſuch monſtrous, ſhocking language would almoſt make one reach."

"What, what is the matter now, Doratha," ſaid I, "are breeches all out of faſhion with men, becauſe it is all in the faſhion for women to wear them. If I ſhould ſend the boy for a pair of ſmall-clothes, as you women call them, I ſhould expect a pair of ſtockings."

"*Stockings*," cried ſhe: do, uncle, ſay *hoſe*."

"And, continued I, "ſhould I order him to bring me warm water inſtead of hot, for ſhaving, it would truly take much from the delicacy of the razor, and the appearance of my face."

"Countenance, uncle, countenance."

"But what in the name of wonder Doratha do you mean by that word *reach*? I fear you don't pronounce it rightly."

"I do ſpeak it, uncle, very naturally."

"It is very natural," ſaid I, "for ſilly affected girls and boys, to pronounce quite *unnatchurally*."

"After long endeavouring to diſcover her meaning (for I really had not the leaſt knowledge, what idea to prefix to the word *reach*) I told her that her fooliſh and affected behavior had diſguſted me very much; and made me in ſome degree angry: that I had nothing further to ſay on the ſubject, that evening; but ſhould defer 'till the morning, any animadverſions on the fooliſhneſs of her conduct. With-

out bidding me a good night, ſhe retired, with a reſpectful upturned noſe, and ſilent tongue.

There can be no greater enemy than myſelf to words really indilicate, or puns and double entendres capable of conveying an indecent meaning. And whenever I ſee a young woman, who does not bluſh, nor directly diſcover her being offended; but ſeems pleaſed with them; I am immediately convinced that ſhe is "at heart a rake:" and may become an eaſy prey to the accurſed arts of the ſeducer. Yet, as a divine poet ſays,

From my ſoul I hate
All affectation: 'tis my perfect ſcorn;
Object of my implacable diſguſt.

And when ſome little-learned witling of affection, male or female, endeavors to deſtroy the uſe of words, modeſty well defining the meaning, and of univerſal acceptation; and ſubſtitute words in their ſtead, unmeaning, or of other meaning; who can feel other ſenſations than thoſe of diſguſt towards their firſt inventors, or thoſe who uſe them from pure affectation. I would not however carry too far my enmity to modern innovations. Many improper words, aſſuming a new ſignification, and becoming of general uſe, cannot now be eradicated from the language.

I went to bed that night with a thouſand different ideas hanging to the word reach; yet comforting myſelf with the hope that time or accident would develope its meaning; and that I ſhould not die altogether ignorant of the im-

provements, or rather deſtortions of the Engliſh tongue. In the morning, by threats and entreaties, I ſo far prevailed over the delicacy of Doratha, as to be directed by her to a negro wench in the kitchen, who readily gave me ſatisfaction.

So then, Miſs Doratha, the grand diſcovery is made; and reach, or as you ſhould have ſaid, *retch*, ſignifies much the ſame as vomiting.

Vomiting, oh it is too much——cried ſhe in an agony of delicate diſtreſs, and quitted the room.

I called her back with an air of authority, and, placing her near me, began a long lecture on the fooliſh innovations of our language, both as to words and pronunciation. In deſcanting on the word *breeches*, I proved it to have been the language of our forefathers, as long ago as the time of *Chaucer*, and that it has probably been uſed thouſands of years, as it is of Welſh origin. I then entered largely on the propriety of preſerving the word in common uſe, for the benefit of poſterity; that they need not, in reading antient authors, be then obliged to recur to a dictionary of obſolete words, to diſcover its ſignification. Remarking to her, that whatever changes the freaks of faſhion might make, in their length, ſmallneſs or magnitude, ſtill breeches are breeches, and by the name of breeches ſhall they be called.

"Uncle, now they are worn up ſo high, and down ſo low, permit me to call them long-clothes."

No. No. Should their waiſtbands reach the ſky, and their kneebands the earth, the name of breeches ſhall flouriſh and endure, when ſmall clothes, with its ſmall ſupporters, ſhall be ſinking in the unbottomed vault of oblivion.

Reader, you and I muſt be more acquainted. Have you white eyebrows? If ſo, I fear we ſhall not agree. *Lavater* is ſevere on white eyebrows. If not, tell me your opinion of the Jumper as a writer, yet don't judge raſhly; for what he may be in the iſſue, is unknown both to him and to you. Perhaps he may prove a new Addiſon. No, ſay you, I can already ſee the contrary of that. Perhaps, like the numerous periodical writers of the age, he may drag thro' four or five numbers, then die away, for the want of wit, or money. Very likely, ſay you. Very likely, ſay I, you judge raſhly; againſt which I have juſt now forewarned you. Condemn not without a fair trial.

The ſituation, the members of my family are well known to myſelf, therefore ſhould I attempt a delineation of them it muſt be entirely for your benefit. As you are probably as ignorant of me as I am of you, that we may become more acquainted, I ſhall, in my next, give you, for the better underſtanding of each other, a brief detail of the various ſcenes and events of my life; my ſituation now in my old age, as well as that of my family connections, who I ſhall have occaſion to introduce to you, in the courſe of my lucubrations.

word

Critics.

(No. I.)

TILL of late years, attention to the grammar, elegance and correctneſs of the Engliſh language, was hardly conſidered as a neceſſary branch of a regular education, in this country. While years were ſpent in acquiring a full knowledge of Latin and Greek, the ſtudent was often ignorant of the grammar of his own tongue, and unable to expreſs himſelf with propriety and accuracy in it; tho' he could minutely comprehend the different Attic or Doric idioms of the Greek. The peculiarities of our own language, words and phraſes, of different uſe, in the different ſtates; thoſe common in America and unknown in Europe; new-coined American words; obſervations on errors of logic or rhetoric, &c. &c. will be the ſubject of a ſeries of numbers, that will appear under this ſignature. It will be properly ſpeaking, "a thing of ſhreds and patches," yet ſuch as will, I hope, merit the attention of the reader.

Many people, among whom ſome are found by no means deſtitute of education, often uſe the words *mighty bad*, inſtead of *very much.*

Said Miſs A——to an Engliſh gentleman of education, "your old acquaintance Nancy is courted by a ſea captain, and he loves her *mighty bad.*" "Loves her mighty

bad, " ſays the Engliſhman, " what kind of love, pray, m dam is that?"

" They are married now *all but*," cried ſhe: " they certainly will be married in a *little piece*."

All but married, a *little piece*—and this from pure *mighty bad* love!

A *little piece* is a very common expreſſion, when a perſon intends to ſignify a little, or a ſhort time. Will you lend me your carriage a *little piece?* I'll return it again in a *little bit:* I only want it to go a *piece*. Perhaps I ſhall be gone an hour *all but*.

The word *raiſe* is very improperly applied by many people. Few ſay, where was you *born?* but where was you *raiſed?* In England, or New England, a perſon would be greatly affronted, at being queſtioned in this manner; the word *raiſe* being generally applied to cattle, hogs, grain, &c. There they *raiſe* hogs and corn, and have children: in the Southern States, they *make* pork, *make* corn, and *raiſe* children. I have, ſays a Virginian planter, within theſe ſeven years, *made* two thouſand barrels of corn; and, in that time, *raiſed* five children.

The word *tote*, ſignifying to *carry*, is wholly unknown in the Northern ſtates. Will you *tote* this trunk to my houſe? You muſt not charge too much for *toting* it only a *little piece*. This word is of ſo univerſal acceptation, eſpecially among the middle and lower orders of citizens, that it claims a juſt right to be incorporated into our language.

Thoſe who wiſh to ſpeak with propriety will uſe the words

Very much - -	inſtead of - -	mighty bad,
much - - - - -		bad,
almoſt - - - -		all but,
a ſhort time - - .		a little piece,
Raiſe (as applied to grain and cattle)		make,
Born or educated (as applied to children)		raiſe.

EXTRACTS FROM MEMORANDA,

Kept by a character long diſſipated. It diſcovers the final prevalence of virtue, over a heart not naturally corrupt.

9 o'clock. Wake. Oh what an intolerable head-ach. Cards and wine and late hours are the devil all over. Call for a glaſs of gin, to clear out the cobwebs of the throat. No appetite for breakfaſt. Nancy enquired if I was unwell, ſeeing my head ſhake: bluſhed; told her I had taken a violent cold, knew I lied; and ſhe knew it. 11. Smoke a pipe—newſpaper—Punch—Mem. Col. S——— wants the money he lent me. How ſhall I pay him? 4 o'clock, Dinner—Bad wine—Could drink but one bottle. 6 o'clock. Barber dreſſes my hair. Dreſs. Cravat too ſmall—can't touch my noſe with it. Wiſh it were the faſhion to wear none. Took a walk—Bowed to Miſs A——. She did not curteſy—Won't take any notice of her

when ſhe comes here again. 8 o'clock, Billiards—loſt 9 Dollars. Drunk—11 o'clock, go to bed.

Tueſday.

4 o'clock, Wake—Blue Devils and hobgoblins—Dry—call for half pint gin toddy—5 o'clock, ſleep again. 11 o'clock, get out of bed—Bitters—Told Nancy my cold had encreaſed. Eat no breakfaſt—Took ſome pills. 2. Dine. 5. Billiards—Won 2 Dollars. 8. Went to Mrs. M——'s, Two members of Congreſs there. Mem. Mrs. M. keeps the genteeleſt bawdy houſe in the city—go to no other. 12 go to bed.

Wedneſday.

Wake at 9. Sick. Take ſome of Anderſon's pills. Put on a new ſuit of clothes. Taylor threatens about his bill. Newſpapers—Buonaparte victorious. What will be the end of this famous Corſican? 11. Captain R——— called on me. He admired my new coat. It is handſome. Look in the glaſs: appear well. Aſk his opinion about whiſkers. Adviſes me to ſhave them off. Muſt have the opinion of others firſt, on the ſubject. Adjuſt my cravat—Punch. Walk out with the Captain. The Captain ſtruts very much: makes a good bow tho'—muſt learn his bow. 3. Dine with the Captain. Good wine. Toaſt Buonaparte—He toaſts the Arch Duke Charles. 5. Return—Take a nap. 7. Go out for the evening. 11. Come home a little intoxicated.

[To be continued.]

Spangles and Ribbons.

A great eater complained frequently of the teeth ache. "I dont wonder at it," ſays another, "mine would ache too, were they confined to ſuch hard and continued labor."

A maker of blackball ſold a large quantity of miſerable ſtock, by aſſuring his cuſtomers that its quality was ſuch that it *would not* rub off on *nothing*.

THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA

Was remarkable for attending himſelf to the memorals and complaints of his ſubjects. His deciſions were generally juſt, and often conceived with much ingenuity. In the following inſtance however we conceive that the faithful adheſion to duty, eſpecially in a cuſtom houſe officer, merited rather a reward than the ſentence here given.

The Princeſs of Pruſſia ordered ſome rich ſilks from Lyons, which pay a high duty at Stetin, the place of her reſidence, the cuſtom houſe officer rudely arreſted them until the duties ſhould be paid. The Princeſs, incenſed, let him know that ſhe would ſatisfy his demands, and deſired that he would come himſelf with the ſilks for that purpoſe. On his entrance into the apartments of the Princeſs, ſhe flew at him, ſeized the merchandize, gave the officer two or

three cuffs in the face, and turned him out of doors. The proud and mortified exciſeman, in a violent fit of reſentment, drew up a memorial, in which he complained bitterly of the diſhonorable treatment he had met with in the exerciſe of his office. The King having read the memorial, anſwered it as follows:

"The loſs of the duties belongs to my account. The "ſilks are to remain in the poſſeſſion of the Princeſs. The "cuffs with him that received them. As to the ſuppoſed "diſhonor, I cancel it at the requeſt of the complainant; "but it is of itſelf null; for the white hand of a fair lady "cannot poſſibly diſhonor the face of a cuſtom houſe offi-"cer.

(Signed) FREDERICK."

Berlin, November 30, 1778.

Exotic.

A ſanguine Frenchman had ſo high an opinion of the pleaſures to be enjoyed in the ſtudy of Heraldry, that he uſed to lament, as we are informed by Manage, the hard caſe of our forefather Adam, who could not poſſibly amuſe himſelf by inveſtigating that ſcience, nor that of genealogy.

Ex.

Singular Cuſtom in the Iſle of Man.

If a ſingle young woman proſecutes a ſingle man for a

rape, the eccleſiaſtical Judges impannel a Jury; and if this Jury find him guilty, he is ſo returned to the Spiritual Courts, where, if he is found guilty, the Dumſter, (that is the temporal judge) delivers to the woman a rope, a ſword, and a ring, and ſhe has it in her choice to have him hanged, or beheaded, or to marry him. *Ex.*

At a tavern one evening it was agreed that each ſhould make a rhyme; and he who firſt failed ſhould pay for the liquor for the evening. One John Dine, thro' intoxication, miſſed, and was obliged to pay the reckoning. Going home, he found his door faſt. He called to his wife for admitance. Who's there? I. Who are you? Why I, John Dine. Yes, as drunk as a ſwine. Stop, wife, cried, he I muſt go back. On returning, he found ſome of his companions left; to whom he propoſed that ſupper ſhould be made ready; and he who firſt failed of making a rhyme ſhould pay for them. Agreed. All went well 'till his turn, when he cried out,

I John Dine
Am as drunk as a hog.

Ex.

The betrayer of confidence is worſe than the ungrateful man.

The ſeducer can but plead his luſt for his crimes, the

robber may plead hunger, and perhaps a ſtarving family. Caſuiſts may determine which is the more proper food for Cerberus.

Thoſe who are always anxious to be the firſt in a new faſhion, have generally their heads more decorated than their minds.

She who can ſpend four hours in dreſſing her head for an aſſembly, can never know how to uſe her tongue when there, whatever graces may attend her feet.

To break glaſſes, chairs and windows; pay a heavy bill, that cannot be afforded; and ſtagger home half drunk, is called gaiety. It is

The gaiety of thoſe
Whoſe head aches nail them to a noon day bed.
A gaiety that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blaſphemy, the heart with woe.

QUERIES.

A Taylor had no gooſe: he wanted two, and wiſhed to write to a merchant for them. How ſhall he expreſs himſelf in the plural number?

Does the dipping of a razor in hot water make it cut better? If ſo, why?

Extracts from the will of the Earl of Pembroke, *London.*

Imprimis.—For my ſoul, I confeſs I have heard very much of ſouls, but what they are, who they are, or what they are for, God knows, *I* know not; they tell me alſo of another world, where I never was, nor do I know one foot of the way thither. While the king ſtood, I was for his religion, made my ſon wear a caſſock, and thought to make him biſhop; then came the Scots and made me a Preſbyterian; and ſince Cromwell entered I have been an independent. Theſe *I* believe are kingdom's three eſtates, and if any of theſe can ſave a ſoul I may claim one; therefore if any executors find I have a ſoul, I give it to him who gave it to me.

Item. I give my body, for I cannot keep it, to be buried; do not lay me in the church porch, for I was a lord, and would not be buried where Col. Pride was born.

Item. My will is that I have no monument, for then I muſt have epitaphs and verſes, and all my life long I have had too much of them.

Item. I give all my deer to the earl of Saliſbury, who I know will preſerve them, becauſe he denied the king a buck out of one of his own parks.

Item. I give nothing to the Lord Say, which legacy I will him becauſe I know he will give it to the poor.

Item. To Tom May I give 5s. I intended to give him more, but whoever has ſeen his hiſtory of the parliament thinks 5s. too much.

Item. I give lieutenant general Cromwell one word of mine, becauſe hitherto he never kept his own. *Item.* I give up the ghoſt. *Ex.*

Dr. Johnſon being aſked what was love, anſwered, "It was the folly of a wiſe man and wiſdom of a fool; and Dryden being aſked the ſame queſtion by a lady, replied—It is a ſubject, Madam, I have ſeen, felt, and heard—but never yet could underſtand. *Ex.*

Character of the American General Lee, in a letter from a gentleman at Phladelphia to Dr. Gordon, author of the hiſtory of the Riſe, Progreſs, and Eſtabliſhment of the Independence of the United States of America.

THE character of this perſon was full of abſurdities and qualities of a moſt extraordinary nature. His underſtanding was great, his memory capacious, and his fancy brilliant. His mind was ſtored with a variety of knowledge, which he collected from books, converſation, and travels. He had been in moſt European countries. He was a correct and elegant claſſical ſcholar; and both wrote aud ſpoke his native language, with perſpicuity, force, and beauty. From theſe circumſtances he was, at times, a moſt agreeable and inſtructive companion. His temper was naturally ſour and ſevere. He was ſeldom ſeen to laugh, and ſcarcely to ſmile. The hiſtory of his life is little elſe than the hiſtory of diſputes, quarrels, and duels, in every part of the world. He was vindictive to his enemies. His avarice had no bounds. He never went into a public, and ſeldom into a private houſe, where he did not diſcover ſome marks of ineffable comtemptible meanneſs. He begrudged the expence of a nurſe in his laſt illneſs, and died in a ſmall dirty room in the Philadelphia Tavern, called the Canaſtoe-waggon, (deſigned chiefly for the entertainment and accommodation of common countrymen) attended by no one but a French ſervant, and Mr. Oſwald the printer, who once ſerved as an officer

under him. He was both impious and profane. In his principles he was not only an infidel, but was very hoſtile to every attribute of the Deity. His morals were exceedingly debauched. His manners were rude, partly from nature, and partly from affectation. His appetite was ſo whimſical as to what he ate and drank, that he was at all times, and in all places, a moſt troubleſome gueſt. He had been bred to arms from his youth; and ſerved as Lieutenant Colonel among the Britiſh, as Colonel among the Portugueſe, and afterwards as Aid-de-camp to his Poliſh Majeſty, with the rank of Major General. Upon the American Continent's being forced into arms for the preſervation of her liberties, he was called forth by the voice of the people, and elected to the rank of third in command of their forces. He had exauſted every valuable treatiſe, both ancient and modern, on the military art. His judgment in war was generally found.

He was extremely uſeful to the Americans in the beginning of the revolution, by inſpiring them with military ideas, and a contempt for Britiſh diſcipline and valour. It is difficult to ſay, whether the active and uſeful part he took in the conteſt, aroſe from perſonal reſentment againſt the King of Great Britain, or from a regard to the liberties of America. It is certain he reprobated the French alliance and republican forms of government, after he retired from the American ſervice. He was, in the field, brave in the higheſt degree; and with all his faults and oddities, was beloved by his officers and ſoldiers. He was devoid of

prudence, and uſed to call it *a raſcally virtue*. His partiallity to dogs was too remarkable not to be mentioned in his character. Two or three of theſe animals followed him generally wherever he went. When the Congreſs confirmed the ſentence of the Court Martial, ſuſpending him for twelve months, he pointed to his dog and exclaimed, "Oh! that I was that animal, that I might not call *man* "my brother."

Two virtues he poſſeſſed in an eminent degree, viz. ſincerity and veracity. He was never known to deceive or deſert a friend; and was a ſtranger to equivocation, even where his ſafety or character were at ſtake.

He died on Wedneſday evening, October 2, 1782, after being confined to his bed from the evening of the preceding Friday. His diſorder was a deſtruction of the lungs, of three months ſtanding, which produced ſomething like a ſpurious inflammation of the lungs, accompanied with an epidemic remitting fever.

Extracts from Boſwell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides.

Dr. Johnſon's Opinion of Pennant. Military Obſervations. Remarks on Trade. Anecdote of Mr. Garrick. Anecdotes of Dr. Johnſon. His Peculiarities. A Keen Sportſman. His Enmity to King William. His Opinion of Richardſon, Dr. Young, and Dr. Doddridge. A Caledonian Miracle. A Laughable Scene. Other ſtriking Peculiarities of the Doctor. Remarks on French Literature. Singular Inſtance of Feudal Authority.

Dr. Johnſon's Opinion of Pennant.

IT was wonderful how well time paſſed in a remote caſtle, and in dreary weather. After ſupper, we talked of Pennant. It was objected, that he was ſuperficial. Dr. Johnſon defended him warmly. He ſaid, Pennant has greater variety of enquiry than almoſt any man, and has told us more than perhaps one in ten thouſand could have done, in the time that he took. He has not ſaid what he was to tell; ſo you cannot find fault with him, for what he has not told. If a man comes to look for fiſhes, you cannot blame him if he does not attend to fowls—"But, ſaid Colonel M'Leod, he mentions the unreaſonable riſe of rents in the Highlands, and ſays, "the gentlemen are for emptying "the bag without filling it;" for that is the phraſe he uſes. "Why does he not tell how to fill it?"—Johnſon. "Sir, there is no end of negative criticiſm. He tells what he

obſerves, and as much as he chuſes. If he tells what is not true, you may find fault with him; but though he tells that the land is not well cultivated, he is not obliged to tell how it may be well cultivated. If I tell that many of the Highlanders go bare-footed, I am not obliged to tell how they may get ſhoes. Pennant tells a fact. He need go no farther, except he pleaſes. He exhauſts nothing; and no ſubject whatever has yet been exhauſted. But Pennant has ſurely told a great deal. Here is a man ſix feet high, and you are angry becauſe he is not ſeven."—Notwithſtanding this eloquent *Oratio pro Pennantia*, which they who have read this gentleman's *Tours*, and recollect the *Savage* and the *Shopkeeper* at *Monboddo*, will probably impute to the ſpirit of contradiction, I ſtill think that he had better have given more attention to fewer things, than have thrown together ſuch a number of imperfect accounts.

Military Obſervations.

After ſupper he ſaid. "I am ſorry that prize-fighting is gone out; every art ſhould be preſerved, and the art of defence is ſurely important. It is abſurd that our ſoldiers ſhould have ſwords and not be taught the uſe of them, prize-fighting made people not accuſtomed to be alarmed at ſeeing their own blood, or feeling a little pain from a wound. I think the heavy *glaymore* was an ill-contrived weapon. A man could only ſtrike once with it. It employed both his hands, and he muſt of courſe be ſoon fatigued with weilding it; ſo that if his antagoniſt could only keep playing a

while, he was ſure of him. I would fight with a dirk againſt Rorie More's ſword. I could ward off a blow with a dirk, and then run in upon my enemy. When within that heavy ſword, I have him; he is quite helpleſs, and I could ſtab him at my lieſure, like a calf.—It is thought by ſenſible military men, that the Engliſh do not enough avail themſelves of their ſuperior ſtrenght of body againſt the French; for that muſt always have a great advantage in puſhing with bayonets. I have heard an officer ſay, that if women could be made to ſtand, they would do as well as man in a mere interchange of bullets from a diſtance; but if a body of men ſhould come cloſe up to them than to be ſure they muſt be overcome; now, ſaid he, in the ſame manner the weak bodied French muſt be overcome by our ſtrong ſoldiers."

Remarks on Trade.

After breakfaſt, he ſaid to me, "A Highland Chief ſhould now endeavor to do every thing to raiſe his rents, by means of the induſtry of his people. Formerly, it was right for him to have his houſe full of idle fellows; they were his defenders, his ſervants, his dependants, his friends. Now they may be better employed. The ſyſtem of things is now ſo much altered, that the family cannot have influence without riches, becauſe it has no longer the power of ancient feudal time. An individual of a family may have it; but it cannot now belong to a family, unleſs you could have a perpetuity of men with the ſame views.

M'Leod has four times the land that the Duke of Bedford has. I think, with his ſpirit, he may in time make himſelf the greateſt man in the king's dominions; for land may always be improved to a certain degree. I would never have any man ſell land, to throw money into the funds as is often done, or to try any other ſpecies of trade. Depend upon it, this rage of trade will deſtroy itſelf. You and I ſhall not ſee it; but the time will come when there will be an end of it. Trade is like gaming. If a whole company are gameſters, play muſt ceaſe; for there is nothing to be won. When all nations are traders, there is nothing to be gained by trade, and it will ſtop firſt where it is brought to the greateſt perfection. Then the proprietors of land only will be the great men."—I obſerved, I thought it was hard M'Leod ſhould find ingratitude in ſo many of his people. —Johnſon. "Sir, gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation; you do not find it among groſs people."—I doubt of this. Nature ſeems to have implanted gratitude in all living creatures. The lion, mentioned by Valerius Maximus, had it. It appears to me that culture, which brings luxury and ſelfiſhneſs with it, has a tendency rather to weaken than promote this affection.

Anecdote of Garrick

Having talked of the ſtrictneſs with which witneſſes are examined in courts of juſtice, Dr. Johnſon told us, that Garrick, though accuſtomed to face multitudes, when produced as a witneſs in Weſtminſter-hall, was ſo diſconcert-

ed by a new mode of public appearance, that he could not underſtand what was aſked. It was a cauſe where an actor claimed a *free benefit*; that is to ſay, a benefit without paying the expenſe of the houſe; but the meaning of the term was diſputed. Garrick was aſked, "Sir, have you a free benefit?"——"Yes."——"Upon what terms have you it?"——Upon —the terms—of—a free benefit."—He was diſmiſſed as one from whom no information could be obtained.—Dr. Johnſon is often too hard on our friend Mr. Garrick. When I aſked him, why he did not mention him in the preface to his Shakeſpeare, he ſaid, "Garrick has been liberally paid for any thing he has done for Shakeſpeare. If I ſhould praiſe him, I ſhould much more praiſe the nation who paid him. He has not made Shakeſpeare better known. He cannot illuſtrate Shakeſpeare. So I have reaſons enough againſt mentioning him, were reaſons neceſſary. There ſhould be reaſons *for* it."—I ſpoke of Mrs. Montague's very high praiſes of Garrick.—Johnſon. "Sir, it is fit ſhe ſhould ſay ſo much, and I ſhould ſay nothing. Reynolds is fond of her book, and I wonder at it; for neither I, nor Beauclerk, nor Mrs. Thrale, could get through it."

Anecdotes of Dr. Johnſon.

I mentioned a club in London, at the Boar's Head in Eaſtcheap, the very tavern were Falſtaff and his joyous companions met; the members of which all aſſume Shakeſpeare's characters. One is Falſtaff, another Prince Henry, and-

ther Bardolph, and ſo on Johnſon. "Don't be of it, ſir. Now that you have a name, you muſt be careful to avoid many things, not bad of themſelves, but which will leſſen your character. This every man who has a name muſt obſerve. A man who is not publickly known may live in London as he pleaſes, without any notice being taken of him; but it is wonderful how a perſon of any conſequence is watched. There was a member of parliament who wanted to prepare himſelf to ſpeake on a queſtion that was to come on in the Houſe; and he and I were to talk it over together. He did not wiſh it ſhould be known that he talked with me; ſo he would not let me come to his houſe, but come to mine. Some time after he had made his ſpeech in the houſe, Mrs. Cholmondeley, a very airy lady, told me, "Well, you could make nothing of him!" naming the gentleman; which was a proof that he was watched.—I had once ſome buſineſs to do for government, and I went to Lord North's. Precaution was taken that it ſhould not be know. It was dark before I went; yet a few days after I was told, "Well, you have been with Lord North. That the door of the prime miniſter ſhould be watched, is not ſtrange; but that a member of parliament ſhould be watched, or my door ſhould be watched, is wondeful."

His Peculiarities.

There is a beautiful little iſland in the Loch of Dunvegan, called *Iſa*. M'Leod ſaid, he would give it to Dr. Johnſon, on condition of his reſiding on it three months in the year; nay one month. Dr. Johnſon was highly amuſed with the fancy. I have ſeen him pleaſe himſelf with little things, even with mere ideas like the preſent. He talked a great deal of this iſland;—how he would build a houſe there,—how he would fortify it,—how he would have cannon,—how he would plant,—how he would ſally out, and *take* the iſland of Muck;—and then he laughed with uncommon glee, and could hardly leave off. I have ſeen him do ſo at a very ſmall matter that ſtruck him, and was a ſport to no one elſe. Mr. Langton told me, that one night he did ſo while the company were all grave about him:—only Garrick, in his ſignificant ſmart manner darting his eyes around, exclaimed, "*Very* jocoſe, to be ſure!"—M'Leod encouraged the fancy of Dr. Johnſon's becoming owner of an iſland; told him, that it was the practice of this country to name every man by his lands; and begged leave to drink to him in that mode; "*Iſland Iſa*, your health!"—Uliniſh, Taliſker, Mr. M'Queen, and I, all joined in our different manners, while Dr. Johnſon bowed to each, with much good humor.

[To be continued in our next]

Changeable Silks.

To Miſs NANCY O——,

On ſeeing her angry at loſing in a game of cards,

Charming maid, with every grace
Sitting eaſy on thy face,
With limbs of nature's faireſt mould,
Killing thoſe who dare behold:
Hear the bard's inſtructive line,
Teaching beauty more to ſhine——

Who can view thy auburn hair,
In ringlets winding down ſo fair;
Who on thy cheek can ſee the roſe,
That in the midſt of lilles grows;
Who thy crimſoned lips ſo ſweet;
Or thy teeth of ivory neat:
Who thy lovely downcaſt eye,
Where a thouſand Cupids lie;
From whome hoſtile darts are thrown,
To thy unconſcious ſelfunknown.
Who can hear thy honied tongue
Gentle aecents roll along;
Survey the beauties of thy mind;
Thy ſenſe, good humor, wit refined:
Who can behold, and think that thou
Couldſt ever wrap in frowns thy brow;
Couldſt turn to pale thy blooming cheek;
To fury change the mild and meek;

Bid malice all thy frame deform,
And anger raiſe th' internal ſtorm:
Bid madneſs ſparkle in thy eye,
Where all the Cupids uſed to lie:
But now in tears of rage to ſwim;
And frantic wild diſtort each limb.
Ah ſad to tell, yet muſt the bard,
The horrors that attend the card.
In game of whiſt, twice ſeven hands played;
The bet two crowns on table laid;
So near alike the parties fought,
They both were in the nine holes caught.
Six lifts had each—a pauſe enſued:
The next play muſt her fate conclude:
"Tis mine," the fair one cried: her queen
Was quickly on the table ſeen;
Down comes the ſeven, down the nine—
What raptures Nancy then were thine.
When, long forgot, to all a wonder,
Down falls the king— the queen lies under.
So may ſome privateer be ſeen,
Taking two prizes like our queen:
Which ſoon ſome man of war ſurprizes.
Recaptures privateers and prizes.

Then, Nancy, what was thy confuſion
What tremors ſhook thy conſtitution.
In greater rage thou wouldſt not fall,
To loſe a partner for a ball;
Or drop, in Market ſtreet when walking,
The careleſs grater from thy ſtocking;

Nor if, more luckleſs ſtill than all,
Thy unpin'd petticoat ſhould fall.

Quit then, fair girl, the love of play ;
And thrown the uſeleſs cards away :
Nor let thy time away be worn,
Till one, tow, three o'clock in morn.
From their abode thy ſpirits flown ;
Thy caſh, good ſenſe and ſuitors gone.
In truth I'm very much afraid,
'Twill cauſe thy being an old maid.
It turns to ſour thy native honey—
I charge thee never play for money ;
But if ambitious to regain
Good wiſhes of thy friends again ;
If thou muſt idle time away ;
play ſeldom, and with temper play.

Toby's Prayer.

Toby was a freeman, in love with Dinah, a ſlave. He ſolicited the owner of his miſtreſs for liberty to take her away to a ſmall plantation, acquired by his own induſtry ; at the ſame time offering him ample recompenſe. We are ſorry to add, that the expectation of profit from the offspring of his female ſlave, rendered the maſter inexorable.

Maſſa hear poor Toby's prayer,
For he be much in great deſpair.
I love Miſs Dinah, Maſſa's ſlave,

And ſhe for Toby ſame love have:
Den, Maſſa, tink how mighty fine, ah,
Toby would be if with Dinah.

Jacob love Miſs Rachael much,
And he tink dere be none ſuch:
Rachael, you know, marry Jacob——
Dinah will with Toby take up.
Den, Maſſa, tink how mighty fine, ah,
Toby would be tied to Dinah.

Jacob for Laban work ſeven year,
Becauſe he Rachael love ſo dear:
Toby will work ſeven year too
If Dinah he can get from you.
Tink den, Maſſa, how divine, ah,
Toby would be 'long with Dinah.

Maſſa, don't you love your wife?
Love her dearly like your life?
Well negroes are not owls or night hawks;
For they exactly love like white folks.
O do tink den how divine, ah,
Toby married to Miſs Dinah.

If you do keep her from me longer
I ſhall die dead—and wake in *Congo*,
Where de curſed white ſhan't plague de negro,
Nor ruin ſlaves dat love as we do.
O, Maſſa, what can be diviner,
Dan happy Toby, happy Dinah?

SUMMARY.

Congreſs.

Monday, November 24. The Speaker read a letter from Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treaſury, ſtating, that with the approbation of the Preſident, he had determined to reſign his office—and inviting, if the houſe deemed fit, an inveſtigation into his official conduct. 27. The houſe waited on the Preſident with their anſwer to his ſpeech. Rev. Mr. *Liſly* choſen chaplain. Biſhop Claggett elected chaplain to the Senate. 28. Vice preſident arrives. 29. Committees of claims, elections, &c. choſen. The committee of reviſal and unfiniſhed buſineſs find, among others undetermined laſt ſeſſion, a bill to erect a muſoleum in honor of General Waſhington; a bill eſtabliſhing a military academy; and a bill to provide for the more convenient adminiſtration of government, in the courts of the United States. Which bills are now on the tapis.

Domeſtic.

Charleſton, November 24. A ſea-horſe, a great curioſity, was caught in Geyer's dock alive, by one of the cuſtom houſe officers. *Boſton, November* 19. The United States frigate Boſton, George Little, Esq. commander, captured,

on the 12th of October, the French national corvette Berceau, 22 guns, 232 men. The ſmall pox rages in Marblehard. A violent ſtorm on the 15th did much damage to the ſtores and wharfs in Boſton, as well as to the ſhipping in the harbor. The houſe of repreſentatives, in the legiſlature of Pennſylvania, have agreed to the propoſition of the ſenate, for the appointment of electors. On the 3d inſt. the electors of Preſident and Vice preſident, gove their votes, thoughout the United States.

CONDITIONS.

I. The price to ſubſcribers will be one Dollar per volume; to be paid at the cloſe of every eight weeks.

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[*No.* 2.]

Child of Pallas, &c.

The Jumper.

(No. II.)

LIKE moſt old people, I am more generally fond of light and pleaſant ſubjects, for meditation, for the pen and for converſation; yet can occaſionally devote hours to the moſt abſtruſe reaſoning, the moſt profound ſpeculation. Reader, are you young? If ſo, I beg you to ponder long, and ſeriouſly, on the obſervations I am about to make. If you are old, you muſt be an old block-head, not to have learned, that luxury is the bane of national proſperity, of individual quiet, ſucceſs and real pleaſure. It is the canker-worm, that corrodes the tree of life, to its untimely deſtruction; it devours the foliage, indicative of health; it deſtroys the buds of virtue, that would naturally bloſſom; it gnaws and gnaws, upon the trunk, till, fruitleſs, leafleſs and unſightly, it becomes fit only for the axe of death.

This is a good ſimile. I muſt, as critics ſay Dr. Young ſometimes does, run down the compariſon, for your benefit; and for its further illuſtration.

A little intemperance is the foliage injured. More, is the loſs of vigour to unfold the buds of virtue, and bring forth the pleaſant fruits of good deeds. Continued and increaſing, it is the worm that finds way to the trunk; occaſions excreſcences and diſeaſes; ſtops the regular circulation of that ſap, for the loſs of which rich wines and ardent ſpirits are no remedy; till, as the farmer his labourer, heaven ſends death, to remove the withered and needleſs nuiſance from among the trees that cover the ſkull of the earth.

Some writers have aſſerted that luxury increaſes commerce. True, but the conſequence does not follow, that it is therefore of national benefit. A commerce of the neceſſaries and conveniences of life increaſes the property of the manufacturer and farmer; gives bread to its thouſands; cheriſhes, ſtrengthens and aggrandizes a nation. But the commerce of wheat for gauze, of rice for wine, of cotton for changeable ſilks, will, in the progreſs of years, be attended with fullen evils to the United States. The barter of tobacco for rum is but the exchange of opium for ratſbane.

What, for a long ſucceſſion of centuries, has preſerved the Chineſe name? The abſence of luxury. What waſted the wealth and proſtrated the grandeur of the Perſian, Syrian and Grecian powers? Luxury. What into magnificient ruins tumbled the ſtupendous ſtructure of the

Roman Empire? Luxury. Is then luxury of national benefit? No.) A comical thought has juſt come into my head.

Suppoſe, privileged to roam from orb to orb, to examine the inhabitants, character and manners of other worlds, ſome ſuperior tenant of Saturn's ring or Jupiter's belt, viſiting our "thick rotundity of earth," ſhould alight on a tobacco plantation of one of theſe ſtates. The ſun ſhowers down the oppreſſive rays of heat: the ſullen overſeers walk to and fro with their threatening whips: our colored brethren of kindred blood, through the long hours of a tedious ſummer's day, humbled, enſlaved, brutalized, like the ſteady ſteed or patient ox, with ſcanty pittance, are ſweating through their daily taſk, for the benefit of a lazy and oppreſſive owner. The ſtranger being ſtands ſurpriſed. A colloquy commences:

Superior. Why are you idle, when hundreds around you are ſo buſily employed?

Planter. Theſe black dogs are mine. I bought them: and can do with them as I pleaſe.

Superior. Are they not of the ſame race with yourſelves?

Planter. I don't know indeed. I never thought any thing about it.

Superior. And for what purpoſe are all theſe ſo laboriouſly employed, in the heat of this ſcorching ſun?

Planter. To raiſe my tobacco, what do you think?

Superior. What is tobacco? To what uſe is it put? Is it clothing or food?

Planter. It is not clothing?

Superior. Is it food?

Planter. Why, no. It is for chewing, and ſmoking, and ſnuffing.

Superior. Is the juice of it fattening?

Planter. No, chewing takes away the juice of the body.

Superior. And what is the benefit of ſnuffing?

Planter. It vexes the noſe; and makes people ſneeze.

Superior. And how do your people ſmoke?

Planter. By ſetting fire to it; drawing the ſmoke into their mouths, and then blowing it out again.

Superior. Then what is the benefit of ſmoking, chewing and ſnuffing?

Planter. The Lord knows, Sir, I'm ſure I do not.

Superior. Profitable employment. What ingenious and diſintereſted people, to labor thus to lay up rich treaſures of nothing.

Planter. Aye, but we exchange it for rum and brandy.

Superior. Are rum and brandy raïment or food?

Planter. They are not raiment. They are food; no, they are drink.

Superior. What ales that overſeer, who lies by the fence? Is he dead or aſleep?

Planter. Neither. He is drunk with rum.

Superior. And does rum always effect you thus?

Planter. Too much always will.

Superior. And how is it with a little?

Planter. Not ſo bad.

No more was ſaid. Do you imagine he departed laughing at the ridiculous purſuits of mad men? No. As he aſcended, the multitude of tears fell faſt on the head of the unhappy African, and a long way beſprinkled the burning earth.

Look at the huge havoc of *War*. Life's midday ſun ſhines on the untimely grave of millions. See the ravages of *Famine*. Mark the deſolation of *Peſtilence;* buſying the grave-digger; depopulating cities. Theſe are but the baby under officers of Death, compared with his victorious vicegerent, the devouring angel, INTEMPERANCE.

Intemperance is the poſitive enemy of all ſolid enjoyment. It is honey in the mouth, but bitter aſhes in digeſtion. It is the father of unnumbered vices. What errors, what pains, what miſeries does it not produce? And

what are its benefits? They are known only to the Apothecary, Doctor and Undertaker.

He who has been long uſed to his rich wines, his ſpices, his creams and coſtly meats, looks with a degree of horror on the life of the temperate. His calm, conſtant ſtream of purified pleaſures, is all ice to his eye. But he, who has taſted the cup of exceſs; has experienced all the unreal enjoyment of luxurious poiſons; and has become wiſely ſimple and regular in his diet; in full poſſeſſion of cheerful ſpirits and vigorous health; would not exchange his happy mood of mind, his gay and quiet hours, for the morning head-ache, the forenoon mental vacancy, the afternoon nap, the hypocondriac hours, the uneaſy reſt of the night, with much turning on the bed, the indigeſting ſtomach, the trembling hand, the bloody eye, the cholic, palſy, gout, diſtreſs, deſpair, that accompany the bacchanalian: no, not if Andes in gold attended the barter.

I have myſelf felt all its horrors. From my youth, till the age of thirty-five, I was the darling child of diſſipation. With an excellent conſtitution, the legacy of healthy parents, I was enabled to wade through fifteen years of miſery; flying from object to object, from ſcene to ſcene; laborioufly purſuing the fleet, and ſtill abject phantom, pleaſure. All the happineſs I enjoyed, during this dreadful interregnum of intemperance, would not equal the ſatisfaction, that has attended even my moſt trouble-

ſome hour ſince my reformation. So true, abſolutely true, is the couplet of Pope :

One ſelf-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers and of loud huzzas.

Yet all this time I was conſidered as a gay, happy fellow, a gentleman of fortune and man of pleaſure. Alas, they knew not my heart. Nothing is more deceptive than the appearance of happineſs. To preſerve this appearance, was my conſtant ſtudy. But could any one have opened the windows of my breaſt, at that time, he would have ſeen the ſtings of guilty pleaſure pierced deep in the heart, and the hideous, perſevering harpy of remorſe, feeding on the vitals of my ſoul.

An ample eſtate was waſted. The pale ſpectre of meagre poverty, night and day, ſtared me in the face. My companions forſook me ; and I had not a friend whoſe value was ſixpence. He who has ſuffered, and juſtly ſuffered, in ſimilar circumſtances, may have an idea of the horror of my ſituation. In which, however evil it might apparently be, I ſought the means of conſolation. Poverty deprived me of the power of purſuing any longer that courſe of vice and folly, of unwholeſome habits and vicious inclinations, to which I had been ſo long accuſtomed. Poverty introduced me to the acquaintance of a lady, in the deſcription of whoſe charms and whoſe worth, my pen heſitates, my mind ſtaggers. Reader, have you ever felt the tender emotions of love? Have you medi-

tated with rapture by day on the beauty of your miſtreſs? Has her lovely image hovered round your brain by night? Could you deſcribe the extatic ſenſations of pleaſure, that throbbed thro the purple windings of your heart, when with a generous embrace, ſhe ſoftly pronounced the conſent of mutual love, and ſealed with a kiſs the eternal union of ſouls?

You have. So have I: and, aged as I now am, the tear of joy waters my eye, with the recollection of the hours when I loved, and that love was chaſte: not my phantom affection for

Harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unendeared;
Caſual fruition.

Yet the ſweet ſenſations of tenderneſs for the other ſex, delightful as they might be, were faint, were idle, compared with my fervor for the divine perſon of this adorable fair. A ſmile of mingled wiſdom and benevolence conſtantly enchanted every feature of her face. If I was ſad, ſhe firſt comforted, then made me merry. If I was in doubt, I could always depend on her deciſions; for ſuch was her judgment, that I never knew her directions, when followed, fail of a happy iſſue.

Sometimes, as ſays Ovid,

Meliora video, proboque;
Deteriora ſequor:

I ſee the good, and I approve it too,
I hate the wrong, and yet the wrong purſue:

Sometimes, I ſay, I have deviated from her advice; yet always repented my raſhneſs. She was of a forgiving temper; and a ſmile ever accompanied her mild reproofs.

Once in the habits of intimacy with her, ſhe introduced me to a variety of perſons with whom ſhe is ever converſant, and who are indeed her boſom friends and companions. Oh what years of pleaſure have I ſpent in their company. So great is my attachment to this noble and engaging family, that without their friendſhip, this dreary world would immediately appear a tempeſtuous ocean of calamities, without one ſolitary ſtraw, on which my drowning joys might faſten.

I anticipate the reader's anxiety to know the names of theſe worthy perſonages. Another number ſhall develope them. Yet I would not promiſe too much:-not having performed the engagement of my laſt: for, though on the auguſt charms of this enticing fair, of whom I have been ſpeaking, I can meditate with a conſtant and fixt attention; yet, as to other objects of minor moment, I am ſtill roving hither and thither, ſtill a *Jumper*.

Crites.

(No. II.)

THIS is an *intolerable* burden: I can hardly carry it.

Wrong: for, if you can carry it, it muſt be *tolerable*.

There was a *terrible parcel* of *pretty* girls at church, to-day.

Ladies are not conſidered in *parcels*. *Terrible beauty* is a great blunder. Beſides, you ought to have had ſubjects of meditation other than that of the ladies, at church.

Pretty ugly walking here in the *muddy* ſtreets, after this rain.

Pretty uglineſs; pretty mud; all of a ſtamp with terrible beauty. There was no need of informing me that it was after the rain. I was ſenſible of that circumſtance: as indeed of the walking. But this is common. People of ſhallow underſtandings often make ſage remarks on the weather. B, for want of ſomething elſe to ſay, with much pertinacity obſerves that this is a cold morning. D, with equal ſapience, replies, yes, ſir; B further obſerves, that it

is not ſo cold to-day as it was yeſterday; and D ſagaciouſly declares, no it is not; and this mode of converſation, combining pleaſure with improvement, yields them much ſatisfaction.

If ſhe ſhould prefer another to me, Oh what *will* I do?

I'll tell you. Put *ſhall* for *will*, like a grammarian: leave out the whining *Oh!* and prefer another to her, like a wiſe man.

I often hear the expreſſions, *like I did: this ſhall be done like I made the other*, &c. The word *like* is never a prepoſition or conjunction, though by ſome grammarians it appears to have been ſo conſidered. In the ſentence, *like whom I know not another*, the word *like* is an adjective, not requiring the prepoſition *to*, to precede the pronoun; as if it had been, *ſimilar to whom*. *Like of that*, is very harſh and vulgar Uſe *like that*; and *as I did*.

I ſhall feel *infinitely* obliged to you: It has done an *infinite* deal of miſchief.

How common are ſuch abſurd declarations. Subſtitute *greatly*, and *vaſt*.

This an't mine. *An't* is an abreviation of *are not*: the ſingular number requires *is not*.

Be careful, my child, to keep *from out* the fire.

Which is ſaying neither more nor leſs than, Be careful, my child, that you keep *in* the fire.

Next *Satchurday*, if no *objurate misfortchune* ſhould *projuce* a *failyure*, I ſhall *churn* my atttention to the *odyous* and *unnatchural* pronunciation of the words *cheusday*, *juke*, *jews*, &c.

In Engliſh, thus:

Next Saturday, if no obdurate misfortune ſhould produce a failure, I ſhall turn my attention to the odious and unnatural pronunciation of the words *Tueſday*, *Duke*, *dews*, &c.

Make hatchel teeth my chair, my table a hog's trough, my food bitter aſhes, and I will make a comfortable meal; but to ſcourge my feelings, and, with ſuch pronunciation, put to excruciating torture an honeſt man, who was never guilty of murder or high treaſon, is in the higheſt degree cruel.

EXTRACTS FROM MEMORANDA,

Kept by a Character long diſſipated. It diſcovers the final prevalence of virtue, over a heart not naturally corrupt.

[Continued.]

Thurſday,

12 o'clock. Colonel S——. called again for the money he lent me. I told him I would pay him in a few days. Told a lie. Says I have promiſed him ſo ſix months. 'Tis but five months. Strange, that he has no more politeneſs than to be conſtantly dunning a body. Declares I'm a man of no honor. No honor. What is honor? My honor is injured by his aſſertion. I'll challenge him. No. He'll fight and I may be killed. Wiſh I could fight and not be killed. How my name would ſound in the papers. "On Thurſday laſt a duel was fought between Colonel S——. and Mr. J——. G——. Mr. G——. was ſlightly wounded in the arm. Colonel S——. was ſhot through the breaſt and immediately expired. We underſtand the cauſe of this duel was an affair of honor." It would read well. Surely it would read well. Aye, but perhaps I ſhall be killed. There's the rub. Suppoſe I ſhould be badly wounded: it would certainly pain me. Honor would eaſe me. No: Falſtaff ſays honor has no ſkill in ſurgery. But, if I fight, Nancy may reſpect me; may love me. Then again what is Nancy's love to me,

if I die? I muſt conſult with the Captain. He has fought many duels. All the ladies admire him. So they will me. I muſt fight: if I ſurvive my fortune is made. If I fall, I ſhall die nobly; die like a demigod. 1 o'clock. Punch; newſpaper. Smoke. 3. Dine. Feel ſober. Eat but little. Wine. Drank Nancy's health. She did not thank me for it. What a charming creature ſhe is. How ſhall I gain her affections. I muſt fight. I wiſh I could have a duel about her. I can: I will. How ſhall I accompliſh it? Thus: I'll hint to Tom that ſhe is—is—is not as ſhe ought to be: Tom will tell Jack; Jack will tell Roger, and Roger tell me. And when Roger tells me about her being a bad girl, I'll tell him it is a lie; and call him a ſcoundrel and a villain for aſperſing her character. Roger is high tempered; and won't bear ſuch language: ſo we'll have a duel. But they will trace the ſtory back to me. How ſhall I excuſe myſelf? Aye, aye; thus: I'll tell them I meant ſhe was not what ſhe ought to be, becauſe ſhe ought to be unchaſte, that ſhe might then be in my power. A happy expedient; luckily formed. Thus ſhall I at once raiſe myſelf in the world: be conſidered as the protector of injured virtue: and, what is more than all, be beloved by Nancy, and obtain her and her whole eſtate. 5. Take a bottle of wine, through joy for my bright proſpects. There is nothing like contrivance. A man with a good contrivance will do more in one day, than ten plodding blockheads in a month. But what ſays conſcience? Put conſcience to ſleep till all is over; then attend to him when he can't help himſelf.

——Good wine; but it makes me ſleep. 9. Take the laſt glaſs, and reel to bed, happy as Cæſar.

[To be continued in our next.]

Extract from Boſwell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides.

[Concluded from our laſt.]

The Doctor a keen Sportſman.

THIS was a good day. Dr. Johnſon told us, at breakfaſt, that he rode harder at a fox-chace than any body. "The Engliſh, ſaid he, are the only nation who ride hard a-hunting. A Frenchman goes out upon a managed horſe, and capers in the field, and no more thinks of leaping a hedge than of mounting a breach. Lord Powiſcourt laid a wager, in France, that he would ride a great many miles in a certain ſhort time. The French academicians ſet to work, and calculated that, from the reſiſtance of the air, it was impoſſible. His Lordſhip, however, performed it."

His Enmity to King William.

Dr. Johnſon did not talk much to-day, but ſeemed intent in liſtening to the ſchemes of future excurſion, planned by the *Col.* Dr. Birch, however, being mentioned, he

ſaid, Percy had a great many ; that he flowed with them, like one of the brooks here.—Johnſon. " If Percy is like one of the brooks here, Birch was like the river Thames. Birch excelled Percy in that, as much as Percy excels Goldſmith." I mentioned Lord Hailes as a man of anecdote. He was not pleaſed with him, for publiſhing only ſuch memorials and letters as were unfavorable for the Stuart family. " If, ſaid he, a man fairly warns you, ' I am to give all the ill; do you find the good ; ' he may ; but if the object which he profeſſes be to give a view of a reign, let him tell all the truth. I would tell truth of the two Georges, or of that ſcoundrel, King William. Granger's Biographical Hiſtory is full of curious anecdote, but might have been better done. The dog is a Whig. I do not much like to ſee a Whig in any dreſs ; but I hate to ſee a Whig in a parſon's gown."

[*His opinion of Richardſon, Dr. Young, and Dr. Doddridge.*

He told us the firſt time he ſaw Dr. Young, was at the houſe of Mr. Richardſon, the author of Clariſſa. He was ſent for, that the Doctor might read to him his Conjectures on Original Compoſition, which he did, and Dr. Johnſon made his remarks ; and he was ſurpriſed to find Young receive as novelties what he thought very common maxims. He ſaid he believed Young was not a great ſcholar, nor had ſtudied regularly the art of writing ; that there were very fine things in his Night Thoughts, though you could not find twenty lines together without ſome extravagance.

He repeated two paſſages from his Love of Fame,—the characters of Brunetta and Stella, which he praiſed highly. He ſaid Young preſſed him much to come to Wellwyn. He always intended it, but never went. He was ſorry when Young died. The cauſe of quarrel between Young and his ſon, he told us, was, that his ſon inſiſted he ſhould turn away a clergyman's widow, who lived with him, and who, having acquired great influence over the father, was ſaucy to the ſon. Dr. Johnſon ſaid, ſhe could not conceal her reſentment at him, for ſaying to Young, that "an old man ſhould not reſign himſelf to the management of any body." I aſked him if there was any kind of improper connection between them. "No, ſir, no more than between two ſtatues. He was paſt four-ſcore, and ſhe a very coarſe woman. She read to him, and, I ſuppoſe, made his coffee, and frothed his chocolate, and did ſuch things as an old man wants done for him."

Dr. Doddrige being mentioned, he obſerved that "he was author of the fineſt epigrams in the Engliſh language. It is in Orton's Life of him. The ſubject is his family motto,—*Dum vivimus, vivamus;* which, in its primary ſignification, is, to be ſure, not very ſuitable to a chriſtian divine; but he paraphraſed it thus:"

"Live, while you live, the *epicure* would ſay,
"And ſeize the pleaſures of the preſent day.
"Live, while you live, the ſacred *preacher* cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies.

" Lord, in my views let both united be;
" I live in *pleaſure*, when I live to *thee*."

A Caledonian Miracle.

This evening he diſputed the truth of what is ſaid, as to the people of St. Kilda catching cold whenever ſtrangers come. " How can there, ſaid he, be a phyſical effect without a phyſical cauſe?" He added, laughing, "the arrival of a ſhip full of ſtrangers would kill them; for if one ſtranger gives them one cold, two ſtrangers muſt give them two colds; and ſo in proportion." I wondered to hear him ridicule this, as he had praiſed M'Aulay for putting it in his book: ſaying, that it was manly in him to tell a fact, however ſtrange, if he himſelf believed it. He ſaid, the evidence was not adequate to the improbability of the thing; that if a phyſician, rather diſpoſed to be incredulous, ſhould go to St. Kilda, and report the fact, then he would begin to look about him. They ſaid, it was annually proved by M'Leod's ſteward, on whoſe arrival all the inhabitants caught cold. He jocularly remarked, " the ſteward always comes to demand ſomething from them; and ſo they fall a coughing. I ſuppoſe the people in Sky all take a cold when ——— (naming a certain perſon) comes." They ſaid, he came only in ſummer. Johnſon. " That is out of tenderneſs to you. Bad weather and he, at the ſame time, would be too much."

A Laughable Scene.

After breakfaſt, Dr. Johnſon and I, and Joſeph, mounted horſes, and Col. and the Captain walked with us about a ſhort mile acroſs the iſland. We paid a viſit to the Rev. Mr. Hector M'Lean. His pariſh conſiſts of the iſlands of Col and Tyr-yi. He was about ſeventy-ſeven years of age, a decent eccleſiaſtic, dreſſed in a full ſuit of black, and a black wig. He appeared like a Dutch paſtor, or one of the aſſembly of divines at Weſtminſter. Dr. Johnſon obſerved to me afterwards, that he was a fine old man, and was as well dreſſed, and had as much dignity in his appearance as the dean of a cathedral. We were told, that he had a valuable library, though but poor accommodation for it, being obliged to keep his books in large cheſts. It was curious to ſee him and Dr. Johnſon together. Neither heard very diſtinctly; ſo each of them talked in his own way, and at the ſame time. Mr. M'Lean ſaid, he had a confutation of Bayle, by Leibnitz. Johnſon. "A Confutation of Bayle, ſir! What part of Bayle do you mean? The greateſt part of his writings is not confutable: it is hiſtorical and critical." Mr. M'Lean ſaid, "the irreligious part:" and proceeded to talk of Leibnitz's controverſy with Clarke, calling Leibnitz a great man. Johnſon. "Why, ſir, Leibnitz perſiſted in affirming that Newton called ſpace *ſenſorium numinis*, notwithſtanding he was corrected, and deſired to obſerve that Newton's words were QUASI *ſenſorium numinis*. No, ſir; Leibnitz was as

paltry a fellow as I know. Out of reſpect to Queen Caroline, who patroniſed him, Clarke treated him too well.

During the time that Dr. Johnſon was thus going on, the old miniſter was ſtanding with his back to the fire, creſting up erect, pulling down the front of his perriwig, and talking what a great man Leibnitz was. To give an idea of the ſcene, would require a page with two columns; but it ought rather to be repreſented by two good players. The old gentleman ſaid, Clarke was very wicked, for going ſo much into the Arian ſyſtem. "I will not ſay he was wicked, ſaid Dr. Johnſon; he might be miſtaken." M'Lean. "He was wicked, to ſhut his eyes againſt the Scriptures; and worthy men in England have confuted him to all intents and purpoſes." Johnſon. "I know not *who* has confuted him to *all intents and purpoſes*." Here again there was a double talking, each continuing to maintain his own argument, without hearing exactly what the other ſaid.

Other ſtriking Peculiarities of Dr. Johnſon.

He has particularities which it is impoſſible to explain. He never wears a night-cap, as I have already mentioned; but he puts a handkerchief on his head in the night. The day that we left Taliſker, he bade us ride on. He then turned the head of his horſe back towards Taliſker, ſtopped for ſome time; then wheeled round to the ſame direction with ours, and then came briſkly after us. He ſets open

a window in the coldeſt day or night, and ſtands before it. It may do with his conſtitution; but moſt people, amongſt whom I am one, would ſay, with the frogs in the fable, "This may be ſport to you; but it is death to us." It is in vain to try to find a meaning in every one of his particularities, which, I ſuppoſe, are mere habits, contracted by chance; of which every man has ſome that are more or leſs remarkable. His ſpeaking to himſelf, or rather repeating, is a common habit with ſtudious men accuſtomed to deep thinking; and, in conſequence of their being thus rapt, they will even laugh by themſelves, if the ſubject which they are muſing on is a merry one. Dr. Johnſon is often uttering pious ejaculations, when he appears to be talking to himſelf; for ſometimes his voice grows ſtronger, and parts of the Lord's Prayer are heard. I have ſat beſide him with more than ordinary reverence on ſuch occaſions.

In our Tour, I obſerved that he was diſguſted whenever he met with coarſe manners. He ſaid to me, "I know not how it is, but I cannot bear low life: and I find others, who have as good a right as I to be faſtidious, bear it better, by having mixed more with different ſorts of men. You would think that I have mixed pretty well too".

He read this day a good deal of my journal, written in a ſmall book with which he had ſupplied me, and was pleaſed, for he ſaid, "I wiſh thy books were twice as big." He helped me to fill up blanks which I had left in firſt

writing it, when I was not quite ſure of what he had ſaid, and he corrected any miſtakes that I had made. "They call me a ſcholar, ſaid he, and yet how very little literature is there in my converſation." Boſwell. That, ſir, muſt be according to your company. You would not give literature to thoſe who cannot taſte it. Stay till we meet Lord Elibank."

Remarks on French Literature.

Dr. Johnſon and I ſat by ourſelves at the inn, and talked a good deal. I told him that I had found, in Leandro Alberti's Deſcription of Italy, a good deal of what Addiſon has given us in his Remarks. He ſaid, "The collection of paſſages from the Claſſicks has been made by another Italian: it is, however, impoſſible to detect a man as a plagiary in ſuch a caſe, becauſe all who ſet about making ſuch a collection muſt find the ſame paſſages; but if you find the ſame applications in another book, then Addiſon's learning in his Remarks tumbles down. It is a tedious book; and, if it were not attached to Addiſon's previous reputation, one would not think much of it. Had he written nothing elſe, his name would not have lived. Addiſon does not ſeem to have gone deep in Italian literature: he ſhews nothing of it in his ſubſequent writings. He ſhews a great deal of French learning. There is, perhaps, more knowledge circulated in the French language than in any other. There is more ori-

ginal knowledge in Engliſh." "But the French (ſaid I) have the art of accommodating literature." Johnſon. Yes, ſir: we have no ſuch book as Moreri's Dictionary." Boſwell. "Their *Ana* are good." Johnſon. "A few of them are good; but we have one book of that kind better than any of them; Selden's Table-talk. As to original literature, the French have a couple of tragic poets who go round the world, Racine and Corneille, and one comic poet, Moliere." Boſwell. "They have Fenelon." Johnſon. "Why, ſir, Telemachus is pretty well. Boſwell. "And Voltaire, ſir." Johnſon. "He has not ſtood his trial yet. And what makes Voltaire chiefly circulate, is collection: ſuch as his Univerſal Hiſtory." Boſwell. "What do you ſay to the Biſhop of Meaux?" Johnſon. "Sir, nobody reads him." He would not allow Maſſillon and Bourdaloue to go round the world. In general, however, he gave the French much praiſe for their induſtry.

Remarkable Inſtance of Feudal Authority.

Being deſirous to viſit the oppoſite ſhore of the iſland, where Saint Columbus is ſaid to have landed, I procured a horſe from one M'Ginnis, who ran along as my guide. The M'Ginniſes are ſaid to be a branch of the clan of M'Lean. Sir Allen had been told that this man had refuſed to ſend him ſome rum, at which the knight was in great indignation. "You raſcal! (ſaid he) don't you know that I can hang you, if I pleaſe?" Not adverting to the Chieftan's power over his clan, I imagined that Sir

Allen had known of ſome capital crime that the fellow had committed, which he could diſcover, and ſo get him condemned; and ſaid, "How ſo?" "Why, (ſaid Sir Allan) are they not all my people?" Senſible of my inadvertency, and moſt willing to contribute what I could towards the continuation of feudal authority, "Very true," ſaid I. Sir Allan went on: "Refuſe to ſend rum to me, you raſcal! Don't you know that, if I order you to go and cut a man's throat, you are to do it?" "Yes, an't pleaſe your honor! and my own too, and hang myſelf too." The poor fellow denied that he had refuſed to ſend the rum. His making theſe profeſſions was not merely a pretence in preſence of his Chief: for after he and I were out of Sir Allan's hearing, he told me, "Had he ſent his dog for the rum, I would have given it: I would cut my bones for him." It was very remarkable to find ſuch an attachment to a Chief, though he had then no connection with the iſland, and had not been there for fourteen years. Sir Allan, by way of upbraiding the fellow, ſaid, "I believe you are a Campbell."

Spangles and Ribbons.

Anecdote of King George II.

About thirty-five years ſince, a very worthy man went to St. James's Palace whoſe apartment was two pair of ſtairs high. He drank tea there, took his leave, and ſtepping back unadviſedly, (on his friend's ſhutting the door after him) he half ſlipped, and half tumbled, down a whole flight of ſteps, and, with his head, burſt open a cloſet door. The unlucky viſitor was completely ſtunned with his fall; and, on his recovery, found himſelf ſitting on the floor of a ſmall room, and moſt kindly attended by a neat little old gentleman, who was carefully waſhing his head with a towel, and fitting with great exactneſs, pieces of ſticking plaſter to the variegated cuts, which the accident had conferred on the abrupt viſitor's unwigged pate. For ſome time his ſurpriſe kept him ſilent; but finding that the kind phyſician had completed his taſk, and had even picked up his wig and replaced it on his head, he roſe from the floor, and limping towards his benefactor, was going to utter a profuſion of thanks for the ſuccour he had received. Theſe were, however, inſtantly checked by an intelligent frown, and by a ſignificant wave of the hand toward the door of the cloſet. The patient underſtood the hint, and retired, wondering how ſo much humanity, and ſo much unſociableneſs, could dwell in the ſame

breaſt. His wonder ceaſed when he found, on deſcribing to a friend the ſituation of the cloſet, that he had owed the kind aſſiſtance he had received, to the firſt man in the kingdom. *Exotic.*

Bon Mot of the ſame.

Much perſuaſion was employed to induce a great perſonage to give up the ſcheme of viſiting St. Paul's. Among others the A—b—p of C———y ventured to expoſtulate againſt it, and urged his fears that his M——y might not be able to bear the fatigue and noiſe without riſking the return of his malady—to which the K—g replied, "My Lord A—b— p, I have twice read over the Report of the Phyſicians, and if I can ſtand that I can ſtand any thing."

Ex.

Quin for a long time had a curioſity to view Plymouth, which he was prevented from gratifying by his various avocations; at length, in one of his Bath tours, he took the route to Plymouth, with which place he was much diſſatisfied. On his return he was queſtioned by ſome gentlemen, his friends, how he liked the place? "Not at all, by ——," ſays Quin, "for every thing I met there was ſour, except the vinegar."

Ex.

Dr. MONSEY.

The late Dr. Monſey is well known to have poſſeſſed many ſingularities, both in thinking and acting; the following anecdote reſpecting the temporary diſpoſal of his wealth, will ſerve as an inſtance of one of them. Previous to his abſence from Chelſea, the Doctor was always greatly puzzled where to depoſit his caſh and notes; he had heard that bureaus and ſtrong boxes were frequently rifled, and from this circumſtance ſometimes occurring, began to conſider them as the moſt improper of all depoſitories.

Being about to go into Norfolk during the month of July, he choſe the fire place of his ſitting room for his treaſury, and placed bank notes and caſh in that unuſual ſituation under the cinders and ſhavings. On his return, after a month's abſence, he found his old woman preparing to treat a friend with tea; and the fire, in which all his property was contained, juſt lighted to make the kettle boil. By the application of a pail of water, the fire was luckily put out: his money was all found ſafe; but his notes were ſo damaged, that he was not able to procure payment at the bank, without much official difficulty. *Ex.*

A new mode of drawing Teeth.

The late Dr. Monſey uſed to fix a ſtrong piece of catgut faſtened to a perforated ball, round the affected tooth, and

having loaded his piſtol with the ball, diſmiſſed his troubleſome companion by a touch of the trigger.

The ſame gentleman, by way of ridiculing family pride, uſed to confeſs that the firſt of his anceſtors of any note, was a baker, and dealer in hops, of whom he told the following anecdote:

"To raiſe a preſent ſum he had robbed his feather beds of their contents, and ſupplied the deficiency with unſaleable hops. In a few years a ſevere blight univerſally prevailing, hops became very ſcarce and enormouſly dear; the hoarded treaſure was upon this immediately ripped out, and a good ſum procured for hops, which, in a plentiful ſeaſon, would not have been ſaleable; and thus" the Doctor uſed to add, "our family hopped from obſcurity." *Ex.*

For the CHILD OF PALLAS

Mr. PRENTIS,

The Tailor who had no gooſe, and wanted two, might expreſs himſelf as follows:

SIR,

Being in want of a gooſe, I take the liberty of requeſting you to ſend me one, by the next conveyance—or if you have ſo many on hand, you may ſend me two.

Your's, &c.

SAMUEL SNIP.

I muſt anſwer the ſecond query, by a third :

What is the reaſon that a hot knife will cut a pound of butter in two eaſier than a cold one ?

QUERIES.

What has the neareſt reſemblance to a man on horſe back ?

If a man ſix feet high, wear a ſword three feet long, how broad ſhould be the rim of his hat ?

There is a hoop, perfectly circular, of two feet diameter, ſtanding upright, due eaſt and weſt ; it caſts a ſhade from the ſun on a plain : I demand the length of the tranſverſe axis of the ſhade, on the 10th of January next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. in Baltimore ?

EPIGRAM.

Says K to L, " Did you e'er ſee
Ought *ſharp* about our Juſtice T ?"
Says L to K, " Indeed I have,
Oft as I've ſeen the barber ſhave."

Changeable Silks.

Mr. PRENTISS,

If the encloſed is thought fit for a place in your elegant and original miſcellany, the writer will be much gratified.

THE SLAVE.

At thought of dear *Afric's* uncultur'd, wild grove,
When free as the air I have rang'd;
Where *Zora* and I have repeated our loves,
And vows everlaſting exchang'd.

My breaſt feels the torturing pang of deſpair
And ceaſeleſs muſt flow the big tear:
Though ſinking in fetters, my heart is ſtill there,
With *Zora*—and all that is dear.

Oft o'er the rough mountains I've careleſsly ſtray'd;
And wander'd adown the blithe vales;
Engag'd in amuſing my favorite maid,
With tender and innocent tales.

At length the kind moment completed my joy,
And 'raptur'd I call'd her my ſpouſe;
Invoke'd the ETERNAL to look from the ſky,
And witneſs our mutual vows.

Contented with *Zora*, and FREEDOM's bright ſmiles,
I bore the fatigues of the chaſe;

Returning at eve, I preſented my ſpoils,
And ſlept in her virtuous embrace.

But, ah! how precarious felicity is,
Unſtable as yon furrow'd wave!
How ſoon was I torn from the ſummit of bliſs,
And rendered forever a ſlave.

White men from Columbia came to our ſhore,
With toys, and with trinkets, of ſerpent-like glare
We thought they were *Gods*, and would almoſt adore,
But found they were *Demons of pain and deſpair!*

Decoy'd to their veſſels, they bore us away,
And anſwer'd our wailings, with ſcourges and chains.
O GOD! ſlept thy thunders on that fatal day?
Or art Thou regardleſs when cruelty reigns?

Now exil'd from all that my heart holds moſt dear,
My limbs doom'd to labor on tyranny's ſoil;
Not all the gay beauties of nature can cheer
One moment of ſorrow, to ſoften my toil.

But, *pale-viſag'd Deſpots*, ye cannot confine
The Soul, which revolts from your barbarous ſway;
Nor ſcourges, nor fetters can thwart the deſign,
That opes your curs'd fangs, and releaſes the prey!

Yes! ere the next ſun on this earth ſhall ariſe,
Your captive ſhall roam in the woods of the bleſt—
Thy ſmiles, lovely *Zora!* ſhall gladden my eyes—
Oh! I haſte to the regions of freedom and reſt.

R. L.

UNPITIED HENRY.

How great are the pains of the ſlave,
Confin'd to the Algerine oar;
Condemn'd, as he ploughs the wild wave,
To expect his own country no more.

What horror the ſeaman diſmays,
When the rocks and the tempeſt alarm:
And the blank moon, emitting no rays,
Increaſes the woes of the ſtorm.

When the cold wint'ry wind and fierce ſnow
Beat all night on the bare beggar's frame,
What mis'ry the wand'rer muſt know;
For no happy home can he claim.

At laſt may ſweet liberty bleſs
The ſlave, and his chains diſengage;
Or habit his torments make leſs,
And the ſadneſs of long hours aſſuage.

How ſoon may the tempeſt be o'er,
And placid become the mad wave:
How happy again on the ſhore,
Or his fears finiſhed in the wet grave.

The ſnow and the rain will be gone,
And the beggar's eyes ſoon the light bleſs;
Perhaps he may find in the morn,
Sweet mercy relieve his diſtreſs.

But the wretch that is doom'd to adore,
To love, and be lov'd not again,
May wander the wide world all o'er,
And ſhall never abſcond from his pain.

To the Algerine oar to be chain'd,
To be toſs'd on the rough, raging ſea,
With hunger and froſt to be pain'd
Seem almoſt but pleaſures to me.

For I look on the maid I admire,
And I gaze with an eye fix'd as death,
Till the throb of my weak pulſe expire,
And forgot is the uſe of my breath.

On the ſad aching pillow when laid,
Her image before me will gleam ;
And I rave when I wake on my bed,
And diſcover 'tis only a dream.

Again would I feign full in ſleep
The hours that my ſorrows compoſe ;
But anguiſh, his ſceptre to keep,
Suffers not theſe ſtiff eyelids to cloſe.

Whenever the fair one I ſee
Trip by me ſo eaſy and light,
Her eyes throw a ſlight g'ance on me :
Mine follow her clear out of ſight.

At the dance, my long pains to beguile,
Whenever I happen to be,

On other's ſhe'll conſtantly ſmile,
But ſhe never will ſmile upon me.

Me ſometimes her preſence will bleſs,
And ſhe'll deign for a moment to ſtay;
Her hand e'er ſo ſoft if I preſs,
She ſcornfully draws it away.

No muſic I find in the ſong;
No wit in the ſmart repartee:
With decay the freſh lilly ſmells ſtrong;
And the roſe has no fragrance for me.

The color, my cheek that o'erſpread,
Has faded away to a pale.
From my bones the plump fleſh has all fled;
And my ſlender frame waves with the gale.

E'en hope too has taken her flight.
I ſob and I all alone ſigh:
Sad nature ſinks faſt in my ſight;
I ſhall certainly, certainly die.

SUMMARY.

Congreſs.

Friday, December 5. The houſe reſolved into a committee of the whole on the bill for erecting a mauſoleum to Geo. Waſhington. The firſt ſection being read, which determines the form and dimenſions of the mauſoleum, Mr. Allſton moved an amendment, ſubſtituting a monument, in the place of a mauſoleum, to be erected in the capitol. A ſpirited debate enſued; in which the amendment was ſupported by Meſſrs. Allſton, Nicholas, Nott and Macon—and oppoſed by Meſſrs. H. Lee, Otis and Griſwold. The committee roſe without coming to any deciſion, reported progreſs, and aſked leave to ſit again.

Domeſtic.

Philadelphia, Dec. 4. Schr. Whim, Cranſton, bound to St. Thomas, going down yeſterday abreaſt of Catherine-ſtreet, caught fire in the cabin, which communicating to the powder magazine, it blew up, tearing the quarter-deck and part of the ſtern away—one man who was in the cabin at the time of the exploſion was killed. The crew on deck were all blown overboard, but fortunately the boats of the Patapſco ſloop of war picked them up.

*** The candid reader is requeſted to excuſe ſome groſs blunders in the running title of our laſt, the effect of haſte.

CONDITIONS.

I. The price to ſubſcribers will be one Dollar per volume; to be paid at the cloſe of every eight weeks.

II. Each volume to conſiſt of eight numbers, or 288 pages.

III. Poſtmaſters and others, who ſubſcribe for ſix, ſhall be entitled to a ſeventh gratis.

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BOOK and BLANK PRINTING,

of every deſcription, neatly executed, and on reaſonable terms.

[*No.* 3.]

Child of Pallas, &c.

The Jumper.

(No. III.)

How pleaſing, how improving is the ſtudy of Phyſiognomy! In the beauty and ſublimity of its ideas it yields with difficulty to that of aſtronomy. In preciſion and demonſtration it almoſt equals the ſcience of mathematics. It thoroughly inveſtigates the operations of the mind, whether ſudden or permanent, on the "human face divine." It leads us into the knowledge of ourſelves perhaps more than any other ſcience. It enables us to look deep into the ſtranger's heart; to ſcan with minute ſcrutiny the different diſpoſitions, paſſions and feelings, that maintain authority over his ſoul. They ſpeak through his countenance, and without deception.

Laugh, Reader.——Does not that laugh increaſe the longitude of your mouth, lift up the muſcles of your cheek, and number the wrinkles about your eye? It does. Feel a mental pang of poignant grief. How altered the lips and cheek. What a vehement, contracted and impending brow. What an indiſcribable yet perceptible ſomething gives a woeful tint to the eye. Will not every contexture of the muſcles of the face become by long habit, permanent and unalterable? Hence the various inclinations, paſſions, habits and feelings, by which we are actuated from our earlieſt youth, by degrees ſtamp their different character on the truſty countenance.

I ſee LAVATER in his ſtudy, contemplating, with emotions of veneration and pleaſure, ſome buſt of great and good departed worth. *Raphael* reappears: and attempts on the glowing canvas faithfully to depict the expreſſive and exalted features of its countenance. In the midſt of this, the auguſt perſonage mentioned in my laſt, is at hand. The door turns on its eaſy hinge. With attitude majeſtic, erect and tall, with ten thouſand thouſand charms ineffable, and graces unutterable, ſporting in joyous concert over the lovely, thrice lovely features of her face, her eyes beaming with beauty and affection, her chaſte locks rolling gracefully adown, in all the native ſplendor and ſublimity of a daughter of heaven, VIRTUE appears.

Snatch thy pencil, *Raphael.* Give life, give beauty, give divinity to the canvas. In faithful hues ſpread out

her holy graces. Catch the bewitching ſmile; the benignant arch of the eye; the ſweet and compoſed mouth.

I ſee Levater fretting at the painter's inſufficiency; and weeping, inceſſantly weeping that the ſkill of a great artiſt ſhould be but barbariſm; unfit for the delicate exerciſe of giving in juſt ſhades, her celeſtial form to the world; that mankind, ſeeing, might believe; might love with conſtancy, and adore with fervent devotion:

Were it in the power of an eminent portrait painter to give us a correct and animated likeneſs of Virtue, with her attendant beauties Temperance, Chaſtity, Fortitude, &c. and on the ſame honeſt canvas exhibit the ghaſtly and deformed viſage of Vice, with her accompanying hags, Drunkenneſs, Luſt, Fear and Miſery; who ſo blind as not readily to diſcover the extreme contraſt? Yet ah few know the ſtable value of the one; few heed the cruel and deceptive ſmiles of the other.

Seeing the evident and mighty diſſimilarity; knowing the happy effects of a virtuous courſe, and the certain ruinous conſequences of vicious habits; is it not wonderful, paſſing wonderful, that the ſtrict lovers of Virtue are of ſo ſmall number, while her deadly antagoniſt marſhals a devoted world in the train of her admirers? Pope ſays,

Vice is a monſter of ſo foul a mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen.

True:

Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt *endure*, then *pity*, then *embrace*.

How often have I pauſed on the ſententious truths of theſe four often quoted lines. They contain a ſermon. Young man, ſtudy this ſermon well. *See* vice as ſeldom as poſſible, leſt you become too *familiar with her face*. If you muſt *endure* vice in others, ſpare, oh ſpare your own feelings the ſevere pang of enduring her in yourſelf. *Pity* thoſe over whom her authority extends, but never overlook her ſly attempts to gain an aſcendency over the affections of your own ſoul. *Embrace* her not. Her touch is poiſon; her breath the contagion of hell; "and her affections dark as Erebus." Obſerve her ſkinny lip, her painted cheek, the wanton rolling of her eye, her malignant dimples and inſidious ſmile. A withered, old, deformed and faithleſs imp. Why then truſt her? Why commit the jewel of your happineſs to the keeping of a notoriouſly falſe and abandoned proſtitute?

Look beyond. See, behind her ſtolen robes of gaiety, the voracious vulture of Remorſe, ready with unſated appetite to feed on the ligaments of your heart. See Infamy with open mouth ready to ſound your demerit to the world. Theſe like the "dogs of war" ſhall vice ſet upon you, to deliver you over to deſtruction, untimely and lamented.

Shun then her hateful preſence and fly to the arms of Virtue; to riot in her charms and know no ſatiety. She ſhall make thy life long, uſeful, quiet and happy. Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs and all her paths are peace.

I ſhall cloſe this number with a letter I have juſt received from a female correſpondent.

Mr. JUMPER,

I was never more ſhocked in my life than when reading your firſt number. Your attempts to ridicule the juſt delicacy of Miſs *Doratha*, have excited my moſt inveterate diſguſt. I certainly carry my ideas of propriety as far as ſhe does; and all my acquaintance join with me in denominating you a brutal and unmannerly old fellow. And I wiſh to ſuggeſt the propriety of diſuſing the words,—— how ſhall I name them? I muſt, but for the laſt time—the words *coat* and *waiſtcoat*. When I conſider what an unſeemly part of the body the waiſtcoat covers; and that the folds of the coat hang down the unſightly back, I feel aſhamed for the ſiſters of my own ſex, that they ſhould ever have been guilty of ſuch a violent outrage on decency, as to name them, ſeemingly without remorſe, and evidently without a bluſh. I wiſh I were in the ſituation of the amiable Miſs Doratha, I'll be bound I'd break you of your rudeneſs, or break your —— there, I liked to have ſaid *back*, and been as indelicate as your own naſty ſelf.

Without any kind of reſpect,

Yours

SALLY PRIM.

Crites.

(No. III.)

I believe the mode of pronunciation, mentioned in my laſt, is not of many years ſtanding. Indeed the abſurd principles on which it was founded, are ſo little applied, that but few words, comparatively ſpeaking, are mangled by this uncouth pronunciation.

Forty years ago the appearance of ſuch awkward and unnatural ſounds would have met the moſt pointed repreheuſions of ridicule; but unfortunately the players (whoſe mode of pronunciation though conſidered by ſome as a ſtandard, is uſually the moſt incorrect of any uſed by public ſpeakers) had taken it into their heads to appear ſingular; and by degrees many of the populace were juſt wiſe enough to adopt their plan. Even to this day however there are but few who have courage or circumſpection enough to apply the principles but to a few words. He who pronounces *nachural* will not ſay *ſatchurday*. He who pronounces *chueſday* will not ſay *chutor* for *tutor*. Why apply the rules but in part?

Walker, who carries this pronunciation farther than any writer, allows not the fooliſh practice of changing D into

J, before an U, unleſs the preceding ſyllable be accented, thus, *obduracy*, he pronounces *objuracy*; contending that the U ſhould be ſounded like U in *uſe*. But why it ſhould even in ſuch caſe I cannot conceive. Why not ſound it like double OO as in *ruthleſs*? Whence the neceſſity of the ſmall ſound of the E before the U; and in many inſtances before the I? Thus, deuty, keind, &c, But, even allowing a propriety in this mode, whence comes the ſound of CH? Why not ſay, *nat-eu-ral*, *misfort-eune*, *Teuesday*, &c.? Why *natch-you-ral*, *misforchune* and *cheueſday*?

I am willing to miſtruſt much my own judgment, and attribute much to the prejudices of a different education; but, as I conceive common ſenſe to be the beſt guide in this, as in other caſes, I muſt be allowed to perſevere in the good old way. And I ſhould certainly be a very happy man, were I to be as cautious in a moral view, as in this inſtance, not to follow the multitude to do evil.

EXTRACTS FROM MEMORANDA,

Kept by a Character long diſſipated. It diſcovers the final prevalence of virtue, over a heart not naturally corrupt.

[Continued.]

Friday.

Wake at 8. Take a cordial. 9. Bitters. Poor coffee this morning. 10. Barber ſhaves and dreſſes me. Concluded to take off my whiſkers. It has a fine effect on my countenance. Barber ties my hair too near my head. Muſt have it altered. 11. Newſpaper. Punch. The Captain pays me a viſit. Agrees with me on the ſubject of duelling. Offers to be my ſecond. Helps me write a billet to the Col.

SIR,

The unjuſtifiable abuſe I yeſterday received from your hands, as it deeply effects my injured honor, demands immediate chaſtiſement. You will yourſelf appoint the place and the hour when ſatisfaction may be given to

J——— G———

This will do. This is laconic. The Captain is a fine writer. How much pith and ſentiment in this billet. The Captain departs. 2. More punch. 3. Dine. 4. The Captain returns. What's the matter? Why ſo ſour and

dumpiſh? Now is the time to ſtrut, when a duel is going on. Why ſo down in the mouth when we are both making our fortunes? *Here take your billet from Col S——*

"Col. S. informs J. G. that he is ſorry to diſcover in "him ſo much moral depravity accompanying ſuch levity, "impertinence and mental imbecility. J. G. is welcome "to the ſeventy dollars, loaned ſome time ſince for a few "days, provided he trouble me no more with his inſo- "lence and weakneſs."

Aye he is a coward: afraid to fight. Don't you think ſo, Captain? What a fine effect will my courage have on Nancy: beſides paying a debt of ſeventy dollars. 10. Feel a little aſhamed; but very bold. Knock down the porter for his ill looks; break two chairs; drink a pint of wine; abuſe the landlord; diſplay feats of ſurpriſing courage, and go to bed.

[To be continued.]

An Essay on Sensibility.

[The following, from an Engliſh publication, written by a Lady of great merit and endowments, deſerves a ſtudious and careful peruſal from readers of every denomination.]

IT is a common obſervation, that in this world we ſtand more in need of comforts than of pleaſures. Pain, ſickneſs, loſſes, diſappointments, ſorrows of every kind, are ſown ſo thick in the path of life, that thoſe who have attempted to teach the way to be happy, have in general beſtowed more attention on the means of ſupporting evil, than of ſeeking good; nay, many have gone ſo far as to recommend inſenſibility as the moſt deſirable ſtate of mind, upon a ſuppoſition that evil, (or the appearance of it) ſo far predominates, that the good, in general, is not ſufficient to counterbalance it, and that therefore, by leſſening the ſenſe of both, we ſhould be gainers on the whole, and might purchaſe conſtant eaſe, and freedom from all anxiety, by giving up pleaſures, which are always uncertain, and often lead to the ſevereſt ſufferings: and this, taking all circumſtances together, it has been thought, would be a deſirable exchange.

On the ſame principle, much ſerious advice has been beſtowed on the young, the gay and the happy, to teach

them—to be moderate in their purſuits and wiſhes, that they may avoid the pangs of diſappointment in caſe they ſhould not ſucceed; to allay the pleaſure they might receive from the enjoyment of every good they poſſeſs, by dwelling continually on the thought of its uncertainty; to check the beſt affections of their hearts, in order to ſecure themſelves from the pain thay may afterwards occaſion; in ſhort, to deprive themſelves of the good they might enjoy, from a fear of the evil which may follow: which is ſomething like adviſing a man to keep his eyes conſtantly ſhut, as the moſt certain way to avoid the ſight of any diſagreeable object.

Thoſe, on the other hand, who are in a ſtate of affliction, are adviſed to moderate their grief, by conſidering that they knew beforehand the uncertainty of every good they poſſeſſed; that nothing has befallen them but what is the common lot of mankind; that the evil conſiſts chiefly in the opinion they form of it; that what is independent on themſelves, cannot really touch them but by their own fault; and their concern cannot make things better than they are.

Many other conſiderations of the ſame kind are added, to which probably no perſon under the immediate influence of real affliction ever paid the leaſt attention, and which, even if they are allowed their greateſt force, could only ſilence complaints, and lead the mind into a ſtate of inſenſibility, but could never produce the ſmalleſt degree of comfort or happineſs.

In order to determine whether this be really the way to paſs through life with the greateſt eaſe and ſatisfaction, it may not be uſeleſs to enquire in what ſtate the mind of man would be, ſuppoſing it really to have attained that inſenſibility both as to pain and pleaſure which has been repreſented as ſo deſirable: I ſpeak of a mind poſſeſſed of its full powers and faculties, and capable of exerting them; for there may be ſome who from natural incapacity, or want of education, are really incapable of it, and can drudge on through life with ſcarce any feelings or apprehenſions beyond the preſent moment: But if theſe are ſuppoſed to be the happieſt of mankind, then the end of the argument will be,

"In happineſs the beaſt excels the man,
"The worm excels the beaſt, the clod the worm."

And it ſeems ſcarce poſſible to ſuppoſe any rational creature (not under the immediate influence of paſſion) to be really ſo far convinced of this, as to wiſh to exchange his ſituation in the ſcale of being with the beaſt or the clod.

If then we ſuppoſe the mind in full poſſeſſion of its powers, is it poſſible to ſuppoſe that the way to enjoy happineſs, or even peace, is by preventing their exertion? If poſitive pain and pleaſure are taken away, if all the objects propoſed to it make no impreſſion, will the mind therefore be at eaſe? Far from it, ſurely. On the contrary, it will be torn in pieces by wiſhes which will have no object whereon to fix; it will feel in itſelf powers and capacities for

happineſs; but finding nothing to make it happy, thoſe very powers will make it miſerable; having no motive for action, no object to purſue, every riſing day will preſent a blank which it will be impoſſible to fill up with any thing that can give pleaſure; and the wiſh of every morning will be that the day were paſt, though there is no proſpect that the next will produce any thing more ſatisfactory.

Could it be poſſible for any perſon really to have attained to ſuch a ſtate as this, inſtead of finding it a ſtate of eaſe and ſatisfaction, we ſhould ſee him weary of himſelf and all around him, unhappy with nothing to complain of, and without any hope of ever being otherwiſe, becauſe he would have no determinate wiſh, in the accompliſhment of which he could promiſe himſelf any enjoyment.

But, happily for mankind, a ſtate like this is not to be attained by any thinking perſon; and thoſe who place their notion of happineſs in mere freedom from ſuffering, muſt be reduced to envy the happineſs of the beaſt of the field, for it is not the happineſs of man.

Thoſe indeed, who from a ſtate of exceſſive ſuffering are ſuddenly relieved, and reſtored to eaſe of body and mind, may, at the time, feel more joy from that eaſe, than they would have felt from the greateſt poſitive pleaſure; but then that joy will be tranſient indeed, ſince it ariſes only from a compariſon of paſt ſufferings, the ſenſe of which is quickly loſt; and as ſoon as the mind returns

to its natural ſtate, it feels again the want of that enjoyment for which it was formed, and becomes miſerable, not from any poſitive ſufferings, but merely from the want of happineſs.

Thoſe who take pleaſure in arguments which anſwer no other purpoſe but to exerciſe their ingenuity, may amuſe themſelves with diſputing whether this inextinguiſhable thirſt after happineſs be a deſirable gift, and whether it might not have been happier for man, to have been formed without that activity of mind which prompts him continually to ſeek for ſome enjoyment. But to thoſe who feel its force, it is ſurely a more important point to enquire how it may beſt be ſatisfied; and whether it may not be poſſible to regulate thoſe affections which they cannot ſuppreſs, and, by directing them to proper objects, to find in them a ſource of happineſs, which, though it can neither prevent ſufferings, nor take away the ſenſe of them, may yet be felt at the ſame time, and ſerve in a great degree to counterbalance the effect of them.

It muſt, I believe, be allowed, that every man who reflects on his own ſituation, will find that it has its pleaſures and its pains; unmixed happineſs or miſery not being the lot of this life, but reſerved for a future ſtate. The happineſs of life muſt then be eſtimated by the proportion its joys bear to its ſorrows; and if what has been before ſuppoſed concerning the ſtate of the mind be juſt, he will not be found to be the happieſt man who has the feweſt

ſorrows, but he whoſe joys overbalance his ſorrows in the greateſt degree.

This then ſhould be our aim in the purſuit of happineſs; not to conquer the ſenſe of ſuffering, for that is impoſſible; not to ſuppreſs our deſires and hopes, for that (if it were poſſible) would only debaſe the mind, not make it happy: but to cultivate every faculty of the ſoul which may prove a ſource of innocent delight; to endeavour as far as poſſible to keep the mind open to a ſenſe of pleaſure, inſtead of ſullenly rejecting all, becauſe we cannot enjoy exactly what we wiſh; above all, to ſecure to ourſelves a laſting fund of real pleaſures, which may compenſate thoſe afflictions they cannot prevent, and make us not inſenſible, but happy in the midſt of them.

It is very certain that nothing can fully do this, except religion, and the glorious proſpects it offers to our hopes: this is the only foundation of laſting happineſs, the only ſource of never-failing comfort. While our beſt affections are fixed on any thing in this world, they muſt always give us pain, becauſe they will find nothing which can fully ſatisfy them; but when once they are fixed on infinite perfection as their ultimate object, the ſubordinate exerciſes of them will furniſh many ſources of pleaſure and advantage, and ſhould be cultivated both with a view to preſent and future happineſs.

It ſeems ſtrange to obſerve, that there are few, if any, in the world, who enjoy all the bleſſings which are beſtow-

ed upon them, and make their ſituation in life as happy as it might be. Wherever the ſelfiſh paſſions are indulged to exceſs, this muſt always be the conſequence; for none can be happy, while they make others miſerable.

Whoever is poſſeſſed of any degree of power, from the greateſt monarch on the throne, to the maſter of the meaneſt cottage, muſt depend for his happineſs on thoſe over whom that power is exerciſed; and, whether he will or no, muſt ſhare in the ſufferings which he inflicts, and feel the want of that ſatisfaction, which he might have received from a different employment of his power.

The truth of this obſervation has been experienced by all who ever endeavoured to purchaſe their own happineſs at the expence of that of others. But even where this is not the caſe, where the intentions are good, and the pleaſures of life are not embittered by the ſenſe of guilt, it often happens that diſappointments bring on diſguſt; the pleaſures which were expected are not found; and therefore thoſe which might be found are undervalued: the mind is diſſatisfied, and ſeeks for reaſons to juſtify itſelf for being ſo; and when ſorrows are ſought for, it is not difficult to find them. Such a diſpoſition can poiſon every pleaſure, and add numberleſs imaginary evils to thoſe which muſt inevitably be met with in the path of life. By degrees the activity of the ſoul is loſt; every ſorrow appears inſupportable; every difficulty unconquerable: no object is thought worth purſuing; and life itſelf becomes a burden.

To guard againſt the fatal effects which diſappointments are apt to have upon the mind, is a point of the utmoſt conſequence towards paſſing through life with any tolerable degree of comfort and ſatisfaction; for diſappointments, more or leſs, muſt be the lot of all.

At the firſt entrance into the world, when the imagination is active, the affections warm, and the heart a ſtranger to deceit, and conſequently to ſuſpicion, what delightful dreams of happineſs are formed! Whatever may be the object in which that happineſs is ſuppoſed to conſiſt, that object is purſued with ardour; the gay and thoughtleſs ſeek for it in diſſipation and amuſement; the ambitious, in power, fame and honours; the affectionate, in love and friendſhip; but how few are there who find in any of theſe objects that happineſs which they expected?

Pleaſure, fame, &c. even when they are in any degree obtained, ſtill leave a void in the ſoul, which continually reminds the poſſeſſor, that this is not the happineſs for which he was formed; and even the beſt affections are liable to numberleſs diſappointments, and often productive of the ſevereſt pangs. The unſuſpecting heart forms attachments before reaſon is capable of judging whether the objects of them are ſuch as are qualified to make it happy; and it often happens, that the fatal truth is not diſcovered till the affections are engaged too far to be recalled, and then the diſappointment muſt prove a laſting ſorrow.

But it is not neceſſary to enumerate the diſappointments which generally attend on the purſuits of youth, and indeed the proſpect is too painful to dwell upon; the intention of mentioning them is only to guard againſt the effects they may produce.

The imagination has painted an object which perhaps is not to be found in this world; that object has been purſued in vain; but ſhall we therefore conclude, that no object is worth purſuing, and ſink into a liſtleſs, inactive ſtate, in which we muſt grow weary of ourſelves, and all the world?

[To be continued.]

Spangles and Ribbons.

[*The following mode of ridiculing the extravagant puffs of quackery, is not badly deſigned, by the profound inventor of this new medicine.*]

BLACKHEAD's ESSENCE OF PITCHFORK.

It has been univerſally acknowledged that Pitchforks, are very uſeful and eſſential, but rather irritating and inconvenient when taken in their natural ſtate. My ſoporific extract is free from theſe diſagreeable properties, and infinitely better than the Cordial Balm of Gilead, Church's Antiſpaſmodic Drops, Whitehead's Eſſence of Muſtard, or even Mrs. *Rowe's* water.

It is the moſt efficacious, divine, and aſtoniſhing preparation ever offered to the patronage of an enlightened and generous public.

CAUTION.

Beware of counterfeits. The true, etherial, ſoporific and invigorating Blackhead's Eſſence of Pitchfork, is prepared and ſold only by the proprietor, Zebulon Blackhead, at his ſmith's ſhop in Druggiſt Alley, and notwithſtanding it is procured at incalculable labor and much expenſe, is ſold at the very moderate rate of ſix dollars a doſe, leſs than half its original coſt.

N. B. Blackhead's Eſſence of Pitchfork never fails to cure on the firſt application.

CERTIFICATES.

I do hereby ſolemnly affirm, that as I was walking up Beacon Hill in January laſt, I ſlipped, and tumbled to pieces: By a judicious and timely application of Blackhead's Eſſence of Pithfork, the parts were gathered together, without the loſs of a ſingle member.

Jedediah Scaramouch.

Having been for more than ſixty years tormented with an abominable rheumatiſm, which cauſed my bones to crack and ſeparate, and my joints to abandon their ſockets, inſomuch that my loving helpmate had to exerciſe much caution when bruſhing the houſe, to keep from ſweeping me peace-meal out of it, as I lay ſcattered about the premiſes; and having been ſtrongly recommended to the uſe of Blackhead's Eſſence of Pitchfork, I procured a doſe, and to my utter aſtoniſhment ſoon had the pleaſure of perceiving myſelf collected, and ſtuck together as firmly as ever. Certified by me,

Nicodemus Sturdy.

Having died ſome time ago, to the great grief of my dear wife, ſhe applied one of Dr. Blackhead's Eſſential Pitchforks, in ſtaff, to my poor corpſe. Symptoms of returning life ſoon appeared, and in a few weeks I was all alive.

Count Obadiah.

I do hereby certify, that I uſed to be as thin and as poor as a ſnake, and was ſubject to being drowned. I purchaſed ſome of Blackhead's Eſſence of Pitchfork, and in due ſeaſon grew as fat as a pig, and have never been drowned ſince.

John Ninkum.

Anecdotes of Dr. Goldſmith.

As Goldſmith wrote for the bookſellers, he was looked on by many of them as a literary drudge, equal to the taſk of compiling and tranſlating, but little capable of original, and ſtill leſs of poetical compoſition: he nevertheleſs wrote one of the firſt poems of the lyric kind that our language has to boaſt of; the ballad "Turn gentle Hermit of the Dale:" and ſurpriſed his friends with "The Traveller," a poem that contains ſome particulars of his own hiſtory. Johnſon was ſuppoſed to have aſſiſted him; but he contributed to the perfection of it only four lines; his opinion of it was, that it was the beſt written poem ſince the time of Pope. The favorable reception which this eſſay of his poetical talent met with, ſoon after tempted Goldſmith to the publication of his 'Deſerted Village,' the merits whereof, conſiſt in beautiful deſcriptions of rural manners; and are ſufficiently known.

His poems are replete with fine moral ſentiments, and beſpeak a great dignity of mind; yet he had no ſenſe of the ſhame, nor dread of the evils, of poverty.

In his dealings with the bookſellers he is charged with having never fulfilled his engagements. In one year he got of them, and by his plays, a large ſum, which he diſſipated by gaming and extravagance, and died poor in 1774.

He was buried in the Poet's Corner, in Weſtminſter Abbey, and the inſcription on his monument was written by Johnſon.

The Doctor uſed to ſay he could play on the German flute as well as moſt men; at other times as well as any man living; but, in truth, he underſtood not the character in which muſic is written, and played on that inſtrument, as many of the vulgar do, merely by ear. Roubiliac, the ſculptor, a merry fellow, once heard him play; and minding to put a trick on him, pretended to be charmed with his performance; as, alſo, that himſelf was ſkilled in the art, and entreated him to repeat the air, that he might write it down. Goldſmith readily conſenting, Roubiliac called for paper, and ſcored thereon a few five-lined ſtaves, which having done, Goldſmith proceeded to play, and Roubiliac to write; but his writing was only ſuch random notes on the lines and ſpaces, as any one might ſet down who had ever inſpected a page of muſic. When they had both done, Roubiliac ſhowed the paper to Goldſmith, who looking over it with ſeeming great attention, ſaid it was very

correct, and that if he had not ſeen him do it, he never could have believed his friend capable of writing muſic after him." *Ex.*

FLATTERY.

Alexander the Great had an imperfection in his neck, that obliged him to carry it more of one ſide than the other; which, though an inconſiderate thing, was ſo exactly imitated by all his great officers, that his whole court could not ſhow a man without a wry neck.

Dionyſius's flatterers run one againſt another in his preſence, ſtumbled at and overturned what was under foot, to ſhew they were as purblind as their ſovereign.

Ex.

A BULL.

A late Iriſh Journal contains the following bull:

" The man that was *killed* at the military review in Caarmarthem, is not dead, as was ſuppoſed. The phyſician thinks there is hope of his recovery." *Ex.*

ANECDOTE.

By the end of the year 1754, Dr. Johnſon had completed his copy of the Dictionary, not more to his own

eaſe and ſatisfaction than to the joy of Millar, the bookſeller, the principal proprietor of the work, and the guardian or treaſurer of the fund out of which the payments were from time to time iſſued. To ſay the truth, his joy on the occaſion was ſo great, that he could not refrain from expreſſing it ſomewhat intemperately, as appears by the following acknowledgment of the receipt of the laſt ſheet of the manuſcript.

" Andrew Millar ſends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnſon, with the money for the laſt ſheet of copy of the Dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him."

To which Johnſon returned this good-humoured, and brief anſwer:

" Samuel Johnſon returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find, as he does by his note, that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for any thing." *Ex.*

Changeable Silks.

JENNY KNIGHT.

Oh, how ſhall rightly poet's pen rehearſe,
Or paint in honeſt colors ſuch a plight;
Or tell, in mournful, melancholy verſe,
How gay and cheerful once was Jenny Knight:
Then ſullen, grieved and ſad; then took to heaven her flight.

Oh, how ſhall rightly poet's verſe declare,
What charms to grace her perſon took delight:
Or ſhow her lofty majeſty of air;
And how all crouding longed to gain a ſight
Of the far famed, the fair, the joyful Jenny Knight.

What numerous ſuitors crouded round her dome;
In none did Jenny ſeem to take delight,
Until ſhe ſaw th' accurſed Harry come:
And he was truly pleaſant to the ſight;
And touched alas the heart of joyful Jenny Knight!

Harry was tall and young, and fair to view;
His cheeks were fluſhed with red, his walk upright.
He lovely ſeemed, and Jenny never knew
That man could have deceit; for pure as light
From falſhood was the ſoul of joyful Jenny Knight.

In garments decked with ſilver and with gold,
Young Harry ſhone, her kindneſs to excite.
Ah could ſhe of his faithleſs heart be told,
And of her riſk ; oh that ſome angel might
Whiſper her ſtate, and ſave the joyful Jenny Knight.

Burdened with bliſs, away the glad days fly ;
While bowers and groves to wandering them invite ;
Or where the little ſtreamlet grumbles by,
All by the white power of the mild moon's light,
Would cruel Harry ſtray, and joyful Jenny Knight.

With hollow heart he on the ſtars would call,
And on the pregnant Empreſs of the night,
And on the awful Ruler of them all,
To witneſs that his purpoſe was upright,
And that he loved o'er all the joyful Jenny Knight.

She, artleſs, liſtened to his cunning tale;
And truſted to the oaths he oft did plight.
Ah hapleſs, hapleſs Jenny; waſt thou frail?
Thy damned ſeducer heaven itſelf ſhall ſmite.
Thou'lt without virtue ſearch in vain delight.
Curſt are the coming days of joyleſs Jenny Knight.

How tore ſhe then the long locks from her head ;
And how her beauteous boſom did ſhe ſmite.
My peace is gone, ſhe ſaid, and truly ſaid,
For comfort with her chaſtity took flight.
Ah ſad and all forlorn was joyleſs Jenny Knight.

Harry ſhe aſked, and raved, and cried aloud,
To hide at church their ſhame from human ſight;
As he'd ſo often and ſo ſolemn vowed:
But of her bright eyes' ſalt ſtreams he made light;
And bantered with the fears of joyleſs Jenny Knight.

Yet, ere he left her roof, in ſolemn tone,
He ſwore, the vows he'd made he would not ſlight;
But would return, ere ſeven ſhort days were gone,
And have performed the happy marriage rite;
And find the truant ſmiles of joyleſs Jenny Knight.

Oh foul and faithleſs liar; from that hour,
Waſt thou determined to avoid her ſight.
Oh ſtony hearted villain, to devour
A hapleſs virgin's innocent delight,
And ruin ſuch a fair as joyleſs Jenny Knight.

In ſilent grief the ſeven ſad days were paſt;
The neighbors marveled much what happen might,
That her fair face with ſorrow ſeemed o'ercaſt:
And aſked the cauſe; and with excuſes ſlight,
Now firſt ſhe learned deceit: ah joyleſs Jenny Knight.

He came not—never will he come again.
She ſent; ſhe learned her fate; 'twas death did ſmite.
That ſlew not, but whoſe ſpear gave conſtant pain,
While ſuicide to worſe crimes did invite:
Diſtraction was the ſoul of joyleſs Jenny Knight.

Ere while a ſteady cloud of ſettled gloom
Hung melancholy dark before her ſight:
For one pleaſed moment ſhe could find no room:
Nor groves, nor friends, nor rillets, now invite
From her ſad ſolitude the joyleſs Jenny Knight.

Then from this leſſon why not underſtand
That chaſtity in man is good, ſweet, right;
In woman it is more than her right hand,
A gem that ſhe ſhould keep in vice's ſpite,
In ſpite of wanton thoughts and vain delight,
Or ſuffer as does now the joyleſs Jenny Knight.

And now the pangs, full doubled by her ſhame,
Of child birth bring a beauteous babe to light.
Child of reproach, ſhe gave it Harry's name;
For ſtill his name, how could it? gave delight,
And Harry was half loved by joyleſs Jenny Knight.

In ſorrow did young Harry's crimes bring down,
A parent's grey hairs to the grave's dark night;
Whoſe voice Columbia's Senate long had known;
Harry his patriot ſoul to realms of light
Hurried, and hurries now the joyleſs Jenny Knight.

Riches, of which well might a prince be vain,
From his ſwelled coffers take their daily flight.
Vile Harry's pomp ſhall beg for bread amain,
And on him ſhall he feel God's curſe alight,
For vows, in God's name made, to joyleſs Jenny Knight.

The gaming table his attention calls,
There time and wealth he ſquanders, day and night:
And then on dreadful drunkenneſs he falls:
But when he feels his ſober ſenſes right,
He feels a ſting with tho'ts of joyleſs Jenny Knight:

A ſting that probes the quick of mental pain,
His days to poiſon; every bliſs to blight.
He wanders to and fro, but tries in vain,
Remorſe, vile vulture, from his ſoul to fright,
And from his mind the tho'ts of joyleſs Jenny Knight.

Where is a penny to buy Harry bread?
His vices have his coffers emptied quite.
He finds no pillow where to lay his head:
In torn rug wrapt, he has no mind to ſlight
The cold barn's ſtraw; there dream of joyleſs Jenny Knight.

The tender ſoul of Jenny could not brook
Of all ſurrounding innocence the ſight;
Years ſince ſociety had ſhe forſook,
And to a lowly village took her flight,
To hide from friends the face of joyleſs Jenny Knight.

Thither per chance did houſeleſs Harry ſtray,
And, all unconſcious, at th' approach of night
He knocked at Jenny's door, who ſent away
No one that aſk aſſiſtance of her might,
For alms gave all the joy of joyleſs Jenny Knight.

She bade him enter—ragged, pale, diſeaſed,
He aſked ſome ſimple ſhelter for the night.
Something ſhe ſaw that in his features pleaſed,
Yet knew not what, nor why, nor dreamt it might
Be the peace murd'rer of the joyleſs Jenny Knight.

Beneath my roof man ſleeps not, Jenny cried:
Here take theſe pence, buy lodgings for the night.
Now that 'twas Harry well her keen eyes ſpied.
"Can it be he? And are my ſenſes right?
"Harry, embrace once more the joyleſs Jenny Knight."

"And is it Jenny?" Shame and ſtubborn ſcorn,
Amazement, grief, remorſe, and wild affright,
Cut up his ſoul at once: away he's torn,
By his mad ſpirit, from the killing ſight
Of the ſunk, tear-wet, fair, and joyleſs Jenny Knight.

Away his pence for drunkenneſs he gives.
(That vile foreſtaller ever does delight
To vex Time's patience by the theft of lives)
To a lone wood he ſtrays; ah wretched wight,
He ſleeps, but dreams no more of joyleſs Jenny Knight.

He ſleeps the ſleep of death—unhappy end,
Bro't by a wanton ſpirit, looſe and light:
How ſhall kind charity o'er thee extend
Her mantle, hiding in oblivion's night,
The crimes that ruined thee and joyleſs Jenny Knight?

Jenny ere long did chance to wander where
The corpſe of Harry laid—How ſad the ſight!
To view the foul birds picking his bones bare;
While glutton bugs and worms ſeem full of ſpite
To any that would harm the joyleſs Jenny Knight.

How was her grief more poignant than before;
And how did pity with her woe unite;
Again ſhe ſmote her breaſt, her hair ſhe tore;
She ſobbed moſt horrid, ah moſt piteous ſight!
And ah moſt ſad, undone and joyleſs Jenny Knight.

Now with a ſlated ſtone ſhe tares the ground,
And digs where lay her Harry's corps ſhe might.
She picks the dry leaves that were ſcattered round,
To hide ſuch ſpectacle from all men's ſight,
And even from herſelf—from joyleſs Jenny Knight.

And o'er his head ſhe placed a ſimple ſtone;
While on the ſtone the tears full faſt do light.
Ah it is pitiful to hear her moan;
For ſtill tears flow from beauty once ſo bright;
Oh how the tears do ſtream from joyleſs Jenny Knight.

And to her humble cottage home ſhe hies,
To meet her lovely boy, her fond delight:
And at her door, oh ſorrowful ſurpriſe,
A dying, ghaſtly, mangled, bloody ſight,
She finds the little ſon of joyleſs Jenny Knight.

Oh waggoner why couldſt thou have no heed?
Thy ſpeedy horſes why not rein more tight:
See thou haſt cauſed young innocence to bleed,
And a ſad mother's only joy doſt blight.
Know you not 'tis the child of joyleſs Jenny Knight?

Sev'n circling ſuns o'er little Harry's head
Had rolled already, while the child ſo bright
Was in his bible ſkilled full well to read,
Nor awkward was his buſy pen to write.
What comfort ah was he to joyleſs Jenny Knight.

Fair was his face; how ſweetly curled his hair:
How innocent his play: oh charming ſight.
Then think how great a mother's ſorrows are,
To loſe her laſt, her very laſt delight,
And think how choaked with grief is joyleſs Jenny Knight.

Yet there's a comfort which the world has not,
Deſcending from the happy realms of light;
Comfort divine, far, far tranſcending ought
Of a vain world that can our love invite;
Of this the full beams fell on joyful Jenny Knight.

For ſhe was humble, and repented ſore,
Turning to heaven her eyes, that beamed ſo bright
With God's own joy.——She ſunk upon the floor—

To fields above ſhe took her rapid flight,
And bleſſed was the end of joyful Jenny Knight.

Then down all cheeks the buſy tears did roll,
For much the village ſobb'd at ſuch a plight;
They bore her corpſe, while the griev'd bell did toll,
A mourning train, extending long in ſight,
To the church yard, there in the grave alight,
The frame of her who's now the joyful Jenny Knight.

SUMMARY.

Domeſtic.

New-York, Dec. 15. On Friday laſt we experienced a moſt tremendous ſtorm from the S. E. and S. W. which did conſiderable damage to the veſſels in port. Hardly one eſcaped without injury; ſome dragged their anchors and went foul of others, ſome went on ſhore, and eleven ſloops and ſmall ſchooners ſunk at the wharves, ſome of which were deeply laden with grain, brick, &c.——We made an attempt to get a liſt of all the veſſels injured, but found it impracticable. None, however, will be totally loſt.

FIRE!——About ſix o'clock laſt evening a tremendous fire broke out in a block of ſtores in Front-ſtreet, between Old-ſlip and Coenties-ſlip, occupied by Meſſrs. Saltus, Son and Co. and others, which raged with almoſt unexampled fury for more than two hours, and ended in the almoſt total deſtruction of nearly the whole range of buildings. During the conflagration the ſhip Orion, lying in the harbor, was ſeveral times on fire, and was preſerved only by being hurried into the ſtream. How it originated, and to what an amount the unfortunate ſufferers are injured, we have not yet been able to aſcertain.

WASHINGTON CITY, Dec. 15. Mr. Davie, our envoy to the French Republic, has arrived in this city, and is the bearer of the French treaty. He left judge Elfworth in France.

Votes for PRESIDENT *and* VICE-PRESIDENT.

States.	*Adams.*	*Pinckney.*	*Jefferſon.*	*Burr.*
New-Hampſhire	6	6		
Maſſachuſetts	16	16		
Rhode-Iſland	4	4		
Connecticut	9	9		
Vermont				
New-York			12	12
New-Jerſey	7	7		
Pennſylvania	7	7	8	8
Delaware	3	3		
Maryland	5	5	5	5
Virginia			21	21
Kentucky				
Teneſſee				
North-Carolina	4	4	8	8
South-Carolina			8	8
Georgia.			4	4
	65	65	66	66

There is now in this city perhaps the largeſt Ox ever known—ſixteen feet four inches in length, ſix feet and an half high, and weighing thirty-five hundred. This ſtupendous animal was raiſed in New-Jerſey.

CONDITIONS.

I. The price to ſubſcribers will be one Dollar per volume; to be paid at the cloſe of every eight weeks.

II. Each volume to conſiſt of eight numbers, or 288 pages.

III. Poſtmaſters and others, who ſubſcribe for ſix, ſhall be entitled to a ſeventh gratis.

☞ Subſcriptions are received at the office of the Publiſhers.

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BOOK and BLANK PRINTING,

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[*No.* 4.]

Child of Pallas, &c.

The Jumper.

(No. IV.)

O WHERE ſhall I find happineſs? Why will not the long ſought, and at length attained object of my ardent wiſhes yield the compleat ſatisfaction contemplated? I have ſaid to my ambition and my hopes, thus far ſhall ye go and no farther; but I have obtained my deſire, and ſtill feel the ſame vacancy of expected enjoyment; ſtill perceive pleaſure alone in that which I poſſeſs not; ſtill pant for "that cruel ſomething unpoſſeſt," which flatters me with promiſes of permanent pleaſure, and which, when obtained, points to a diſtant object. Travelling, like all other giddy purſuers of worldly delight,

the beaten highway, I enquire of the numbers who journey with me, where is happineſs: hard by, hard by, is the anſwer, you can ſee her before you. I aſk him who rolls in his eaſy chariot, and him crippled and halt: ſhe is direct before us, is the reply. I demand of every innkeeper: he, pointing ſays, you'll find her at the next ſtage. Thus, purſuing the common turnpike till "wiſdom is puſhed out of life," grown old, and weary of the chaſe, I find the road leading down to the ſea ſhore of eternity, and happineſs ſtill at the *next* ſtage.

The young ſtudent perceives her in a parſon's gown: he puts on the parſon's gown, and diſcovers that ſhe lives with the biſhop: he becomes a biſhop; ſtaring with diſappointment he gazes round him and wonders where ſhe is gone.

She pleads at the bar, cries one. No. She ſits on the bench with the long robes of the learned judge. No. She muſt then be an intimate of a king, the firſt magiſtrate of a great nation. Alas no: he'll tell you ſhe lives with his unambitious and contented cook in the kitchen.

I ſee her, ſays the half wiſe philoſopher, ſhunning the city haunts of vice, retiring from the ſplendid emptineſs of courts, and in rural ſeclufion from the vanities of the world, confering her favors on her mild votaries. I have purchaſed the very ſpot where I ſaw her reſide. In my garden bloom the lilly and the roſe, but thorns alſo and

thiſtles grow up. She has left me the ſorrows of reflection and a tedious liſtleſsneſs, and departed. Thus I

See the face
Of Happineſs, nor know it in a dream:
Like monkey at a mirror ſtand amazed,
And peep and ſtare and look and peep again,
And wiſh and wonder—but ſhe's abſent ſtill.

The poet turns round him his enthuſiaſtic eyes: he ſees her by the murmuring rill, and under the ſhady oak: ſhe bewitches him in the cheek of a miſtreſs: ſhe flatters him in the corner of a gazette: ſhe breathes through the clarion of fame. He diſcovers her every where, yet is uſually the laſt to find her.

And my niece Doratha is ready to take her oath that there is no happineſs but in a ſmart young huſband. Poor girl, if it be ſo, I fear happineſs and yourſelf will always be ſtrangers to each other.

Shall we then deem happineſs a mere phantom of the imagination, exiſting no where; conſtantly and fervently purſued, but never found? Far otherwiſe—but the fatal miſtake lies in believing her to exiſt with the attainment of certain objects, rather than cultivating her acquaintance, and cheriſhing her reſidence in our own boſoms. We can enſure her continued ſmiles only by making ſuitable accommodations in the apartments of our own minds for the laſting occupancy of ſo celeſtial a tenant. And how ſhall this be accompliſhed? What gay ornaments or ſplendid de-

corations will allure her? None: the ſimple, yet ſubſtantial ſplendor of a good mind, may ſuffice to attract her; for ſhe

Prefers,
Before all others, th' upright heart and pure.

Few are ſenſible of what exalted heights of perfection our ſublime natures are capable. We might become indeed little lower than the angels, were we rightly to inveſtigate the noble powers and propenſities of our ſouls. We ſpend our lives in children's play. We place our hopes and wiſhes in the contemplation of poor pitiful ſcenes of unſubſtantial pleaſure. We were once "pleaſed with a rattle:" no leſs childiſh is the poſſeſſion of a ſceptre: and how many alas wait the preceptor grave to tell them of the childiſhneſs of their old age purſuits. We degrade our native energies: we faſten our beſt affections and our firmeſt hopes of enjoyment on that which is tranſitory and unſtable. Unaffected piety alone is capable of confering happineſs. Once firmly convinced that our ſouls are immortal, happineſs will be ever at our command. Why ſhould we then

Lean upon earth; 'twill pierce us to the heart:
A broken reed at beſt; and oft a ſpear,
On whoſe ſharp point peace bleeds and hope expires.

Crites.

(No. IV.)

Lecture on Criticism.

[For the benefit of certain poets, critics and orators.]

DOCTOR - *a sham Critic*
FACIT - *a wretched Poet in love*
TOM - *an Orator.*

FACIT.

AH Doctor, I firmly believe 'tis not in the nature of things, that one man ſhould meet another more opportunely than I now meet you. I have juſt now compleated an eulogium, panegyric, addreſs; or, more properly ſpeaking perhaps, an *eſſay*. What think you, Doctor, were it more proper to call it an eulogium, or an eſſay? For I have finiſhed the piece, and left the title to the laſt: which I think a much better way than to *begin* with a title, when it is not half the time you can tell what the work is till it be compleated.

DOCTOR.

Indeed your queſtion is a very difficult one. How is it poſſible for me to know what title would be moſt ſuitable for a work I have never had the pleaſure of ſeeing?

FACIT.

Then I will inform you, Doctor: reſting aſſured that it will forever remain a profound ſecret in the clouds and darkneſs of the bottomleſs pit of your intellect.

DOCTOR.

In the loweſt regions of my mental profundity, it ſhall remain entombed, *in ſecula ſeculorum*, forever and ever, if I live theſe hundred years.

FACIT.

Dear Doctor, no Latin. I have not the happineſs of underſtanding the language.

DOCTOR.

I will be very careful not to uſe it, in future. I will condeſcend *Romanum esse inter Romanos*: which, for your benefit may be very aptly tranſlated, in our vulgar tongue—when you are among the Romans do as they do.

FACIT.

I thank you for your condeſcenſion. Now for the important ſecret. The lines with which this paper is orna-

mented, are juſt now compleated by me in honor of the amiable, the adorable, inviting, delighting, beautiful, dutiful, charming, alarming, ſoul diſarming, ——oh, how the tho'ts of her make my head the houſe of the muſes, where the running rhymes in rolling rills ſhoot out as thick as hops and ſwift as bullets!

DOCTOR.

Of whom do you ſpeak?

FACIT.

Ay—in the fervency of the heat of my warm enthuſiaſm, I had well nigh forgot to tell you, that it is *Miſs Harriot Harbut;* whom I ſaw laſt night, for the firſt and only time, deſcending from the carriage, with all the grace and decency of Venus or Xantippe; and move lightly into the unfolding portals of her own door. Now muſt not ſhe be one of the moſt beautiful of all antiquity, to be able at firſt ſight to raiſe ſuch a riot in my breaſt; ſtartle all my poetic affections, and kindle the gentle ſparks of blazing paſſion in my interior?

DOCTOR.

And what do you know concerning her?

FACIT.

I went immediately and found a poor laborer, who lives in the ſame houſe; who told me all about her what a fine woman ſhe is; what a fine eſtate ſhe has; and that ſhe is a

ſingle woman, not married to any body, and not like to be, unleſs ſhe marries me, of which I think there is now but little doubt. I did not obtrude my welcome preſence too abruptly; but concluded to introduce myſelf in a poetical manner, and have therefore written this ſhort introductory poem: and *Tom*, the man I mentioned, has promiſed to come and take it, and deliver it himſelf into her own precious hands. I expect him here every moment for it. Now the grand queſtion is, whether I ſhall call it an eulogium or an eſſay, on the ſublime and beautiful Miſs Harriot Harbut.

DOCTOR.

I conceive it, with you, to be a matter of the firſt and laſt importance: as the ſucceſs of many productions of the age depend altogether on the title. You would have the beſt authority in the world for calling it an eſſay, if its brevity were a little longer. There are Pope's Eſſay on Man, Roſcommon's Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe, Hayley's Eſſay on Hiſtory and Epic Poetry, &c. &c. and there can certainly be nothing incongruous in a man's making an Eſſay on a Woman. Beſides, it carries the idea of only an attempt to delineate all her charms and her virtues, and ſhows that you are incapacitated to enumerate and inveſtigate the whole.

FACIT.

No reflections, ſir, on my capacity. The powers of my mind are equal to the inveſtigation of the whole, and more too if ſhe had them.

DOCTOR.

I meant no reflection on your abilities. I only intended to insinuate that you would be more apt to obtain her favor by your apparent modesty.

FACIT.

There you are all out Doctor: for in the eyes of a woman modesty is the greatest crime of which a man can be guilty now-a-days.

DOCTOR.

There may be moreover many arguments adduced in favor of the title eulogium: which is a word derived from two Greek words, *eu* signifying *good or well*, and *logos* a speech, word or discourse. Now if her virtues and charms be all good, which is commonly the case; and her vices all bad, of which she has none at all, then it may well be called an eulogium; being a good discourse, or a discourse about good things. Thus I conclude this title far preferable. And so this important question is now adjusted, much to your honor as a man of diffidence in submitting it to the result of my opinion; and much to my honor as a profound critic in the decision.

FACIT.

It has been a matter of such consequence as greatly to agitate and perplex my mind.

DOCTOR.

And I happily am the great *deus dignus vindice nodus:* or as Horace would have ſaid, in our vernacular tongue, the only celeſtial worthy reſolving the doubt.

[*Enter Tom.*

FACIT.

Well Tom have you come for the letter?

TOM.

I have.

FACIT.

We'll have it ready for the ſweet woman directly. Sit down Tom.

DOCTOR.

Let me premiſe one thing. In doing you the favor of examining your literary labors, I ſhall expect your inexperience will teach you the utmoſt deference to my opinions and knowledge: and that you will never contradict the correctneſs of my ſentiments, nor doubt the validity of my objections.

FACIT.

Sir, I freely ſubmit; ſenſible that in the wild flights of ſwift paced fancy, the greater the genius the more apt to go aſtray.

DOCTOR.

Incipe.

FACIT.

What, call it inſiped before you have heard it?

DOCTOR.

Incipe is the latin word for *begin.* Oh, for a poet not to know latin is like a horſe not knowing how to eat oats.

FACIT.

Then I will begin:

Now I, who never wrote a line before,
Take up my pen in hand, to write a ſcore——or more.

DOCTOR.

Stop: this is inſipid ſure enough; barbarous, unnatural, inelegant and ſimple. Right only in one reſpect; namely, in beginning the poem with the introduction of yourſelf: conformably to the great examples of Virgil's *Ille ego:* Spencer's Lo I the man whoſe muſe did whilome maſk: Milton's I who ere while the happy garden ſung: Voltaire's Je chant le hero qui regna ſur la France: Cowper's I ſing the Sopha. I who lately ſang.——But it would be mere oſtentation of learning to quote more authorities.

FACIT.

It appears to me you muſt have ſpent your whole life reading the firſt lines of great poets.

DOCTOR.

I ſhall next animadvert on the uſe of the words *wrote a line*. They are ſo trite, proſaic and deſtitute of originality, that I think it would be better to ſubſtitute a *chord* for a *line*; the one being new and poetical, the other proſaic and uſed by every body. They both have the ſame meaning.

FACIT.

How is it ſpelt; c, h, o, r, d, or c, o, r, d?

DOCTOR. *(pauſing.)*

Eureka, eureka, I've found it; I've found it. I might have ſtudied months and not have hit upon ſo happy a thought as your ſimplicity has occaſioned, in aſking that all important queſtion. C, o, r, d, reminded me of *feet*; in the proper admeaſurement of which, conſiſts both the nature of wood and of poetry; therefore read it thus:

Lo I, who never meaſured feet before,

Lucky ſentiment! beautiful alluſion!

TOM.

Are you a woodcorder, ſir, or a ſhoemaker: they both meaſure feet?

FACIT.

Neither of them; confound you. There, Doctor, he has thrown your great idea all up in the wind. Miſs Harriot will think me a ſhoemaker. A degradation that would ruin me forever in her lovely eyes.

DOCTOR.

No, no. If ſhe have any taſte, ſhe cannot be otherwiſe than highly delighted with ſuch a natural and beautiful alluſion. The next line contains much tautology, oddity and vulgarity.

Take up my pen in hand to write a ſcore—or more.

What pray is the meaning of that *up?* It neither adds nor diminiſhes the ſenſe: and if it ſhould ſo happen that the pen was on the ſhelf, it would then be taking *down* the pen. Thus you can eaſily imagine that *up* may be very foreign from the truth, and may materially injure the production in that reſpect. Totally unneceſſary alſo is the word *my* there. Of what conſequence can it be, whether written with your pen or any other? The remarkable tautology in the adjunct, *in hand*, is ſtill more conſpicuous. Pauſe, ponder, reflect, conſider, deliberate, ruminate, meditate, contemplate, cogitate, and then think, whether it be not wholly, totally and entirely, tautological: Dwells there among the hideous Hottentots of Africa, or the taw-

ney and untutored ſavages of the weſtern wilderneſs, one ſo ignorant as not to know that the only place for a pen is in the hand? The toes being too clumſy and unwieldly for that uſe; the mouth ordained ſolely for food and converſation; while the elbows have no conveniences for the purpoſe.

FACIT.

What a tornado of words, Doctor, has ſwept you out of the common road of common ſenſe, into the land of literary ſlaughter and deſtruction. How could you wilfully put to death thoſe uſeful ornaments, *up*, *my*, *in hand*, that like ſo many innocent children clung round the main body of the idea? With you all the conceptions of my mind are abortive. And all my mental offspring, though full grown, fair, and handſomely delivered, are immediately ſtrangled by your cruel ſeverity. However, whatever alterations you make in the firſt part of the line, the latter part ſhall remain, as an everlaſting monument to my honor, in inventing this new ſpecies of double ending; making three rhymes to two lines. An invention that cannot fail to rank my name among the great benefactors of poetry. It is like adding the Allegany to the Andes.

[To be continued.]

An Essay on Sensibility.

[The following, from an Engliſh publication, written by a Lady of great merit and endowments, deſerves a ſtudious and careful peruſal from readers of every denomination.]

[Continued.]

THE young are too apt to fancy that the affections of their hearts will prove the ſource of nothing but pleaſure; thoſe who are farther advanced in life, are much too apt to run into the contrary extreme. The error of the firſt, even taking it in the worſt light, is productive of ſome pleaſure as well as pain; that of the laſt ſerves only to throw a damp over every pleaſure, and can be productive of nothing but pain. It leads to the moſt fatal conſequences, ſince it tends to make *self* the only object; and the heart which is merely ſelfiſh muſt ever be incapable of virtue and of happineſs, and a ſtranger to all the joys of affection and benevolence: without which the happieſt ſtate in this world muſt be inſipid, and which may prove the ſource of many pleaſures, even in the midſt of the ſevereſt afflictions.

In every ſtate of life, in ſpite of every diſappointment, *these* ſhould be cheriſhed and encouraged; for though they

may not always beſtow ſuch pleaſures as the romantic imaginations of youth had painted, yet they will ſtill beſtow ſuch as can be found in nothing elſe in this world; and indeed they are neceſſary in order to give a reliſh to every enjoyment.

I mention an affectionate and a benevolent diſpoſition together, becauſe I believe, when they are genuine, they never can be ſeparated; and, perhaps, the diſappointments ſo often complained of may ſometimes be occaſioned by a miſtake upon this ſubject: for there is a ſelfiſh attachment, which often uſurps the name of friendſhip, though it is indeed ſomething totally different. It is an attachment like that which a muſician feels for his inſtrument, or a virtuoſo for his pictures and his ſtatues; the affection is not fixed on the object itſelf, but merely on the pleaſure received from it. Such an attachment as this is liable to numberleſs little jealouſies and uneaſineſſes; the ſmalleſt doubt is ſufficient to awaken its fears, the moſt trifling error excites its reſentment, and that reſentment is immediately expreſſed by complaints, and often by upbraidings.

True friendſhip is not indeed leſs quick-ſighted; it watches with a tender and anxious ſolicitude to promote the welfare and happineſs of the object which it loves; it is a kind of microſcope which diſcovers every ſpeck, but then the diſcovery does not excite anger and reſentment, ſtill leſs could it lead to unkindneſs and upbraidings; it inſpires a concern like that which we feel for our own

errors and imperfections, and produces an earneſt deſire and ſincere endeavor to remove them.

With ſuch a friend, the heart may appear juſt as it is, and enjoy the pleaſure of an unbounded confidence; but with thoſe whoſe affection is founded on regard to themſelves, every word and action muſt be weighed, and the fear of giving offence muſt throw a reſtraint over every converſation.

The real friend will be diſpoſed to love all thoſe who are any way connected with the object of his affection; he will be ſincerely intereſted for their welfare, and will wiſh to gain their affection, and promote their happineſs.

The ſelfiſh will view them with a jealous eye, continually apprehenſive that they may rob him of ſome part of a treaſure which he would wiſh to engroſs.

It would be eaſy to carry on the contraſt much farther; for indeed it might be ſhewn in almoſt every inſtance. But what has been ſaid may be ſufficient to ſhew how very wide is the difference between that ſort of attachment of which a ſelfiſh heart is capable, and that which alone deſerves the name of real friendſhip, though it is often too indiſcriminately given to both: the one is an enemy to general benevolence; the other flows from the ſame ſource and belongs to the ſame character.

Such a diſpoſition, it muſt be allowed, may prove the ſource of many pleaſures; but it may be objected, for it

will prove the ſource of many ſorrows alſo: and indeed, in this imperfect ſtate, this truth is too certain to be diſputed. But if it can be proved, that on the whole it affords more joys than ſorrows, that will be ſufficient to the preſent purpoſe; if it be allowed that the happineſs of man muſt conſiſt in poſitive enjoyment, not in mere freedom from ſuffering.

And ſurely much more than this might eaſily be proved, ſince it not only can afford pleaſures of the moſt exalted kind, and give new reliſh to every other pleaſure, but even in the midſt of the moſt painful ſufferings it ever occaſioned, it can at the ſame time inſpire a ſecret ſatisfaction, of which thoſe who never felt it can hardly form any idea.

With ſuch a diſpoſition, power and riches may be real bleſſings; ſince they furniſh frequent opportunities of beſtowing happineſs, and conſequently of enjoying it in the higheſt degree. But even without theſe advantages, the truly benevolent, in whatever ſituation in life they may be placed, will find numberleſs ſources of pleaſure and delight, which to others muſt be for ever unknown. All the happineſs they ſee becomes in ſome ſort their own; and even under the preſſure of the greateſt afflictions, they can rejoice at the good which others enjoy: and ſo far from repining at the compariſon, they find in the thought of it a pleaſure and ſatisfaction to which no ſuffering of their own can render them inſenſible; but which, on the contrary, prove a powerful cordial to help them to ſupport thoſe ſufferings.

Even the face of inanimate nature fills them with a ſatisfaction, which the inſenſible can never know, while they are warmed with gratitude to the Giver of every good, and joy at the thought that their fellow-creatures ſhare thoſe bleſſings with them. They may even experience ſomething like the pleaſure of beſtowing happineſs, while they rejoice in all that is beſtowed, and feel in their hearts that they would beſtow it if they could.

It is true indeed, that they muſt ſhare in the ſorrows of others, as well as in their joys: but then this may often lead to the heavenly pleaſure of relieving them, if not as fully as they could wiſh, yet at leaſt in ſome degree; for true benevolence can diſcover numberleſs methods of relieving diſtreſs, which would eſcape the notice of the careleſs and inſenſible. When relief is not in their power, ſome expreſſions of kindneſs, and the appearance of a deſire to give comfort and aſſiſtance, may at leaſt contribute to ſoothe the wounded mind, and they may ſtill enjoy the pleaſure which attends on every endeavor to do good, even on the unſucceſsful; and when they are placed beyond the reach of this, and can only offer up a ſecret prayer for thoſe whoſe ſuffering they cannot alleviate, even this will be attended with a heartfelt ſatisfaction, more than ſufficient to ſuppreſs every wiſh that they could behold the ſorrows of others with indifference, if it were poſſible that ſuch a wiſh could ever ariſe in a truly benevolent heart.

Such a diſpoſition will be a powerful preſervative againſt that wearineſs of mind which is ſo often an attendant on

what is generally eſteemed a happy ſituation in this world.

Thoſe who are freed from cares and anxieties, who are ſurrounded by all the means of enjoyment, and whoſe pleaſures preſent themſelves without being ſought for, are often unhappy in the midſt of all, merely becauſe that activity of mind in the proper exerciſe of which our happineſs conſiſts, has in them no object on which it may be employed. But when the heart is ſincerely and affectionately intereſted for the good of others, a new ſcene of action is continually open, every moment may be employed in ſome pleaſing and uſeful purſuit. New opportunities of doing good are continually preſenting themſelves; new ſchemes are formed and ardently purſued, and even when they do not ſucceed, though the diſappointment may give pain, yet the pleaſure of ſelf-approbation will remain, and the purſuit will be remembered with ſatisfaction. The next opportunity that offers itſelf will be readily embraced, and will furniſh a freſh ſupply of pleaſures; ſuch pleaſures as are ſecure from that wearineſs and diſguſt, which ſooner or later are the conſequences of all ſuch enjoyments as tend merely to gratify the ſelfiſh paſſions and inclinations, and which always attend on an inactive ſtate of mind, from whatever cauſe it may proceed, whether it may be the effect of ſatiety or diſappointment, of proſperity or deſpair.

Even in the moſt trifling ſcenes of common life, the truly benevolent may find many pleaſures which would

paſs unnoticed by others, and in a converſation, which to the thoughtleſs and inattentive would afford only a trifling amuſement, or perhaps no amuſement at all, they may find many ſubjects for pleaſing and uſeful reflections, which may conduce both to their happineſs and advantage; and that not only by being continually upon the watch for every opportunity of doing good to others, even in the moſt trifling inſtances, (which alone would afford a conſtant ſource of pleaſure) but alſo by the enjoyment of all the good they can obſerve in others.

If any action is related, or any expreſſion dropped, which indicates true goodneſs of heart, they will be heard with ſatisfaction, the moſt trifling inſtance of kindneſs and attention will be received with a ſort of pleaſure, of which the ſelfiſh can form no idea. Every appearance or deſcription of innocent happineſs will be enjoyed, every expreſſion of real friendſhip and affection will be felt, even tho' they are not the objects of it.

In ſhort, all the happineſs, and all the virtues of others, are ſources of delight to them; and it is a pleaſing, as well as uſeful exerciſe to the mind, to be employed, when engaged in ſociety, in ſeeking out for theſe; to trace to their ſpring the little expreſſions of benevolence which often paſs unnoticed—to diſcover real merit, through the veil, which humility and modeſty throw over it—to admire true greatneſs of mind, even in the meaneſt ſituation in life, or when it exerts itſelf upon occaſions ſuppoſed

to be trifling, and therefore, in general, but little attended to.

In theſe, and in numberleſs inſtances of the ſame kind, much real pleaſure might be found, which is too generally overlooked, and which might prove the ſource of many advantages both to ourſelves and others; for thoſe who really enjoy the good of others, will certainly wiſh and endeavor to promote it. And by ſuch exerciſes as theſe, the beſt affections of the heart are continually called forth to action, and the pleaſures which they afford, may be enjoyed and improved in every different ſituation in life; for theſe are pleaſures, which are more or leſs within the reach of all.

[To be continued.]

To the Author of ſome ſimple remarks on the CHILD OF PALLAS, in the "Baltimore Weekly Magazine."

Though I feel not a little aſhamed to be ſeen noticing the ill grammar, ill nature and inconſiſtent obſervations of a writer of ſo low rank in literature, yet I conceive ſuch illiberal and incongruous criticiſm deſerves a little chaſtiſement.

I will firſt notice your bad grammar, and uncouth conſtruction of ſentences. "Yet ſo much *was* I diſappointed." You ſhould have ſaid "*am* I diſappointed," to be in

the ſame tenſe with "I cannot," the ſenſe requiring it. "Give *to* the reader." Leave out the *to*. "I feel a peculiar diſguſt *from* the falling off:" Subſtitute *at*, or *on account of*. "His work is *fruitleſs* and *unavailing*:" Scandalous tautology. "What, then, I ſuppoſe," &c. How do you parſe the relative *what*, in that ſentence? "The author certainly has ideas, but alas he cannot comprehend them." How can a man have an idea, and yet have no comprehenſion of it? The next time your cacoethes ſcribendi induces you to be meddling with your betters, I beg of you, my friend, to procure ſome ſchool boy, privately to correct your bad grammar; and ſome not quite fool, to make ſenſe of ſuch numerous paſſages as may want that neceſſary ingredient of a ſentence.

What exceſſive delicacy you pretend to poſſeſs. I am ſorry indeed that it ſhould be injured by uſing the word bawdy houſe; yet that ſorrow is much leſſened when I find you incautiouſly uſing, yet without any oſtenſible regret, the words "ſtews and brothels." There are no indecent terms uſed in the firſt number of the CHILD OF PALLAS: and if you imagine there are, you muſt be in delicacy what you are in intellect, ſome little, ſilly, affected girl.

You call it a "monſtrous notion, an idea worthy of Noah Webſter," that I ſhould think the word *tote* ought to be mentioned in an American dictionary. What do you know of Mr. Webſter? Why, ſir, Mr. Webſter is as a giant to a titmouſe compared with you in the knowledge of the Engliſh tongue. But becauſe you have heard ſome

prejudiced Engliſhman condemning his uſe of particular American words, you think there is ſomething noble in doing the ſame yourſelf. But whether Mr. Webſter be right or wrong, you have no buſineſs to intrude your green opinions on the ſubject. (It is reported that he is about compiling an American Dictionary. Such a work has been long much wanted. There are innumerable words indigenous to this country. Many words, common to both England and America, have very different ſignifications in the different countries. Many things have different appellations in the various ſtates.) What in New-England is called *hasty pudding*, in New-York is denominated *ſapaun*, and in this and the ſouthern ſtates *mush*. (The words *boatable*, *freshet*, *intervale*, *lengthy*, *appreciate*, and hundreds of others, unknown in England, are of univerſal acceptation here, and ought to be incorporated into an American dictionary, for *usus est norma loquendi*. Mr. Webſter is a gentleman of abilities and information fully competent to his undertaking, and I doubt not will meet ample ſucceſs.

I ſhould be very happy to receive the remarks of candid and intelligent perſons, on any errors or blemiſhes in this work; and ſuch doubtleſs there are, for

> Whoever thinks a faultleſs work to ſee,
> Thinks, what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.

Such remarks I ſhould receive with pleaſure, and would endeavor to make good uſe of them; but it is the remark of a correct obſerver of mankind, that he who takes

pleaſure only in ſearching for faults, gives evident tokens of a bad critic, a bad writer and a bad heart.

It is the injunction of a great poet,

Free let thoſe cenſure who have written well:

Hence you have no liberty to preſs your ſtrictures in the manner you have, but by changing the precept to

Free let thoſe cenſure who can't write at all.

For the amuſement of others, and for your further inſtruction in the ſchool of Martinus Scriblerus, I have this week commenced a Lecture on Criticiſm, and, as you have much of the ſpirit and abilities of criticiſm, oratory and compoſition, diſcovered in the characters of that little work, I ſhall, ſhould you again venture to the preſs, with due reſpect, when I cloſe it, dedicate it to ſo worthy an author as yourſelf, and place your real name over the dedication, for you are well known to the

EDITOR.

Spangles and Ribbons.

Anecdote of the late Dr. Shebbeare.

When the Doctor was adjudged to ſtand on the pillory, on account of his ſixth letter to the People of England: towards the cloſe of executing his ſentence, it began to rain, and the Doctor was particularly well dreſſed, ſome of his friends ſent up an Iriſh chairman with an umbrella to hold over him. Next day Paddy appeared at the Doctor's lodgings, "hoping his honour was very well, and that he got no cold the day before."—pray, my friend, (ſays the Doctor) have not you been paid for you ſervices yeſterday?"—"O yes, your honour; I got a guinea." "And don't you think that ſufficient for a quarter of an hour's ſtanding?"—"Why, to be ſure, in regard to *work*, I can't ſay but it is—but G—Z—ns, your honour, *conſider the diſgrace.*"

The Doctor, ſo far from being diſpleaſed with the reply, gave him a crown more, for which the man was ſo thankful, that he left him his addreſs if ever he ſhould have occaſion for his ſervices again. *Ex.*

When Lee was Manager at Edinburgh, he was determined to improve upon thunder, and ſo having procured a parcel of nine pound ſhot, they were put into a wheelbarrow, to which he affixed an octagon wheel. This

done, ridges were placed at the back of the ſtage, and one of the carpenters was ordered to trundle this wheelbarrow ſo filled, backwards and forwards over theſe ridges. The play was Lear, and really in the two firſt efforts the thunder had a good effect. At length as the King was braving the "pelting of the pitileſs ſtorm," the thunderer's foot ſlipped, and down he came wheelbarrow and all. The ſtage being on a declivity, the balls made their way towards the orcheſtra, and meeting with but a feeble reſiſtance from the ſcene, laid it flat upon its face. This ſtorm was more difficult for Lear to ſtem than the one he had before complained of. The balls taking every direction, he was obliged to ſkip about to avoid them like the man who dances the egg hornpipe. The fiddlers, in alarm for their catgut, hurried out of the orcheſtra, and to crown this ſcene of glorious confuſion, the ſprawling thunderer lay proſtrate in ſight of the audience, like another Salmoneus *Ex.*

Anecdote of Voltaire.

Voltaire, during his laſt viſit at Paris, was fatigued by the congratulations of people of all ranks. A young author, of middling talents and meaſureleſs vanity, thought it his duty to do homage to the Neſtor of literature. Being introduced to the philoſopher, he began his complimentary addreſs in theſe words:—"Great man! to-day I ſalute you as Homer; to-morrow, I will ſalute you as Sophocles; next day, as Plato."—He would have pro-

ceeded, but Voltaire interrupting him, ſaid, "Little man! I am very old—could not you pay all your viſits in one day?" *Ex.*

Cunning.

The deſire of gain will ſometimes inſpire with diſhoneſt cunning the illiterate ſavage. After a ſucceſsful attack on the Royal party in 1745, a Highlander had gained a watch, as his ſhare of the ſpoils of the vanquiſhed. Unacquainted with its uſe, he liſtened with equal ſurpriſe, and pleaſure, to the ticking ſound with which his new acquiſition amuſed him; after a few hours, however, the watch was down, the noiſe ceaſed, and the diſpirited owner, looking on the toy no longer with any ſatisfaction, determined to conceal the misfortune which had befallen it, and to diſpoſe of it to the firſt perſon who offered him a trifle in exchange. He ſoon met with a cuſtomer, but, at parting, he could not conceal his triumph, and exultingly exclaimed, "Why ſhe died laſt night." *Ex.*

Waller, the celebrated poet, in Oliver Cromwell's protectorate, wrote many extravagant poems in his praiſe. When Charles 2d. came to the throne, he likewiſe wrote a poem upon the reſtoration, inſcribed to that monarch, with which he was introduced to his majeſty. The king after having read the poem, told Waller, the lines were good, but not ſo good as ſome addreſſed to Oliver. To which the poet, with admirable preſence of mind, replied, *that poets always ſucceeded beſt in fiction.* *Ex.*

Miſcellaneous Anecdotes.

A Lady rather fond of gallantry, and remarkably talkative, happening to be one day in company with Monteſquieu, aſked him a thouſand impertinent queſtions, to which he ſcarcely deigned to return any anſwer. This great man, however, at length loſing all patience, on her aſking him what happineſs was, replied, " Happineſs, madam, is fruitfulneſs to Queens, ſterility to unmarried women, and deafneſs to thoſe who are near *you*."

Boileau in his infancy was entruſted to the care of a country nurſe, who carried him to her village, where he remained more than three years. One day, while he attempted to beat a turkey cock, which he had put in a paſſion, the furious animal threw him down, and with its beak wounded him ſeverely, in that part which the unhappy Abelard was puniſhed with ſo much injuſtice and barbarity. All the aſſiſtance of art could not reſtore to young Boileau the gift of nature; ſo that he ſaw himſelf at an early age, deprived of the hopes of ever being able to taſte the pleaſures of love.

As he felt great pain from time to time, in that part in which he was not an Achilles, he made known his caſe to Mr. Gendron, a celebrated phyſician of the faculty of Montpellier, of whoſe abilities and fidelity he had the higheſt opinion, and who beſides was his intimate friend. He made this gentleman promiſe that he would not reveal

a ſecret, which, however tragical in its nature, ſometimes gives occaſion for pleaſantry. He feared, and very juſtly, that his misfortune would become the ſubject of verſes and epigrams, as he made ſo free with many authors, who would not have failed to attack him in his moſt ſenſible part.

Mr. Gendron faithfully kept the ſecret during the life of his friend, and it was only after his death, that he told this circumſtance to Mr. le Nain, intendant of Languedoc, who related it to ſeveral perſons of undoubted veracity.

This diſcovery is the more intereſting, as it may in ſome meaſure account for the peeviſh and ſatirical temper of Boileau; for the ſeverity of his manners and writings, for his bitterneſs againſt the female ſex, for his averſion to the opera, and for his antipathy to Quinault, whoſe verſes breathed nothing but love. *Ex.*

The banns of matrimony were ſome time ſince publiſhed between Mr. Joſeph *Black* and Miſs Sally *White* The ſecond publication of the banns was however objected to by the magiſtrate, Mr. *Brown*, who deſcanted largely on the danger of a *grey* iſſue. Mr. *Green* ſatisfied his doubt, by aſſuring him that (however ſtrange in theory) a *Black* and a *White* always produced a *Brown*. The chagrined magiſtrate withdrew his objections, and the marriage was ſolemnized.

Dr. Schmidt, of the cathedral of Berlin, wrote a letter to the late King of Pruſſia, couched in the following terms —" Sire, I acquaint your Majeſty, 1ſt. That there are wanting books of pſalms for the Royal family. I acquaint your Majeſty, 2d. That there wants wood to warm the Royal ſeats. I acquaint your Majeſty, 3d. That the baluſtrade next the river, behind the church, is become ruinous.

SCHMIDT, *Sacrist of the Cathedral.*"

The King, who was much amuſed by the above, wrote the following anſwer—" I acquaint Mr. Sacriſt Schmidt, 1ſt. That thoſe who want to ſing may buy books. 2d. I acquaint Mr. Sacriſt Schmidt, that thoſe who want to be kept warm muſt buy wood. 3d. I acquaint Mr. Sacriſt Schmidt, that I ſhall not truſt any longer to the baluſtrade next the river; and I acquaint Mr. Sacriſt Schmidt 4th. That I will not have any more correſpondence with him."

Ex.

Changeable Silks.

[A tender ode this, and replete with lovesick delicacy. We wish all lovers to imitate the philosophy of the last line.]

For the CHILD OF PALLAS

A DOLEFUL, DYING, DELICIOUS ODE, FROM A PENSIVE, PINING, PANTING PRINTER—TO HIS DEAR, DELICATE, DELIGHTFUL DELIA.

Dear Delia, I'm sick at the heart,
By pitiless pining at home;
Where nothing can pleasure impart—
When silently sleeping alone!

Should I drink till I fuddle my head,
And make all my senses quite mellow,
And proud as a prince reel to bed;
There's no sleeping without a bedfellow!

But tossing and tumb'ling awake,
My heart, to its object quite true;
Tho' your conduct may cause it to ache,
Beats with raptures when thinking of you!

I'll pursue you from morning to night,
And whether you'r sober or sporting,
With all my exertions and might
Will be constantly, constantly *courting!*

Then, prithee, dear Delia be kind,
For whatever you've thought or have ſaid of me,
Tho' ſlowly, you'll ſure be inclined
To marry me, *juſt to get rid of me!*

Then raptured I'd rave with delight,
My boſom unknown to diſtreſs;
Tranſported, I'd think on the night,
When on me love's pleaſures ſhall preſs!

But ſhould you ungenerous prove,
And reject my fair proffers of love,
My *preſs*, ah! no longer will move,
While I mourn and I pine like a dove!

My *black balls* will grow out of uſe;
My *types* become dull to the eye;
My *ink* will its *blacking* refuſe
And 'FINIS' I'd fetch with a ſigh!

Then think what a horrible deed,
You'd commit by an ill-natured caper,
At once make a printer's heart bleed,
And *blur* both his *types* and his *paper!*

Then prithee, dear Delia, be kind,
And lend a fond ear to my moan;
To ſave me, ah love! be inclined,
Or elſe——*you may let it alone!*

Your's, the loveſick, lonely
LEMUEL LAMPBLACK.

SUMMARY.

Domeſtic.

Philadelphia, Dec. 17. A letter from an officer on board the George Waſhington frigate, captain Bainbridge, dated the 16th October, at Algiers, ſtates, that the frigate was to ſail from thence the day after, for Conſtantinople, by the inſulting order of the Dey.

A new political pamphlet from the German of GENTZ, and recently tranſlated by an American gentleman of rank and learning, will ſpeedily be publiſhed by Mr. Aſbury Dickins. It is entitled, "The Origin and Principles of the American Revolution, compared with the Origin and Principles of that of France." It is ſaid by judges of ſufficient accuracy, that this is no ordinary pamphlet, but that it will demand and deſerve the attention of the American politician and philoſopher.

A ſingular curious work, being an account of the Britiſh iſlands prior to the invaſion of Cæſar, has lately been diſcovered in the poſſeſſion of the Brahmins of Benares. In this valuable treaſure of antiquity, Britain is called by a name, which ſignifies The Holy Iſland. The Thames,

Iris, and other rivers, are called by names ſimilar to the preſent ones, and Stonehedge is deſcribed as a grand Hindoo Temple! The Aſiatic Society of Calcutta, are ſaid to be preparing for publication a tranſlation of this intereſting manuſcript.

We underſtand that chief juſtice Ellſworth, being in a bad ſtate of health, and having gone to England, from whence he propoſes to return to the ſouth of France, has reſigned his office. A new appointment may therefore be expected ſoon to take place.

The treaty lately negociated with France, has been many days under conſideration in the Senate of the United States. Its adoption or rejection may be ſpeedily expected.

We underſtand that the Electors of Preſident and Vice-Preſident of the United States, for the ſtate of Teneſſee, have voted unanimouſly for Jefferſon and Burr.—No accounts from Kentucky.

A box is opened at this office for communications to the CHILD OF PALLAS. The taſk the Editor at preſent ſuſtains of furniſhing one half original matter, is arduous. He hopes ſome friendly aid; not ſo much however for his own benefit as that of his readers.

*** Perſons who hold the firſt number are ſolicited to return them, as ſuch neglect will cauſe a deficency in the ſets.

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I. The price to ſubſcribers will be one Dollar per volume; to be paid at the cloſe of every eight weeks.

II. Each volume to conſiſt of eight numbers, or 288 pages.

III. Poſtmaſters and others, who ſubſcribe for ſix, ſhall be entitled to a ſeventh gratis.

☞ Subſcriptions are received at the office of the Publiſhers.

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of every deſcription, neatly executed, and on reaſonable terms.

[*No.* 5.]

Child of Pallas, &c.

The Jumper.

(No. V.)

For the JUMPER.

The following was written some months since. If not deemed improper, I should be glad to see it inserted for your fifth number.

THE propriety of occaſionally animadverting on the conduct and principles of public characters, to whom we are to look up for examples of wiſdom and virtue, precludes the neceſſity of an apology for addreſſing you at this time; on a ſubject which calls loudly for the denunciation of religion, the reprehenſions of common ſenſe, and the moſt pointed ſhafts of ridicule. The fooliſh and unhappy cuſtom of duelling, has, of late, become ſo prevalent in this country, as to demand the immediate interfer-

ence of legiſlative authority, and the prompt execution of rigorous, (tho' wholeſome) laws, to prevent its further progreſs. To your talents and attention for the promotion of beneficial laws in general, we would be happy to look for aſſiſtance in arreſting the career of crimes of this malignant caſt; but alas we muſt turn our injured eyes from the ſight of a breaker, in this reſpect, of the laws of God, of our country, and the moral dictates of real honor.

Your high ſituation in life renders an example of this kind more dangerous, as it ſeems to recommend and encourage this fatal mode of mortal appeal, for the adjuſtment of private altercations. It gives your ſanction to its propriety: and has a tendency to raiſe the puerile ambition of your inferiors, to conſider it as the moſt honorable mean of maintaining one's own reputation, as well as of obtaining compleat revenge of an adverſary. But is it poſſible that the rational powers of man can be ſo perverted, as to conſider juſt, the uncertain tribunal of the bullet. That in the paroxiſm of rage, on the inſtant of a groſs injury, ſudden madneſs may expel that reaſon, which in more ſober moments, would abandon the deadly thought, is indeed poſſible; but how a man, who has had hours or days for allaying the fever of his rage, and for admitting the mild operations of good ſenſe on his mind, can ſo reaſon himſelf out of all reaſon as calmly to offer or accept a challenge, for ſuch a deciſion, demands indeed a doubt. After having had ſufficient opportunity for reflection, for maturely weighing the cauſe and circumſtances of a ſuppoſed affront, and for doubting on whom the more blame ought

in juſtice to fall; to ſit down deliberately and pen the cruel invitation; gives us the picture—of what? Not of the ſage; not of the hero, but of the ghoſtly premeditating murderer!

Has the countenance of nature grown yellow in your ſight? Are the tender cords of connubial and parental affection cut aſunder? Has your patriotiſm ſunk into ſelf-aggrandizement? Has life no temptations, no beauties, no ſolitary bleſſing, to compenſate the fatigue of preſerving exiſtence? Taſte you no ſweets in virtue? Find you no ſolace in the comforts of religion? Has the modern atheiſtical philoſophy of *post mortem nihil*, baniſhed from your boſom the conſoling expectations of future felicity? Or why thus haſtily forego the enjoyments, forget the ſweets, deny and neglect the duties of life?

Of what irratable materials muſt that man's mind be compoſed, which, at the reception of every trifling affront, ſets aſide the uſual deciſions of reaſon and good ſenſe, gives a looſe to the brutal paſſions of unforgiving malice, and the damnable luſt of murderous revenge! Are you charmed with the voice of true honor? And do you deem it honorable to deſtroy a fellow-mortal? Deem it rather an honor to deſtroy the paſſion that prompts you to the ſavage combat. Let the victory be in your mind; your warfare all within you.

There to fight,
And there obtain freſh triumphs o'er yourſelf,

And never with'ring wreaths, compar'd with which
The laurels that a Cæſar reaps are weeds.

And what can be the reſult of this unhappy interview? Will Providence interpoſe to direct the fatal ball to the heart of the guilty? And if the guilty fall, will the conſideration of having murdered a fellow mortal give you future ſatisfaction and delight? The gloomy pleaſure reſulting from the full glut of revenge, muſt ſoon yield to far other painful and continued ſenſations. The miſery your brutal raſhneſs ſhall have occaſioned to the weeping widow and unprotected orphans of your departed antagoniſt, ſhall ſtrew the path of your future life with thorns; poiſon your domeſtic enjoyments; turn your couch to ſtone, and the pillow of repoſe to a fertile hot-bed of thriving agonies.

Is a duel fought to gain the reputation of courage? How much leſs vanity is diſcovered in the highwayman; who often meets his adverſary well armed as himſelf, and diſplays prodigies of valor; yet while the newſpaper recount his deeds of heroiſm, he modeſtly declines the honor of avowing himſelf the author of ſo much *coolness*, *ſpirit* and *determination*. And which diſplay of courage is moſt commendable in the ſight of heaven, heaven only knows: his which is exerciſed to gain a ſuſtenance, or his which is uſed to gratify the luſt of revenge.

Guilt or cowardice are more generally than otherwiſe, the cauſes of ſuicide and duelling. He who has loſt his fortune and reputation by diſſipation and vice, either flies like a coward to death as a refuge from thoſe ſtorms of ad-

verſity he is unable to withſtand, or even ſeeks a cauſe for a duel, which ſhall either raiſe his forfeited reputation, or free him from the horrors of its loſs; but the man of pure courage and unyielding virtue, will laugh at the ſtorms of misfortune; nay, even with the loſs of reputation, dear as it may be, in the boſom of piety and virtue, will find reſources of conſolation and comfort, which the world can neither given or take away.

There are but few altercations in which the blame reſts but with one party. Very frequently it is difficult to determine where lies the greater culpability. Each thinks or pretends to think the other the offender. Impartial, unconcerned people are ſeldom conſulted: The appeal muſt be made to a duel. Here perhaps both fall, both are wounded, or both eſcape; or, be it as it may, it neither increaſes, diminiſhes, or ſatisfies the affront. If the innocent fall, the rent is only made worſe. If the guilty fall, is the affront done away? Will the conqueror feel a glow of ſatisfaction for having deſtroyed a brother of the human race? At the death of a dog or tyger, a dog or tyger might triumph and rejoice; but he who merits the appellation of man, can derive no pleaſure from the death of man.

If the parties are unwilling to ſubmit their diſputes to impartial referees, and are determined the bullet ſhall be their judge, counſel and jury, let each chalk out on a diſtant plank the ſize of his antagoniſt's body, and, by firing, find the probable reſult of an engagement. You might thence read your fate. Should the ball enter the head,

breaſt, ſhoulder, or other part of the plank, you will ſee no vital blood iſſuing at the wound; you will hear no horrid imprecations, dying curſes, or dying groans. No ſurgeon will be neceſſary but the carpenter, who may ſtill convert it to valuable purpoſes. No weeping widow or helpleſs orphan ſhall lament a ridiculous death; and no other injury will take place than that of the plank, which may always be prevented by taking ſuch as are only fit for fire wood.

This mode has been often recommended; and is certainly far preferable to the more uſual way of deciding diſagreements. It is by no means ſo ridiculous as the reality; and is quite as unerring in procuring juſtice for the injured. At firſt thought it may ſtrike the mind as ludicrous; but it bears the ſtamp of profound wiſdom, compared with the fatal reality.

Crites.

(No. V.)

Lecture on Criticism.

[For the benefit of certain poets, critics and orators.]

DOCTOR - *a sham Critic*
FACIT - *a wretched Poet in love*
TOM - *an Orator.*

[Continued.]

DOCTOR.

IT is far more like adding assafœtida to carion. It pleads for nothing but originality; and only proves you an original fool. Bnt if you are determined it shall be there, I'll consent; but remember, I consent contrary to my will. I think, Mr. Facit, the couplet may well run thus:

Lo I, who never measured feet before,
Mean in my mind to measure many a score——or more.

The fine alliteration in the laſt line gives it a grace and nobleneſs that can only be accompliſhed by the beſt touches of the beſt of commentators.

FACIT.

The alteration in the laſt line does you honor, not only as a critic, but as a poet. The many *m's* that meet there in my mind make the matter much more monſtrouſly pleaſing. But let Tom ſpeak your alteration and my original: then we can decide which will appear beſt. Do you ſpeak oratorically after me, Tom.

Now I, who never wrote a line before,
Take up my pen in hand to write a ſcore——or more.

TOM.

My memory is very bad. I'm afraid I can't ſpeak it all at once, but I'll try.

Now I who never wrote a bit till now,
Take up my pen in hand, to write a ſcore—and upwards.

FACIT.

All wrong: all wrong. Hear me and attend. Repeat it diſtinctly and oratorically.

Now I, who never wrote a line before,
Take up my pen in hand, to write a ſcore——or more.

TOM.

Now I, who never wrote a line before,
Take up my pen in hand to write a ſcore—and more too.

FACIT.

Very near right. Well, now repeat it as altered by the Doctor.

Lo I, who never meaſured feet before,
Mean in my mind to meaſure many a ſcore—or more.

TOM.

Lo I, who never meaſured wood before,
Mean, if I've a mind, to meaſure a cord—or more.

FACIT.

Pſhow, pſhow; all wrong again.

DOCTOR.

Repeat it after me; putting your hand on your breaſt when you come to the word *mind*.

Lo I, who never meaſured feet before,
Mean in my *mind* (right here) to meaſure many a ſcore—
or more.

TOM.

Lo I who never meaſured feet before,
Mean, right here, to meaſure twenty—and more too.

There, I've got the meaning of it, and its no matter about the jingle.

DOCTOR.

Mind my words, and leave out the words *right here*. Why you are no more an orator, than Mr. Facit is a poet.

FACIT.

Or the Doctor a critic: I may add.

DOCTOR.

Now attend.

Lo I, who never meaſured feet before,
Mean in my mind to meaſure many a ſcore—or more.

Speak it quick, and be ſure of it.

TOM.

Lo I, who never meaſured feet before,
Mean in my mind to meaſure many a ſcore—or ſo.

DOCTOR.

Very near right, Tom. Well Mr. Facit I doubt not you readily perceive how much the better mine ſounds.

FACIT.

There does appear to be more majeſty in yours; but I imagine mine has the moſt ſenſe.

DOCTOR.

There you are taken up with the pleaſures of *ſenſe*. *You* had the work done with the *pen*, *I* in the *mind*; and

how much ſuperior are mental to corporeal ideas. Now give the next lines.

FACIT.

I feel my ſtomach ſwell with mighty ſtings,
Which thy all powerful, charming abſence brings.

You perceive, Doctor, the excellency of the expreſſion *charming abſence?* It conveys the idea of her charming me, even in her abſence. Happy combination of words! Pre-eminent excellence of ſentiment: quite a *pre*-ſentiment.

DOCTOR.

You are wholly out of the way, in the epithet *charming*: for if her abſence is charming, her preſence muſt be hateful. The contrary of which I ſuppoſe muſt be the caſe. The word *ſwell* conveys the idea of *pregnancy*: and if ſhe once conceive you to be a woman, ſhe'll never marry you in the world: otherwiſe it would be a very fine word; ſwelling being the natural conſequence of a ſting. I think I would ſubſtitute the word *glow*, a word much in uſe among modern rhymeſters, who have no glow at all. And let the couplet run thus:

I feel my ſtomach glow with mighty ſtings,
Which thy all powerful hateful abſence brings.

Repeat it Tom; wake up, and repeat it.

TOM.

I feel my belly heave with mighty ſtings,
Which thy all horrid preſence brings.

DOCTOR.

Try again. Mind what I ſay.

I feel my ſtomach glow with mighty ſtings,
Which thy all powerful hateful abſence brings.

TOM.

I feel my ſtomach grow with mighty things,
Which thy all hateful charming abſence brings;
Mind what I ſay.

DOCTOR.

Wrong, wrong, wrong. Pray Mr. Facit, why do you wiſh him to repeat it?

FACIT.

I mean he ſhall commit it to memory, and thunder it out in a ſoft, pathetic ſtrain, to Miſs Harriot herſelf: becauſe in mere cold paper and ink there can be no geſture, no oratory, no feeling, life, ſpirit and vigor; which there will be in Tom's *glowing* delivery. As to its being hateful abſence, or charming abſence, I don't care a fig about it; becauſe Tom, very judiciouſly entering into the ſpirit of the thing, altered it to preſent, as he will be preſent when he delivers it.

[To be continued.]

An Essay on Sensibility.

[The following, from an Engliſh publication, written by a Lady of great merit and endowments, deſerves a ſtudious and careful peruſal from readers of every denomination.]

[Concluded.]

In theſe, the rich and proſperous may find that ſatisfaction which they have ſought in vain in ſelfiſh gratifications, and the afflicted may yet enjoy that happineſs which they are too apt to imagine is entirely loſt :—but the ſelfiſh heart can neither enjoy proſperity, nor ſupport affliction; it will be weary and diſſatisfied in the firſt, and totally dejected in the laſt.

In order to adminiſter conſolation to the afflicted, the uſual methods are, either to endeavour to leſſen their ſenſe of the evil, by ſhewing them that it is not really ſo great as they imagine: or by comparing it with greater evils endured by others; or elſe to drive it from the thought by the hurry of diſſipation and amuſement.

The firſt of theſe methods may ſerve to diſplay the talents of the perſon who undertakes it, and perhaps ſuch arguments may ſometimes prevail upon vanity to aſſume

an appearance of fortitude. But how can he, whoſe heart feels the pangs of real affliction, be convinced by argument that he does not feel it? or what relief can it give to his ſufferings, to be told that another ſuffers more? Nor can diſſipation and amuſement afford a more efficacious remedy, ſince in theſe the heart has nothing to do:—in the midſt of the gayeſt ſcenes, and ſurrounded by all that the world calls pleaſure, it will ſhrink into itſelf, and feel its own bitterneſs with redoubled force.

It is vain to endeavour to take from the wretched, the ſenſe of ſuffering; pain and grief muſt be felt; they can neither be ſubdued by argument, nor loſt in diſſipation; and while they remain, it is impoſſible to enjoy that eaſe which by ſome is repreſented as the greateſt good of man—they muſt exclude it:—But muſt they exclude all poſitive happineſs? Surely no. The wounded heart may ſtill be open to enjoyment, and here it muſt ſeek for conſolation, it cannot indeed be inſenſible of pain, but it may yet be ſenſible of pleaſure. And happy indeed are they who have acquired a reliſh for ſuch pleaſures as pain and ſorrow cannot take away, ſince theſe, ſooner or later, muſt be the lot of all.

Of this kind, are the pleaſures of affection and benevolence, they enlarge the heart; they prevent it from dwelling on its own ſorrows, and teach it to ſeek for happineſs in the good of others, and thoſe who in their happieſt days were accuſtomed to do this, will not be-

come inſenſible to ſuch pleaſures, becauſe they are themſelves in a ſtate of ſuffering.

Every inſtance of kindneſs, every friendly endeavour to give eaſe and comfort, will ſtill rejoice the heart, the pleaſure of ſeeing others virtuous and happy, may ſtill be felt; the earneſt deſire to make them ſo, may ſtill be cheriſhed; and that deſire is in itſelf a pleaſing ſenſation. The endeavour which it excites affords ſtill higher pleaſure, and when that endeavor is bleſſed with ſucceſs, the benevolent heart will feel a real joy, to which its own ſufferings cannot render it inſenſible.

By every ſuch exertion, the mind will gain new ſtrength and enjoy new pleaſure, its native vigour, which ſorrow had depreſſed, and which no intereſted views could have called forth to action, will be reſtored by benevolence; the wounded heart may feel the delight of ſelf-approbation—in ſhort, the afflicted may enjoy the beſt pleaſures of the happy.

But after all it muſt be allowed, that all our pleaſures, in this imperfect ſtate, even thoſe of the moſt refined and exalted kind, are liable to numberleſs ſorrows and diſappointments: Friends may be removed by abſence, or by death; the faults and imperfections of thoſe we love, may wound the heart, affection may be repaid with unkindneſs, and benefits with ingratitude; the moſt earneſt endeavour to relieve the diſtreſſed, may prove unſucceſsful; and the ſincereſt deſire to promote the happineſs of others,

may miſs its aim: in ſhort, every purſuit in this world may end in diſappointment. And this thought might indeed be ſufficient to check the ardour of the mind, and diſcourage the beſt endeavours, had we not a never-failing reſource in that aſſiſtance and ſupport which religion offers.

It is in the power of every one to ſecure to himſelf a happineſs of which nothing in this world can deprive him—a hope which is not liable to diſappointment—a Friend, who never will forſake him, and who will always be able and willing to aſſiſt him.

Thoſe who are placed in a happy ſituation in this world, if at the ſame time they can rejoice in ſuch thoughts as theſe, may enjoy the good which they poſſeſs.—Every bleſſing beſtowed upon them will fill their hearts with love and gratitude to him from whom it comes; and theſe ſentiments will add new reliſh to every pleaſure, and make them become real and laſting advantages, means to promote their eternal felicity, not hindrances to ſtop them in their way, as by the perverſe uſe of them, they too often are.

Prompted by the ſame love and gratitude, they will indeed rejoice in giving the beſt proof of them, by an earneſt endeavour to do good to others; and in this aim they cannot be diſappointed, though they ſhould prove unſucceſsful; for the honeſt endeavour they may be certain will be accepted.

The fear of losing the blessings they possess, will not deprive them of the pleasure of enjoying them, for they remember in whose hands they are, they know they shall enjoy them as long as is really best for them, and that if all else were taken from them, they are secure of an unfailing resource, an Almighty Comforter.

They consider their best enjoyments as independent on this world, the pleasures of friendship and benevolence, though here alloyed by disappointment, and interrupted by death, they hope will be renewed hereafter, and enjoyed, pure and unmixed through eternity.

The love and gratitude they feel, the delight they take in every means of expressing them, will constitute a part of their happiness hereafter.

The heavenly contemplations which exalt their minds, and make them feel that they were formed for higher enjoyments than this world affords, will raise their hopes to that state where alone they can find objects suited to them.

And thus every blessing bestowed upon them will be so received, that it will be truly enjoyed here, and will prove a source of real and lasting happiness, and the present good will neither be allayed by anxiety, nor succeeded by weariness and disgust. While it remains, it will be enjoyed to the utmost, and when it is taken away, it will not be immoderately regretted, since that to which

it owed its greateſt reliſh will ſtill remain, and prove a ſource of happineſs in the days of affliction and diſappointment, as well as in thoſe of proſperity and ſucceſs.

It is certain that there are few, if any, either amongſt the afflicted or amongſt the happy, who enjoy to the utmoſt all the bleſſings which are beſtowed upon them. Thoſe who take a view of their own ſituation in life, with a ſincere deſire to make the beſt of it, will probably find much more happineſs within their power, than in the moments of uneaſineſs and diſcontent they are apt to imagine. This obſervation is generally true, even of the greateſt ſufferers.

But let us ſuppoſe that this were not the caſe, for it muſt be allowed to be poſſible that all earthly comforts may be taken away:—A perſon who has long been ſtruggling againſt the ſevereſt afflictions of body and of mind, may have met with nothing but diſappointments, and in the midſt of all, he may not find a friend to aſſiſt and ſupport him, or to beſtow that tender, ſoothing conſolation, which can almoſt convert afflictions into pleaſures; or, what is ſtill more painful, the friend from whom he expected this, may change, and embitter thoſe ſufferings he ſhould alleviate; the endeavours to do good which benevolence inſpires may prove unſucceſsful; in a word, all in this world may fail.

This is indeed a caſe rarely, if ever, to be met with: but as it muſt be allowed to be poſſible, let us take things

in the worſt light imaginable, and then conſider the happineſs which yet remains to balance theſe afflictions, in the heavenly comforts which religion offers.

The moſt unhappy may yet find a Friend, to whom they may freely unboſom all their ſorrows with the fulleſt confidence, and reſt ſecure of finding that conſolation which is really beſt for them, ſince He is both able and willing to beſtow it: this is a happineſs of which none but themſelves can ever deprive them. Though ſlighted and neglected, perhaps oppreſſed and injured by the world, yet are they certain that He regards their ſufferings, He hears their prayers, and will reward their patience.

When they conſider that all events are at his diſpoſal, and theſe ſufferings are permitted for their greater good, their ſubmiſſion, inſtead of being full of terror and anxiety, will be an act of love and confidence: even the wiſh that they could chuſe their own lot, would be ſuppreſſed, and they will rejoice in the thought that Infinite Wiſdom and Goodneſs will do it for them.

When they remember, that all afflictions are trials, and that by bearing them as they ought, they may beſt expreſs their love and gratitude, and ſecure his favour and protection, the activity of their minds will be again awakened, and their utmoſt efforts again exerted, with a pleaſure and ſatisfaction which can attend on no other purſuit, ſince all but this are liable to diſappointment. Here the intention, not the ſucceſs, will be conſidered, and the ſin-

cere wiſh, when nothing more is in their power, will be accepted.

If we are engaged in the ſervice of a friend, every difficulty becomes a ſource of pleaſure; we exert ourſelves with delight in finding means to conquer it; we even enjoy any ſuffering which can procure his advantage or expreſs our affection.

A ſatisfaction of the ſame kind may continually be enjoyed by the afflicted. It is true, their ſufferings can bring no advantage to their Creator; yet ſtill, to a heart full of love and gratitude, there is a pleaſure in exerting every effort to expreſs thoſe ſentiments, in doing or ſuffering any thing which may conduce to that end. In this view, afflictions may be received with real ſatisfaction, ſince they afford continual opportunities of expreſſing our readineſs to conform to his will, even when it is moſt contrary to our own; and this is the ſtrongeſt proof of love and confidence we are able to give; and therefore, to the heart which truly feels them, muſt be attended with a ſatisfaction ſuch as pleaſure cannot beſtow.

When we read the hiſtories of thoſe who have voluntarily undergone the moſt painful ſufferings rather than tranſgreſs their duty, we admire their virtues, and eſteem them happy. Thoſe who receive as they ought the trials which are ſent them, do all in their power to follow their examples, and may, in a great degree, enjoy the ſame happineſs: their aims, their wiſhes are the ſame; like them,

they bleſs Him who permits the trial; they would deteſt the thought of eſcaping from it, by being guilty of the ſmalleſt crime; they rejoice in ſuffering for his ſake, and depend, with entire confidence, on his aſſiſtance and ſupport.

If at any time the affliction ſeems too ſevere to be ſupported, and nature almoſt ſinks under the trial, let them anticipate the future time, and think with what ſentiments they ſhall look back upon it; think, if they can, what joy it will afford them to reflect, that no ſufferings could ever ſhake their reſolution; that their love to their Almighty Father, and deſire to be conformable to his will, have been ſtill the ruling principle of their hearts, even in the midſt of the ſevereſt trials; that their afflictions have not made them neglect their duty to Him, or to their fellow-creatures; that their beſt endeavors have been ſtill exerted, and their entire confidence ever placed in Him.

Then let them look farther ſtill, and think of the time when all earthly joys and ſorrows will be forever paſſed away, and nothing of them will remain but the manner in which they have been received; let them think of the happineſs of thoſe who have been "made perfect through ſufferings," and who will then look forward to an eternity of bliſs.

Will they then wiſh that they had ſuffered leſs? Or who would wiſh it now, if ſuch are the bleſſed fruits of ſufferings? And it depends on ourſelves to make them ſo: for

the assistance of Him who alone can support our weakness, will never be wanting to those who seek it.

Such reflections, such hopes as these, can surely afford pleasures more than sufficient to overbalance any afflictions to which we may be liable in this world: and *these* are pleasures which the greatest sufferer may feel, and in which the most unhappy may rejoice.

To conclude: Religion cannot prevent losses and disappointments, pains and sorrows; for to these, in this imperfect state, we must be liable: nor does it require us to be insensible to them, for that would be impossible; but in the midst of all, and even when all earthly pleasures fail, it commands—it instructs—it enables us to be happy.

Spangles and Ribbons.

A gentleman, ſome time ſince, not many hundred miles from this metropolis, called at a tavern to put up for the night. It was extremely cold, and the fireplace was ſurrounded. "Landlord, ſaid he, have you any oyſters?" "Yes, ſir." "Give my horſe a peck of them." The oyſters were procured; and the people all ſtarted from the fire, to ſee the horſe eat them. The landlord comes in. "Why, ſir, your horſe won't eat oyſters." "No matter: I only wanted a chance at the fire; bring them here; I can eat them, and let the horſe have ſome hay."

[Anecdotes of eminent men have often, in a moral view, a good effect. We cannot better amuſe our readers, this week, than by giving them a few of that truly great character, Frederic III.]

Nothing was more irkſome to the king than ſtate ceremonies, and he avoided them as much as poſſible. When he went to Konigſberg to receive the homage of the Pruſſians, he was accompanied by the marquis d'Argens, whom he deſired to acquaint him with the etiquette obſerved on ſuch occaſions in France, in order that he might conform to it. When the ceremony was over, he enquired of d'Ar-

gens how he had acquitted himſelf?—" Extremely well," anſwered the marquis; " but I know one that would have done better, "—" And who is he?" enquired the king.—" Lewis XV," replied the marquis.—" And I," ſaid the king, " know one that would have acquitted himſelf better than Lewis XV."—" And who is he?" returned the Marquis,—" Baron, the actor."

When Frederick built the palace of Sans-Souci, there was a mill, which diſconcerted him greatly in the execution of his plan, and he ſent to enquire of the miller what he would have for it. The miller anſwered, that, for a long ſeries of years, his family had poſſeſſed the mill from father to ſon, and that he would not ſell it. The king was very preſſing to gain his point, and even offered to build another mill for him in a better ſituation, excluſive of the ſum that he might demand of him. The obſtinate miller perſiſted in keeping the inheritance of his anceſtors. The king, irritated, ſent for the man, and ſternly ſaid to him, " Why will you not ſell the mill, notwithſtanding the advantageous offers I have made to you?" The miller repeated all his reaſons. " Don't you know," continued the king, " that I could take it without giving you one penny? " Yes," anſwered the miller, " if there were no Chamber of Juſtice at Berlin." The king, who had himſelf inſtituted this court for the more ſpeedy relief of the injured and oppreſſed, was extremely pleaſed with this anſwer, which intimated that he was thought incapable of an

act of injuſtice. He ſuffered the man to enjoy his mill, and he altered the plan of his gardens.

A reduced officer, who had ſerved with great bravery as lieutenant-colonel during the war of ſeven years, repaired every day to the king's antichamber, to ſolicit a penſion. The king had often ſaid to him, "Have patience; I cannot, at preſent, do any thing for you." The officer was not repulſed; and wherever he found the king, he did not fail to importune him. The king, tired with this perſeverance, ordered that he ſhould be admitted no more. In the mean time, a violent ſatire appeared againſt Frederick, who, contrary to his uſual cuſtom, promiſed a reward of fifty louis to whomſoever ſhould diſcover the author. The next day, the lieutenant-colonel repaired to the palace: he was refuſed admittance. He perſiſted, however, urging, that he had ſomething of importance to communicate to his majeſty. He is announced, and enters. "Have I not told you already," ſaid Frederick, "that I can do nothing for you at preſent?" I require nothing," anſwered the officer: "but your majeſty has promiſed fifty louis to whomſoever ſhould diſcover the author of the new pamphlet that has juſt appeared againſt your majeſty: I am the author: puniſh the guilty man; but pay the money to my wife, that ſhe may buy bread for her wretched children." "The d——l confound you" ſaid the king, "you ſhall

go to Spandau."* "Sire, I ſubmit to whatever your majeſty orders with reſpect to myſelf: but the fifty louis." "In an hour's time your wife ſhall have them: wait a moment." The king ſat down, wrote a letter, and gave it to the officer, ſaying, "You will deliver this letter to the commandant of Spandau, and tell him that I forbid him to open it until he has dined." He then ordered the officer to be conducted to Spandau. He arrives there, and preſents the letter to the commandant, with the orders he had received. The commandant dines: the officer, the whole time, is in the moſt cruel ſuſpenſe: the letter is at laſt opened, and read as follows:

"The bearer of this letter is appointed commandant of the fortreſs of Spandau. His wife and children will be there ſoon with fifty louis. The former commandant of Spandau will repair to Potzdam, where a bettet place awaits him."

A corporal of the life-guards, who was known to have a great deal of vanity, but, at the ſame time, to be a brave fellow, wore a watch chain, to which he had affixed a muſquet bullet, inſtead of a watch, which he was unable to buy. The king being inclined one day to rally him, ſaid, "A-propos, corporal, you muſt have been very frugal to

* *A fortress, where military and state prisoners are either confined, or obliged to work upon the fortifications.*

buy a watch: it is ſix o'clock by mine: tell me what it is by yours?" The ſoldier, who gueſſed the king's intention, inſtantly drew the bullet from his ſob, and ſaid, "Sire, my watch neither marks five nor ſix o'clock: but it tells me every moment, that it is my duty to die for your majeſty." "Here my friend," ſaid the king, quite affected, "take this watch, that you may be able to tell the hour alſo." And he gave him his watch, which was adorned with brilliants.

During the life of Frederick, a wealthy Jew, who was tired of living at Berlin, and had made frequent applications for leave to quit that place, which he dared not otherwiſe attempt, at laſt ſent a letter to his Majeſty, imploring permiſſion to travel for the benefit of his health. The King ſent the following anſwer immediately to the Iſraelite, in his own hand:

"Dear Ephraim.
"Nothing but death ſhall part us.
"FREDERICK."

Ex,

Changeable Silks.

CONTRIVANCE.

So I was determined, you ſee,
No longer to live a life ſingle;
But to get a good helpmate, with me
Our cares and our comforts to mingle.

I tho't a good while whom to chuſe;
And finally fixt on young Kate:
Tho' they ſaid ſhe'd her huſband abuſe,
And I ſhould repent when too late.

But I cared not a fig for their chattering:
For certainly he can be no man,
Who can't ſtill the noiſe and the clattering,
And vile breeches wearing of woman.

So I courted her hard for a while,
And at laſt ſhe to marry agreed:
And we went to the prieſt with a ſmile:
And when he was properly feed,

Our warm hands together he joined:
And I told him how much I did love her;
And promiſed no others to mind,
Till life's doubtful ſcenes ſhould be over.

And *she* ſaid that her love ſhould ne'er cool ;
She'd for other men ne'er go aſtray :
And my every command, law and rule,
She'd conſtantly heed and obey.

And we lived well the honey moon over,
Not a word of contention and ſtrife ;
And happy was Kate and her lover ;
And happy was I with my wife.

At length came on airs of importance ;
And things ſhall be done ſo and ſo.
I bore it, and curſt my misfortunes,
While I ſaw her more inſolent grow.

I talked and complained for ſome time,
But ſhe ſnuffled and turned up her noſe :
" To make things in the houſe rightly chime,"
Cries ſhe, " tis my duty heaven knows.

" The wife is the miſtreſs at home,
" And there ſhe's a right to command ;
" If Old Nick, or who will ſhould come,
" She ſhould keep the reſpect of her ſtand."

I found that mere reas'ning was vain ;
That if e'er I expected my right,
'Twere folly again to complain,
And by art I might do more than might.

I'd a new pair of good ſatin breeches,
From the taylor's ſhop juſt brought away;
And for a good pair ſhe'd ſuch itches,
I preſented them to her one day.

I gave them without any fuſs,
I handed them to her quite civil;
But it made her alas ten times worſe,
And as croſs and as mad as the d—l.

One day we'd ſome old friends to dine,
Who came with their ſweethearts and wives.
W'ed all ſorts of victuals and wine,
To delight that one day of our lives.

Now all on the table was laid,
And a bleſſing was aſked on our food:
Calm pleaſure cheered each man and maid,
For all things ſeemed pleaſant and good.

In the loud tone commanding of her key,
Says my wife, "Go Joſy below,
"And bring up the ſauce for the turkey;
"Be quick, for its wanted now, go."

'Twas cruel to order me ſo
When the waiter ſtood back of her chair;
And my dear, one did very well know,
She waited in readineſs there.

The red bluſh ſpread over my face,
The company ſaw my chagrin;

I felt, deeply felt the diſgrace
Tinge my forehead, my cheek and my chin.

I gave to my good friends the wink,
And bade them enjoy themſelves well:
Quite happy myſelf off to ſlink,
My torments a moment to ſpell.

I ſat by myſelf for a while,
Felt an anger ſcarce Chriſtian I own:
At length my frown turned to a ſmile,
To think how I'd make her atone.

I ſtript, and I laid my clothes down,
And quick found a petticoat by;
And, hung on a nail, a looſe gown,
With which well equipt ſoon was I.

A pair of old ſlippers were nigh,
And a couple of half worn old garters,
My ſtockings to properly tie:
Thus was I well rigged at all quarters.

Then down ſtairs immediate I came,
Tho' dinner was now full half done:
I into a laugh turned my ſhame,
And made a fine parcel of fun.

I ſhifted the plates as was need,
I wip'd every knife and each fork;
And I flew round the table with ſpeed,
Keeping buſy as could be at work.

My wife with an eye right from h—ll,
Caſt a horrible glance at my dreſs;
In my work I proceeded right well,
Nor minded her neverthelefs.

For ſhe was determined, I found,
To let me run out with my ire;
And ſtill helped the good folks around,
Expecting my patience would tire.

The table I ſoon cleared away;
The diſhes and cloth I removed;
But the glaſſes and wine I let ſtay,
For a glaſs full of wine they all loved.

Then an apron I tied round my waiſt,
And ſoon in the ſink I was ſplaſhing:
I went to my labor in haſte,
And the diſhes I quickly was waſhing.

Thus the work of a ſervant full well
The reſt of the day I performed:
But no one on this earth can tell
How my wife ſwore, tore, muttered and ſtormed.

Our friends had now wholly retired;
And it ſomehow came into my head,
With my plan being ſtill fully fired,
To lodge all alone in a bed.

So I dreſt in the morn as before,
And aſſiſted the breakfaſt to get;

But I tarried till their meal was o'er,
Before I pretended to eat.

This courſe I purſued fourteen days,
Determined for months not to yield;
But to give to my wife the full praiſe
As *master* alone of the field.

One day I was ſcouring the floor,
When into the room come my fair;
With tears was her face covered o'er,
With dejection and grief in her air.

Her ſorrows became more ſevere,
Her repentance was keen and unfeigned;
More frequent fell faſt the full tear,
Her ſad plight my own boſom pained.

How ſplendid and airy her dreſs:
Her welfare alone I then feared.
How beauteous ſhe ſeemed in diſtreſs;
How bewitching in tears ſhe appeared.

To my wardrobe I inſtantly flew,
And forever diſcharged my vile dreſs;
Then apparell'd in coſtly and new,
I ſoon ſought my ſweet one to preſs.

I preſs'd her indeed to my arms,
Than Milton's Eve fairer ſhe ſeemed:
While the graces flew round her in ſwarms,
'Twas more than lover's madneſs e'er dreamed.

Of things paſt not a word was there ſaid,
True repentance can no reproof need :
On my boſom ſhe pillowed her head ;
Oh ! how on her charms did I feed.

She turned up her beautiful eyes,
And ſhe looked that ſhe'd acted amiſs :
When, how pleaſant and great my ſurpriſe,
On my cheek ſhe implanted a kiſs.

I gave her a tender embrace,
What extacies pierced our warm hearts :
Our trouble abſconded a pace,
While diſcord deſpiſed from us ſtarts.

From that day not an unpleaſant word,
Nor even a look that was wry ;
By me has been ſeen or been heard
To diſgrace her ſweet tongue or mild eye.

Thus forty long years we together
Domeſtic delights have enjoyed ;
And even in life's moſt ſtormy weather,
We ſo loved that we've ſcarce been annoyed.

Order's wheels if you wiſh ſtill to move,
With ſmooth condeſcenſion then oil them ;
The hour hand ſhall point *peace* and *love*,
While nothing but Death ſhall deſpoil them.

SUMMARY.

Domeſtic.

The official returns from Kentucky for Preſident and Vice-Preſident have been received. They are for

Thomas Jefferſon,	4 votes
Aaron Burr,	4

Theſe votes complete the returns from all the ſtates; whereby we are enabled to announce the reſult as follows:

For	Thomas Jefferſon	73
	Aaron Burr	73
	John Adams	65
	C. C. Pinckney	64

The Senate have confirmed the nomination of JOHN JAY, as Chief Juſtice of the United States.

An act was before the legiſlature of Virginia on the 14th inſt. for making a turnpike road from the head navigation of Potomak river to the neareſt weſtern navigation. It is propoſed, that this turnpike ſhould commence at the mouth of Savage river, which is 21 miles above Fort Cumberland and about 200 from George-Town. A ſubſcription

is intended to be opened for 50,000 dollars in ſhares of 50 dollars each. It was expected that the ſtate of Virginia would ſubſcribe for 50 ſhares and the co-operation of Maryland by paſſing a ſimilar law was not doubted.

CONDITIONS.

I. The price to ſubſcribers will be one Dollar per volume; to be paid at the cloſe of every eight weeks.

II. Each volume to conſiſt of eight numbers, or 288 pages.

III. Poſtmaſters and others, who ſubſcribe for ſix, ſhall be entitled to a ſeventh gratis.

☞ Subſcriptions are received at the office of the Publiſhers.

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of every deſcription, neatly executed, and on reaſonable terms.

[*No.* 6.]

Child of Pallas, &c.

The Jumper.

(No. VI.)

WHAT torment is there that troubles more its poſſeſſor and others than a conſtant peeviſhneſs of mind? The perſon who is diſeaſed with this mental complaint, ſees every thing on the wrong ſide. Nothing ſuits him. Even the compleat accompliſhment of his own wife plans ſomehow diſpleaſes him. And the moſt benevolent and reaſonable actions of others have, in his eye, a bad motive or weak deſign. Peeviſhneſs is a briar that ſometimes grows in a rich ſoil: but the careful cultivation of his intellectual garden will dig it up by the roots, and ſow in its place the ſeeds of charity and equanimity.

I hate peeviſhneſs in a woman. In a handſome woman it mars all her accompliſhments. My nephew's wife is one

of this ſort. She is handſome; ſhe is induſtrious and lively; and would be engaging in her manners, were ſhe but rid of this perpetual faultfinding. I wonder my nephew could not diſcover this failing of hers previous to the knot-tying of matrimony. Much mortification, and many a wound of chagrin had he eſcaped; but love, blind as an oyſter, can diſcern no failing in a beloved miſtreſs.

Laſt week, being Chriſtmas, my nephew invited me to ſpend the day with him. Among other things a fine roaſted turkey was brought on the table: and the lady of the houſe commenced the difficult operation of diſſection. My meditations, which had long been more converſant with the ſolemnity of the anniverſary, than with any delicacies that luxury might afford, were now interrupted by the rude clamors of inceſſant petulance, murdering that harmony and ſociability that ought ever to diſtinguiſh ſuch an occaſion.

Wife. I wiſh, my Dear, you would procure us a better carving knife. This muſt have been made for a giant diſſecting a whole ox.

Husband. You have no cauſe of complaint, certainly; for it is one of your own choice.

Wife. I know it is: but it is much too large. What did you give, my dear, for this turkey?

Husband. Two dollars.

Wife. I wonder you ſhould give ſuch a price. You know we cannot afford it. It certainly is not worth more than a dollar. Such extravagance as this will ſoon bring us to poverty. I never heard of ſuch a price before: I ſhould have ſuppoſed you had more judgment and more economy than to be deceived in this manner. It will take away all reliſh for my dinner: you did not give two dollars, did you?

Husband. I gave two dollars, at your ſpecial requeſt: for you deſired me to procure a turkey for Chriſtmas: I told you turkeys would be high: you inſiſted I ſhould get one, be the coſt ever ſo great. I am ſurpriſed, my dear, that you ſhould complain in this manner: eſpecially before our friends, in whoſe company I hoped to enjoy the pleaſures of ſociability uſual on ſuch occaſions.

Wife. Well my dear, tho' I did inſiſt on your procuring one, I'm ſure I thought you knew better than to be guilty of ſuch extravagance, when you knew we had a plenty of other freſh proviſions in the houſe.

Husband. Had I neglected to obtain one, I am confident that no leſs cenſure would have fallen to my ſhare: for the diſpoſition is to blame me for every thing, it were of little conſequence in what manner a perſon ſhould conduct.

This ſevere reply of my nephew, eager to juſtify his conduct, ſcattered the ſparks of rage from her eye. A ſullen ſilence enſued. One may eaſily imagine the ſenſations of the viſitors. As ſoon as the bird was ſuitably disjointed,

ſhe began to help the now hungry ones that ſurrounded a large table. My niece Doratha, being the eldeſt female, was firſt aſked to what part ſhe would be helped, a *leg* or a wing. "I'd thank you for a little of the *ancle*, if you pleaſe." This was delicacy with a vengeance. The petulance of the one and the affectation of the other, deprived me of my uſually moderate appetite, and I could eaſily perceive that the whole company felt their unwelcome ſituation. The carving knife, by ſome careleſſneſs of the manager, fell on the table cloth, and in ſome ſlight degree diſfigured its appearance. The ſtream of peeviſhneſs guſhed anew: "This diſh, my dear, is too ſmall. It won't contain the turkey and knife and fork. You promiſed me you would get a ſet of larger ones; but I never can get any thing I want. It is now ſix months ſince I firſt aſked you, and you have purchaſed a thouſand unneceſſary things in the family, and pay no attention to me: I ſhould ſuppoſe my wiſhes ought to be ſometimes gratified, as well as thoſe of others." "Poſſibly," ſaid the huſband, "you might have mentioned ſomething of the kind ſome months ſince, yet you certainly did not more than once before now, and it entirely ſlipt from my memory. I will aſſuredly obtain ſuch and ſo large diſhes for your accommodation, as you may wiſh, on the morrow: and till when, and when you are all alone, I beg of you my dear, to put a ſtop to this inceſſant ſcolding."

Here I think my nephew was wrong. Soft words ſilence contention. Yet how can a man always uſe ſoft words?

For with a woman always contentious, he is doomed to ſpend "the little wick of life's poor ſhallow lamp." It is however a fault, uſual with moſt people, inſtead of endeavoring, by yielding, by ſubmiſſion and condeſcenſion, to cloſe a diſagreeable altercation, ſtriving to juſtify themſelves, and caſt the blame on their opponents, rather by ſeverity and ſarcaſm, to increaſe, than ſilence the contention. How far conſcience will allow the confeſſion of rectitude in another, whom we know to be in fault, for the ſake of preſerving peace, I know not. It is certainly difficult, thro' politeneſs to another, to acknowledge ourſelves wrong, when we know the culpability ought to be ſuſtained by him.

To diſcover, between my nephew and his wife, ſuch a diſpoſition for diſſention, ſo operated on my feelings, that I determined to quit their preſence. I came down Baltimore-ſtreet, and called at my friend B———'s; where I am always welcome; and luckily arrived juſt before their uſual hour of dining. Here was a contraſt ſtriking and beautiful. Of a more lovely diſpoſition was never beauty poſſeſt, than that, by which are directed all the actions of Mrs B——— What affection for her huſband; what kindneſs, what love played in her eye, danced in her ſmile, and lived on her lips. How agreeably was I entertained; and how delightfully was my heart ſmitten with their reciprocation of connubal tenderneſs. My younger days crouded the chambers of my memory. The happy years of ſimilar domeſtic bliſs ſtiffened my meditation in the fixt pleaſures of recol-

lection. You, who never long lived with an angel, cannot judge of the emotions which affected my ſoul, when I reflected on the days in which I dwelt with one

Adorned
With all that earth or heaven could beſtow,
To make her amiable.

You who were never parted from the enjoyment of "heaven's laſt beſt gift to man," cannot judge of the ſecret ſprings of feeling, that bore the willing moiſture to my eye, and turned the tear of pleaſing grief ſlyly adown my wrinkled cheek. I had a wife; and whenever I meet the divine combination of virtue and beauty, it pains me with the ſilent tale of what I was. Yet I enjoy much, when I turn the eyes of memory to ſcenes long paſt: and happy, thrice happy is he, who receives comfort from *reflection*, that wife man's pleaſure, fool's labor, and knave's hell.

Crites.

(No. VI.)

Lecture on Criticism.

[For the benefit of certain poets, critics and orators.]

DOCTOR - *a sham Critic*
FACIT - *a wretched Poet in love*
TOM - *an Orator.*

[Continued.]

FACIT.

The next lines, Doctor, unfold an idea the moſt aſtoniſhing and ſplendid of the preſent age, and perhaps of any age; ſhowing at once the immenſity of my love, and the aſtoniſhing pregnancy of my mental ſtomach, which may well be ſaid to ſwell with the greatneſs of the thought. Hear it, Doctor, and be amazed.

If Baltimore itſelf belong'd to me,
Before I'd quit the thoughts of having thee,
By all that's good, I'd ſink it in the ſea.

Now Doctor imagine yourſelf up in Howard's Park, looking down with your eyes overflowing with wonder, on the whole City, Old Town, Point and all, moving majeſtic, awful, and pretty, by the Fort, by the Bodkin, down to the Capes; and there ſunk into the ocean, forever, deſtroying all the ſhipping in the bay, in its rout: leaving a nameleſs blank, where this great city once ſtood. And all rather than loſe the great object of my adoration.

DOCTOR.

Great ſentiment indeed. How unhappy that Ariſtotle and Longinus were not now alive. They would willingly have ſuffered martyrdom to have been born in theſe times; to have ſeen and commented upon ſuch an exalted ſentiment. But they died without the ſight. But let me aſk you one ſerious queſtion, Mr. Facit: If you really had all Baltimore, would you be willing to loſe it for her?

FACIT.

I can't ſay that I ſhould: but that's nothing to the purpoſe. What I ſaid was all a fiction, which you know is the very eſſence of poetry.

DOCTOR.

Fiction and meaſure are two important ingredients: but in affairs of matrimony, Mr. Facit, fiction ought to be wholly diſcarded. Now tell me how much you ſhould really be willing to loſe, rather than not obtain her?

FACIT.

Why I don't know. It is a pretty nice queſtion. Perhaps I ſhould rather loſe fifty pounds, than not have her; unleſs I wanted money very much.

DOCTOR.

Then let the triplet run thus:

Now if an hundred pounds belong'd to me,
By all that's good, before I'd miſs of thee,
I'd ſee one half of't ſunk into the ſea.

This would be an excellent ſubſtitute; as it would aproximate nearer the truth; and, very luckily for Baltimore, leave it in the ſame ſituation in which it now is, uninjured by the flights of a vagabond fancy, and unimpaired amid the ſhocks and guſts of a ruinous and paſſionate imagination. Such are my emendations. Thus you perceive that tho' Longinus be abſent, behold a greater than Longinus is here; not only a critic, a commentator and emendator, but in ſome meaſure a poet himſelf.

FACIT.

I don't know but yours has the moſt foundation in truth, but ſo great an idea as mine ought not to be loſt: and if you won't allow it in the main body of the verſe, Tom will repeat it to Miſs Harbut by itſelf, and inform her that ſuch were my ſentiments: but that I was afterwards induc-

ed to alter my mind, according to your advice, tho' much againſt my will. Speak after me, Tom.

Now if an hundred pounds belonged to me,
Before I'd quit the thoughts of having thee,
I'd ſee one half of't ſunk into the ſea.

Speak it boldly and loudly, with proper geſtures.

TOM.

Now if an hundred pounds belong'd to me,
Before I'd have a mind to marry thee,
I'd (pauſing) keep it all myſelf; I'm ſure I would.

DOCTOR.

A very economical obſervation, Tom: but it is not ſo written.

Now if an hundred pounds belong'd to me,
Before I'd quit the thoughts of having thee,
I'd ſee one half of't ſunk into the ſea.

TOM.

Now if an hundred pounds belonged to me,
Before I'd quit the thoughts of having thee,
I'd ſee one half on't ſunk into the ſea;

and keep t'other half myſelf—if you are willing, Mr. Facit, becauſe it ſeems a pity to throw money away for nothing.

DOCTOR.

Well, Mr. Facit, I think with my corrections it will anſwer very well thus far. Now let us know what comes next.

FACIT.

Nay more ſo much do I your body ſeek,
I'd live on Indian corn, and go without my ſupper a whole week.

I'm ſure you can't ſay any thing againſt the *truth* of this: for tho' I live on Indian corn I don't ſay but that I ſhall eat other things. And as to going without ſupper, it is no hardſhip at all, for I can make it up at breakfaſt and dinner.

DOCTOR.

I can't ſay there is too much fiction in thoſe lines; but the laſt line has ſo many feet, that the beauty of it all runs away. It is an Alexandrine with a long tail to it. Feet are the very eſſence of good poetry, but too much of a good thing is good for nothing. 'Twere well to alter it thus:

Nay more; ſo much do I your body ſeek,
I'd live on half allowance near a week.

Repeat it, Tom.

TOM.

Nay more ſo much do I your body ſeek
I'd live on half allowance for a week—
And make it up at meal times.

FACIT.

I am very loth to give up my lines, there is ſo much ſimilarity between a long line I've read ſomewhere,

"That like a wounded ſnake drags his ſlow length along."

And mine,

I'd live on Indian corn and go without my ſupper
a whole week;

That it ſtrikes me as a great beauty. Meaſure them with a rule, Doctor, and you'll find mine is not an inch longer than that. Here, lay this pen on both lines, and ſee how little odds.

DOCTOR. (Meaſuring.)

Right, right, right. I recollect Horace ſomewhere gives directions for meaſuring verſe with the fingers. I will not be hypercritical. Let it remain.

FACIT.

So it ought, for tho it is a little longer than ſome alexandrines, ſo much the better; this is only adding ornament to ornament itſelf. Repeat it, Tom.

Nay more; ſo much do I your body ſeek,
I'd live on Indian corn, and go without my ſupper a whole week.

TOM.

Nay more ſo much do I your body ſeek,
I'd live on Indian corn, and go without my ſupper a whole week.——And eat the more at dinner time.

FACIT.

You muſt not ſay any thing about the dinner, when you repeat it to her. That would ſpoil all the ſacrifice. Now, Doctor, let me go on, and don't interrupt.

Nay, live on wind, and make my food my breath,
Until my body's almoſt ſtarved to death;
So much thy glowing raptures ſtab my ſoul,
And in my lifeleſs heart have made a monſtrous hole:
Yea in my hollow heart, upon my honor,
Big as the cannon's mouth—or chimney corner.

DOCTOR.

Stop ſtop. Never ſacrifice the truth in ſuch a manner. As to make wind and breath food, it is utterly impoſſible: becauſe food muſt be of a ſubſtantial nature, but in wind and breath there can be no nouriſhment: therefore they are not food. Another great perverſion of the truth, in reſembling the ſize of the hole in your heart to that of a

chimney corner. It is an axiom in natural philoſophy, that a part cannot exceed the whole. Now there cannot be a hole in your heart, which is as large as the heart itſelf, and the heart cannot equal the ſize of a chimney corner; the expanſive magnitude of which as far exceeds the puny extenſion of the human heart, as the extenſive acres of circumambient atmoſphere exceed the pitiful dimenſions of the circumſcribed gill-pot.

[To be continued.]

For the CHILD OF PALLAS

On Providence.

The ſun had juſt riſen from the waters of the Indian Ocean, his countenance more beautiful than when ſpread with the fervors of noon, ting'd the ſhadows of the morning with a thouſand lively ſplendors, and changed the tears of the plains into myriads of ſparkling gems—when Aboram, a Bramin inflexibly juſt, but the dark reaſoner of Providence, walked forth from the city of Sanaa to welcome the face of nature. As he was buſied in the developement of events, beneath the ſhades of ſome Palm trees, he perceived, with horror, a Tyger ſpring up from before him and ſeize a young Camel, that had wandered from the paſtures. Ah! cries Aboram, can that Wiſdom be juſt

whoſe laws are defined with blood. With Brutes as with Men, the weak are the prey of the ſtrong; and the ſubtilities of juſtice, are but the fabrications of the hypocrite. Scarce had this profane ejaculation convulſed his lip, when with wild amazement, on the brow of the hill he diſcovered a horde of wild Arabs galloping towards him, who, among other ſpoils, the plunder of the country, had bound behind one of their horſemen a perſon in the habits of the prieſthood. With difficulty he concealed himſelf from their view. When they paſſed, and the diſtant cloud of duſt aſſured him of his ſafety, inſtead of yielding up his prayers to Brumma for his eſcape from captivity, his boſom ſwelled with paſſion, his lips quivered with imprecation, and he was juſt going to utter his blaſphemy—when a figure of a majeſtic ſtature, whoſe robes were whiter than chryſtal, and whoſe beard waved over his breaſt like a ſtream of living brightneſs, ſtood at his feet. The knees of Aboram tottered; guilt added to his deſpair; and like the billows of the ocean, when the ſun vanquiſhes the tempeſt, fell proſtrate before the frowns of the angel. Riſe, vain mortal, cries the miniſter of reproof, and hear the revelations of Brumma: thy integrity pleads for thy impiety, and engrave my inſtructions on the tablet of thy heart.

If that young Camel, whoſe marceated members now throb in the ſmoking bowels of the monſter, had not wandered, by the decree of Brumma, from the herd, thy own life had been lacerated prey. The Iman whom thou ſaweſt born off by the Robbers, had meditated this night, the poiſoning the Caliph of the city; his days have been a ſe

ries of hypocriſy and wickedneſs; and this puniſhment of captivity, is allotted him, to purify him to virtue. Worm of the duſt! continued the angel, vaniſhed in a cloud, return to thy dwelling in peace, nor dare henceforward, thou who canſt not penetrate thy own exiſtence, to meaſure the inſcrutable ways of Brumma, by the inſignificant ſum of viſible events.

WM. GARDINER.

Remarkable instance, from the French, of the fatal effects of duelling.

In the month of January 1627, Count de Boutteville,* and the celebrated la Frette, having fought between Poiſſy and Saint Germainen, Laye Boutteville's ſecond was killed in combat, by Doinville, the ſecond of la Frette.

After this duel†, Boutteville, fearing he ſhould be arreſted, retired into Flanders, to the court of the Archduchеſs.

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* *Francis de Montmorenci, father of the famous Marshal de Luxembourgh.*

† *In* 1624, *he had fought with Pongibault; and in* 1626, *he had killed the Count de Thorigny in another private rencounter.*

The Marquis de Beuvron, who was desirous of avenging the death of his friend Thorigny, killed by Boutteville, having learned that he resided at Brussels, hastened thither with his Squire Buquet, to find him; but being both known immediately upon their arrival, notwithstanding their disguise, guards were appointed to watch them closely, in order to prevent any farther mischief. Boutteville upon this, having protested to the Archduchess, that he would never fight in her territories, the Marquis of Spinola was commissioned by that Princess to reconcile the two antagonists. He therefore invited Boutteville, des Chapelles, and Beuvron to dinner, at his hotel, where a number of people of the first quality were assembled, in presence of whom each of the parties, after a cordial embrace, solemnly promised, that he would never do any thing which might give the least offence to the other.

Some days after this reconciliation, Boutteville, who was probably sincere, having repaired to Nantz, received no less than eight different letters from Beuvron, in which he informed him, that being too prudent to go and meet him in Lorraine, he begged he would be so obliging as to approach Paris. Des Chapelles* wrote also to Beuvron,

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* *Des Chapelles was one of the most desperate duellists of that period. Blot, the famous song writer, speaks of him in the following couplet:* "*Pluto, enchanted with his arrival in hell, made him a captain of his guards.*

" you make a great deal of noiſe, Sir, giving out every where, that you intend to fight, but this I ſhall never believe till I ſee you in action."

The Archduchefs, in the mean time, had requeſted letters of remiſſion for Boutteville; but the King declared, that he could not in conſcience grant them, and that all he had in his power to do to oblige his aunt, was not to give orders for his being arreſted, unleſs he returned to court or to Paris.

When Boutteville was informed of his refuſal, he ſaid, he would fight in Paris, and even in the *Place Royale*, and having poſted thither with all ſpeed, ſent word to Beuvron, that he was ready to give him ſatisfaction. At nine in the evening they repaired to the *Place Royale*, where Beuvron ſaid to Boutteville, "Let us now ſettle our quarrel without putting our friends to pain." "By no means," replied Boutteville, "I wiſh the ſun to be witneſs to our actions. Beſides I am under a particular engagement with two friends, who wiſh to be of the party, and were I to fail, I ſhould be obliged to give them ſatisfaction alſo: Des Chapelles is one of them, and le Berthe is the other. For this reaſon let us meet here to-morrow about three in the afternoon, and do you, ſir, endeavor to bring with you two friends."

When Beuvron quitted his antagoniſt, he ran to St. Martin's in the Fields, to preſident de Meſmes, in order to ſpeak with the Marquis d'Amboiſe, ſon-in-law of that magiſ-

trate, whom he found ill, and very weak through loſs of blood. "What a misfortune!" ſaid Beuvron, "the opportunity you ſo much wiſhed for, is now arrived: Boutteville expects me to-morrow with two friends. The Count des Chapelles, whom you are deſirous of ſeeing with his ſword in his hand, is one of them, but weakened as you are, you muſt not think of it." Not think of it," cried d'Amboiſe, "were I certain of expiring the next moment, I would be of the party."

Next day the combatants met, and after each of them had been examined by a gentleman, to ſee that none of them had private armour, each took his adverſary. Boutteville attacked Beuvron; des Chapelles Buſſy d'Amboiſe; la Berthe Buquet, and the combat began, with ſwords and poignards. Boutteville and Beuvron, ruſhing forward and ſeizing one another by the collar, threw their ſwords on the ground and held their poignards elevated without ſtriking. At length, Boutteville, as they ſay, firſt propoſed to put an end to the combat, and they reciprocally begged their lives from one another. Buſſy d'Amboiſe, however, was not ſo fortunate; des Chapelles gave him a mortal wound in the breaſt, and la Berthe was alſo wounded dangerouſly by the Squire of Beuvron.

A duel ſo public, and of which thouſands had been ſpectators, having ſoon reached the ears of the king, Louis XIII. an order was ſent to the Grand Prevot, to ſeize Boutteville and des Chapelles, but they had betaken themſelves

to flight, as well as Beuvron and Buquet, who retired to England.

The two former, leſs prudent, or leſs diligent, were arreſted at Vitry-le-Brude, conducted on foot as far as Vitry-le-Francois, and there put into an apartment cloſely guarded, where they paſt ſeven days, during which they appeared to be very quiet, and amuſed themſelves in playing at piquet.

When they arrived at Paris, and were ſhut up in the Baſtile, commiſſaries were appointed to interrogate them. Boutteville confeſſed every thing ingeniouſly, but des Chapelles did not ſhew the ſame candor.

Madam Boutteville, alarmed for the fate of her huſband, threw herſelf at the King's feet, in order to ſolicit for his pardon. The Prince and Princeſs of Conde; the Duke and Ducheſs of Montmorency, the Duke and Ducheſs of Angouleme, Cardinal de la Valette and the Count d'Alais, all endeavored to ſecond her petition and excite the Monarch's pity, but without effect. His Majeſty remained inflexible, and the parliament received orders to bring the two criminals to trial.

The Biſhop of Nantz, who had liberty to ſee them, attended them regularly, and prepared them for death. "Madam," ſaid the Count de Boutteville to the lady of the preſident de Meſmes, in a letter which he wrote to her, "were I not truly ſenſible of the crime I have committed againſt God, and of the wrong which I have done to you, I ſhould not have taken the liberty to requeſt you to do

the greateſt act of piety which can proceed from a generous and Chriſtian mind, which is, Madam, to forgive me, for having torn from you your dear and only child, not by hatred, or a deſire of revenge, having never had any cauſe but to eſteem him, but through a vain and falſe idea of worldly honor, which I muſt confeſs, is contrary both to the law of God and to natural reaſon. Be ſatisfied with my blood, which I ſhall ſhed for the expiration of my crime; I hope divine juſtice will be ſo, and that you will not call for the vengeance of heaven againſt me, while by my prayers, I endeavor to repair the injury you have received from an unhappy wretch, who dies, Madam, yours, &c."

At the ſame time he ſent the following letter to Madame de Boutteville.

" The Biſhop of Nantz will tell you, my dear wife, in what diſpoſition of mind I am about to quit the world, and flatter myſelf, that it will afford you ſome conſolation for the loſs which you muſt ſuſtain. You will conſider with him, what may be beſt for my ſoul, and take care to pay whatever debts I may owe. Prayers may be of much ſervice to me; but the principal thing will be to ſatisfy my creditors. Adieu. I will not tell you how much I love you, leſt that might encreaſe your affliction."

On the 11th of June, Boutteville and des Chapelles were conducted to the Palais. Boutteville appeared firſt in the Grand Chamber, and was interrogated; after which des

Chapelles was brought in, and having anſwered ſome queſtions put to him by the firſt Preſident, he begged permiſſion of the Judges to ſay a few words; and having obtained it, addreſſed them as follows:

" Gentlemen, ſince you have done me the favor to aſſemble here on my account, and ſince my crime has bro't me into your preſence, I muſt beg two things of you: the firſt is, that juſtice may be ſatisfied in my perſon, and the ſecond, that you would ſhew mercy towards my couſin. Though I am ſenſible that you are not ignorant of his merit, for all France is ſenſible of it, yet as I have the honor of knowing him more intimately, I can with juſtice aſſert, that it is ſuperior to that which the applauſes of the public give him. A regard to his family, and the ſervices which his anceſtors have done to the kingdom, ought alſo to make you incline to the ſide of mercy. It appears to me, that by ſaving an excellent officer and valiant general, you will contribute to the good of the public, and prevent the lamentations of poſterity, who undoubtedly will be ſenſible of this loſs. His paſſion for duelling will grow cool with age, and a man like him, who has no other object than the glory of the ſtate and of his prince, may be employed on every occaſion. With reſpect to myſelf, I expect from your juſtice, what is due to the action I have committed: for I do not pretend to plead any excuſe, but only to beg you would conſider the family, the merit and the actions of my couſin Boutteville."

Next day about eleven in the forenoon their ſentence was read to them, which had been paſſed the evening before,

and which was, that they ſhould both be beheaded. The Princeſs of Conde, the Ducheſs de Montmorency, the Ducheſs of Angouleme, the Counteſs de Bouttevile and ſeveral other ladies, haſtened to the Louvre, to ſpeak to the King, who conſented, but with great difficulty, to ſee them. All the ladies threw themſelves at his feet, and implored mercy. The Counteſs de Boutteville fainted, and the reſt burſt into tears, while the King, who was rather teazed than ſoftened by their ſolicitations, ſaid to the Princeſs of Conde, "I feel as much for their fate as you, but my conſcience forbids me to pardon them."

About five in the evening the two criminals having arrived at the place where they were to go through the laſt ſcene, the executioner cut Boutteville's hair behind, and the latter putting his hand towards his beard, the Biſhop of Nantz ſaid to him, "Did not you promiſe, my ſon, to think no more of the things of this world, and yet you think of them ſtill!" He was then aſked whether he would have his eyes covered with a bandage? He replied in the negative, and a moment after his head was ſeparated from his body.

Des Chapelles, who had remained in the cart, and who had his back turned towards the ſcaffold, having learned that Boutteville had ſatisfied juſtice, cried out, "My couſin is dead, let us pray to God for his ſoul." When he mounted the ſcaffold, perceiving Boutteville's body, he ſaid, "This then is the body of my couſin!" Then reſting upon the arm of a young eccleſiaſtic, who was

near, he kneeled down, roſe up again, and having laid his head upon the block, ſubmitted to the fate of his unhappy companion.

After the death of Count des Chapelles, many letters were handed about at Paris, which he had written to different people the evening before his execution. That which he wrote to Madam de Boutteville was as follows:

"My dear couſin, were you leſs virtuous, I ſhould not attempt to give you conſolation. Your huſband was ſtill young, but he could not have acquired more honor in this world. What could you expect from his courage, but an untimely end? You enjoyed him only amidſt continual fear and terror, and God, who as by a miracle always preſerved his life, gives you this powerful conſolation, that he hath taken him from you in order to bring him near to himſelf. Rejoice then, Madam, if you ſincerely love him, as I am convinced you do. Let not your grief make you abandon your children, who have need of being educated under your protection. Teach them, what you know ſo well, to live in the world in the boſom of virtue. Change not your condition, if you wiſh to be the moſt eſteemed female of the age, as your huſband was the moſt eſteemed of men. Dear couſin, I give you part of the conſolation which I ſhall find in accompanying him, and I recommend to you with my whole ſoul, my poor mother. May God bleſs and comfort her!" Yours," &c.

On the Slave Trade.

Extract from a Sermon, preached by the Bishop of Gloucester, before the Society for propogating the Gospel, February 21, 1766.

" From the free ſavages, I come now to the ſavages in bonds. By theſe I mean the vaſt multitudes yearly ſtolen from the oppoſite Continent, and ſacrificed by the Coloniſts to their great idol, the God of gain. But what then? ſay theſe ſincere worſhippers of Mammon, they are our own property which we offer up. Gracious God! to talk (as in herds of cattle) of property in rational creatures! creatures endowed with all our faculties; poſſeſſing all our qualities, but that of color; our brethren both by nature and grace, ſhocks all the feelings of humanity, and the dictates of common ſenſe. But, alas! what is there in the infinite abuſes of ſociety, which does not ſhock them? yet nothing is more certain in itſelf, and apparent to all, than that the infamous traffic for ſlaves directly infringes both Divine and human law. Nature created man free, and grace invites him to aſſert his freedom. In excuſe of this violation, it hath been pretended, that though indeed theſe miſerable outcaſts of humanity be torn from their homes and native country by fraud and violence, yet they thereby become the happier, and their condition more eligible. But who are you who pretend to judge of another man's happineſs? That ſtate which each man, under the guidance of his

Maker, forms for himſelf; and not one man for another! To know what conſtitutes mine or your happineſs, is the ſole prerogative of Him who created us, and caſt us in ſo various and different moulds. Did your ſlaves ever complain to you of their unhappineſs amidſt their native woods and deſerts? Or rather, let me aſk, did they ever ceaſe complaining of their condition under you, their lordly maſters; where they ſee, indeed, the accommodations of civil life, but ſee them all paſs to others, themſelves unbenefitted by them? Be ſo gracious then, ye petty tyrants over human freedom, to let your ſlaves judge for themſelves, what it is makes their own happineſs. And then ſee whether they do not place it in the return to their own country, rather than in the contemplation of your grandeur, of which their miſery makes ſo large a part. A return ſo paſſionately longed for, that deſpairing of happineſs here, that is, of eſcaping the chains of their cruel taſk-maſters, they conſole themſelves with feigning it to be the gracious reward of heaven in the future ſtate, which I do not find their haughty maſters have as yet concerned themſelves to invade. The leſs hardy, indeed, wait for this felicity till over-wearied nature ſets them free; but the more reſolved have recourſe even to ſelf-violence, to force a ſpeedy paſſage.

" But it will be ſtill urged, that though what is called human happineſs be of ſo fantaſtic a nature, that each man's imagination creates it for himſelf, yet human miſery is more ſubſtantial and uniform throughout all the tribes of

mankind. Now, from the worſt of human miſeries, the ſavage Africans, by theſe forced emigrations, are entirely ſecured; ſuch as the being perpetually hunted down like beaſts of prey or profit, by their more ſavage and powerful neighbors. In truth, a bleſſed change! from being hunted to being caught. But who are they that have ſet on foot this general hunting? Are they not theſe very civilized violaters of humanity themſelves, who tempt the weak appetites, and provoke the wild paſſions of the fiercer ſavages to prey upon the reſt."

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Singular Account of a Blind Man.

From the Memoirs of the Philoſophical Society at Manchester.

Doctor Henry Moyes, who occaſionly read lectures on philoſophical chemiſtry at Mancheſter, like Dr. Saunderſon, the celebrated profeſſor of Cambridge, loſt his ſight by the ſmall pox, in his early infancy. He never recollected to have ſeen; "but the firſt traces of memory I have," ſays he, "are in ſome confuſed ideas of the ſolar ſyſtem." He had the good fortune to be born in a country where learning of every kind is highly cultivated; and to be brought up in a family devoted to learning.

Poſſeſſed of native genius, and ardent in his application, he made rapid advances in various departments of erudition; and not only acquired the fundamental principles of mechanics, muſic and the languages, but, likewiſe, entered deeply into the inveſtigation of the profounder ſciences; and diſplayed an acute and general knowledge of geometry, optics, algebra, aſtronomy, chemiſtry, and in ſhort, of moſt of the branches of the Newtonian philoſophy.

Mechanical exerciſes were the favorite employments of his infant years. At a very early age, he made himſelf acquainted with the uſe of edged tools ſo perfectly, that, notwithſtanding his entire blindneſs, he was able to make little wind-mills; and he even conſtructed a loom with his own hands, which ſtill ſhew the cicatrices of wounds he received in the execution of theſe juvenile exploits.

By a moſt agreeable intimacy, and frequent intercourſe, which I enjoyed with this accompliſhed blind gentleman, whilſt he reſided in Mancheſter, I had an opportunity of repeatedly obſerving the peculiar manner in which he arranged his ideas, and acquired his information. Whenever he was introduced into company, I remarked that he continued ſometime ſilent. The ſound directed him to judge of the dimenſions of the room, and the different voices of the number of perſons that were preſent. His diſtinction, in theſe reſpects, was very accurate: and his memory ſo retentive, that he ſeldom was miſtaken. I have known him inſtantly recognize a perſon, on firſt hearing

him ſpeak, though more than two years had elapſed ſince the time of their laſt meeting. He determined, pretty nearly, the ſtature of thoſe he was ſpeaking with, by the direction of their voices; and he made tolerable conjectures reſpecting their tempers and diſpoſitions, by the manner in which they conducted the converſation.

It muſt be obſerved, that this gentleman's eyes were not totally inſenſible to intenſe light. The rays refracted thro' a priſm, when ſufficiently vivid, produced certain diſtinguiſhable effects on them. The red gave him a very diſagreeable ſenſation, which he compared to the touch of a ſaw. As the colors declined in violence, the harſhneſs leſſened, until the green afforded a ſenſation that was highly pleaſing to him; and which he deſcribed, as conveying an idea ſimilar to what he felt in running his hand over ſmooth poliſhed ſurfaces. Poliſhed ſurfaces, meandering ſtreams and gentle declivities, were the figures by which he expreſſed his ideas of beauty; rugged rocks, irregular points, and boiſterous elements, furniſhed him with expreſſions for terror and diſguſt. He excelled in the charms of converſation; was happy in his alluſions to viſual objects: and diſcourſed on the nature, compoſition and beauty of colors, with pertinence and preciſion.

Spangles and Ribbons.

Anecdote of FREDERICK III.

Frederick rung one day, and no one anſwered. He opened the door, and found the page ſleeping on the ſofa. He was going to wake him, when he perceived the end of a billet out of his pocket. He had the curioſity to know the contents: he took and read it. It was a letter from the mother of the young man, who thanked him for having ſent her a part of his wages, to aſſiſt her in her diſtreſs. She concluded by beſeeching God to bleſs him for his filial goodneſs. The king returned ſoftly to his room, took a roller of ducats, and ſlid them, with the letter, into the page's pocket. Returned to his apartment, he rang ſo violently, that the page opened it and entered. "You have ſlept well," ſaid the king. The page made an apology, and, in his embarraſſment he happened to put his hand into his pocket, and felt, with aſtoniſhment, the roller. He drew it out, turned pale, and looking at the king, burſt into tears, without being able to ſpeak a word. "What is the matter?" ſaid the king: "what ails you?" "Ah! ſire," ſaid the young man, throwing himſelf at his feet, "ſomebody would wiſh to ruin me: I know not how I came by this money in my pocket." "My friend," ſaid Frederick,

" God often ſends us good in our ſleep. Send this to your mother. Salute her in my name; and aſſure her that I ſhall take care of her and of you."

Note: Engel has made this anecdote the ſubject of a little drama, entitled " The Page."

A loving Embrace.

Not long ſince, the following droll circumſtance happened at Gupſall, near Tewkeſbury: A fellow had taken a liking to ſome pigs belonging to a farmer, all of which, except one and a black ſow, he ſtole, at different times; and though cloſely watched, eluded the owner's vigilance, until his laſt attempt, when he was diſcovered in a manner as ſingular as it was unexpected. A man who travels with a dancing bear, called at the farmer's for lodging. The maſter was accommodated in the houſe, his ſervant was put in the barn, and the pigs turned into the yard, to make room for the bear, who, not much accuſtomed to nocturnal viſitors, on the fellow's approach, ſaluted him with an ardent embrace; the fellow roared moſt vehemently; Bruin as vehemently hugged; till at length the keeper being alarmed, got up, and found the affrighted wretch locked in the paws of the irritated animal. When the fellow recovered, he confeſſed his deſign, and ſaid he thought the Devil had laid wait for him, to prevent his farther depredations.

Changeable Silks.

For the CHILD OF PALLAS.

A SONG,

In imitation of Allen Ramsay.

Let silly bards their Daphnes sing,
And make the groves and meadows ring,
Comparing them to rosy spring;
O shameful folly:
When none so well deserve the string
As charming Molly.

She lives upon Patapsco's side,
Not Thames can boast so clear a tide,
She is that silver river's pride;
And other streams.
And all the other Nymphs beside,
Are Poets dreams.

Her hair—that stringeth Cupid's bow;
Her cheeks—where ripest roses glow;
Her breast—more white than driven snow,
With red rose-buds;
And eyes—that brighter sweetness show,
Than di'mond studs.

All theſe compel my honeſt heart,
O! never from the Nymph to part.
Nor could I: for ſhe has the art
To rivet chains,
No other Nymph can break apart,
Upon theſe plains.

WM. GARDINER.

BATHOS.

Hermit hoar, in ſilent cell
Spending life's dull ev'ning grey;
Smite thy boſom, ſage, and tell,
Where is bliſs, and which the way?
Thus I ſpoke, and ſpeaking ſighed,
And ſcarce repreſt the riſing tear;
When the ſmiling ſage replied,
"*Come my lad and drink some beer.*

JOHNSON.

SUMMARY.

Foreign.

Milan, November 2. The Tuſcans, who had fled into the city, are haſtening to return to their country. Tuſcany is the ſubject of general converſation at preſent. Much is ſaid reſpecting an expedition againſt Naples, which there is every reaſon to believe will be undertaken. The greateſt ſecrecy exiſts with reſpect to the operations of the army and the correſpondence of the generals.

Bordeaux, November 18. The Pariſian journaliſts have been ſome days endeavoring to find out where Lucien Buonaparte is gone. One ſends him to Germany, another to Italy, a third gives him important buſineſs to Ruſſia, and a fourth to England, and now they know not where he is gone. Theſe journaliſts are not the only perſons whom this journey has cauſed to make falſe conjectures, for the matter is yet a profound ſecret.

Bologna, Nov. 1. The king of Naples is arming his frontiers. Tuſcany, ſince the entrance of the French, has enjoyed the moſt perfect tranquility. Many of the Florentine nobles had fled to Arzzo, which has been neither burnt nor deſtroyed, as report ſtated. The humanity of the conquerors would not ſuffer them to injure the place, altho' it well deſerved their vengeance.

Domeſtic.

The honorable Samuel Dexter has been nominated by the ſenate (the 30th ult.) as ſecretary of the treaſury. And Andrew St. Clair, as governor of the North Weſtern Territory.

In the city of New Haven (Connecticut) during the laſt ten years, 920 perſons have died, including two years of epidemic ſickneſs, which added 220 to an unuſual mortality. The preſent population is 4000.

Petitions are in circulation in Pennſylvania, praying the legiſlature to adopt conſtitutional meaſures for effecting an alteration in the conſtitution, ſo that the ſenators may be choſen annually.

A very extraordinary Meteor made its appearance about 8 o'clock on Wedneſday evening laſt, not far diſtant from the turnpike gate, on the Frederick-Town road. Our informant was in a cloſe carriage, and had not an opportunity of obſerving the meteor itſelf, but ſo great was the blaze of light produced by its burſting, that it would have enabled him, for the ſpace of one or two ſeconds, to have read common print, notwithſtanding the extreme darkneſs of the night. The ſervant who drove the carriage, deſcribed it as

descending like a large bright candle, until it approached within a few yards of the earth, when it expanded without any explosion, and became a luminous body, fully the size of a common barrel.

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BOOK and BLANK PRINTING,

of every description, neatly executed, and on reasonable terms.

[*No.* 7.]

Child of Pallas, &c.

The Jumper.

(No. VII.)

I AM uſually ſhaved about once in five days. Were I to neglect ſhaving a month, my beard would probably be one inch in length. Growing at this computation, had I never ſhaved, it would now be ſixty feet in length. Probably with conſtant combing and careful attention, at the age of thirty-five, I might have cut off a ſufficiency to have hung myſelf: and at that age I really deemed myſelf a fit object for ſuch an exit. I had lived in vain. I had murdered time that ought to have made me uſeful to myſelf and others. I was in a ſtate of deſpair. I was early grey; but had none of the grey hairs of wiſdom.

" There is a tide in the affairs of men." With this tide I was carried to permanent happineſs. It was the tide of reformation. Of how large a proportion of my readers, is their preſent ſituation what mine then was.

I remember, more than forty years ago, repeating with much warmth of feeling, thoſe lines of Shakeſpeare:

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the full, leads on to glory.

Ah, lamented I, that tide I have never experienced; and probably never ſhall. An old gentleman, with an air of reproving kindneſs, and a ſmile of benignant ſeverity, accoſted me thus: " Mr. Doulace, the tide of which you ſpeak, whatever Shakeſpeare might have ſaid, ebbs not nor flows by chance. Man has within himſelf the power to ſay, 'thus far thy floating tide ſhall be conveyed.' He is uſually himſelf the maſter of his own deſtiny. We complain of misfortunes; we deem the world a world of ſuffering; and why? Let every man, who complains of heavy preſſures of trouble, examine attentively the cauſes of ſuch trouble. Wherein has he himſelf conducted amiſs? Of what neglect of duty has he been guilty? How often has he placed his happineſs in the accumulation of property, or the requiſition of certain objects, not in themſelves capable of yielding the pleaſure vainly imagined? Were all men who complain of misfortune, to make ſuch ſcrutiny, I firmly believe it would be found that nine twelfths of our misfortunes are imaginary, and moſt of the remainder, of

our own begetting. Some are unavoidable; yet almoſt all might be converted to valuable preceptors of happineſs; becoming beacons of experience, to direct our purſuit of laſting enjoyment. But it is ſcandalous indeed for you, Mr. Doulace, to complain that your path of life is ſtrewed with thorns. To whoſe young days has fortune been more kind? In whoſe power, more than in yours, was it ever, to ſhape the deſtiny of your own life? You have waſted wealth, neither in making yourſelf happy, nor in the communication of enjoyment to others. The poſſeſſion of talents and education, has been to you uſeleſs. And now, having ſquandered an eſtate in diſſipation, and loſt the beſt years of your life in idleneſs, you are ready to abuſe the world, as incapable of ought but ſorrow; and to cry out that man is born to trouble, as the ſparks fly upward. Yet, believe me, it is not too late to find the tide of your affairs; to beat againſt the winds of adverſity; to ſecure, even yet, an anchoring place of quiet and felicity.

You are poor; your poverty is of your own procuring. Yet it's apparent honors are trivial compared with the laſting benefit that might reſult from your pennyleſs ſituation. If rightly improved, it will teach you that the world ſtray much in the chaſe of pleaſures: that ſumming up

Half mankind,
Adding two thirds of the remainder half,
You'll find the total of their hopes and fears,
Dreams, empty dreams. The millions flit as gay

As if created only like the fly,
To ſpread their motly wings in th' eye of noon,
To ſport their ſeaſon and be ſeen no more.

In abundance you have not found happineſs. To the doors of the contented peaſant ſhe is a far leſs ſtranger, than to the palaces of wealth. Fling away your childiſh ambition of ſhining in the world; of pomp and parade, and ſeek her, where the poet has placed her, in "health, peace and competence." Remember ſhe is a plant indigenous to all climates, and if you have her not, "you ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil." Feel this truth, that

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

Hence if you bound your wiſhes with the obtainment of competence, you are gratified in the attainment of your object, with almoſt none of the anxiety and trouble of him, who labors for the corpulence of wealth. The wiſe ſoon obtain their lowly wiſhes: the fool tortures his life for the acquiſition of that which ſatisfieth not.

Still, Mr. Doulace, all things will be empty of good, till the conviction is firmly rooted in your mind, that, whatever be his mode of exiſtence, there is a ſupremely intelligent, powerful and benevolent Being, who controls the moral and natural world: and that as temperance commands the ſtrength and ſoundneſs of the body, ſo does

piety the peace, ſanity and laſting welfare of the mind; and that alone will make us happy in this preamble of *real* life, and fit us

After ſeeble efforts here, beneath
A brighter ſun, and in a nobler ſoil,
To flouriſh fair, and put forth all our bloom."

He ended. How gratified ſhould I be, if one of my readers ſhould improve, as I did, the leſſon given.

Crites.

(No. VII.)

Lecture on Criticism.

[For the benefit of certain poets, critics and orators.]

DOCTOR - *a sham Critic*
FACIT - *a wretched Poet in love*
TOM - *an Orator.*

[Concluded.]

FACIT.

Stop, yourſelf, Doctor, the compariſon won't hold. A common ſized chimney corner would contain perhaps an hundred ſuch holes as there are in my heart, but the vaſt atmoſphere would find room for more than an hundred thouſand millions of gill-pots; I have not time nor ſkill to make the exact calculation; but this I know, that your compariſon is as great a perverſion of truth as mine. Thus in the frenzy of your circumambient imagination, you far

over ſtept the boundaries of reality; I, in the wildneſs of my fancy, left the truth a little behind, to expreſs the magnitude of my paſſion. Both were poetical exagerations, and, as I ſaid before, the greater the genius, the more apt to go aſtray. And indeed in many productions it is the only mark of genius one can find.

DOCTOR.

It is certainly the greateſt ornament of yours.

FACIT.

I am determined it ſhall ſtand, if it be only to ſhow Miſs Harriot the greatneſs of my ideas upon the ſubject.

DOCTOR.

So you may, Mr. Facit, and I'll tell you how you may reconcile it with truth. Inſtead of *in* the heart, put *near* the heart: Becauſe if there's a hole in the heart, there muſt be a hole out of the heart, and when you get outſide of the ribs it will be all hole; big as the chimney corner, or big as the moon, if you wiſh it. Now let Tom repeat. Here Tom, take the paper in your hand, and when you are at a loſs you can turn to it; but the more you can repeat without the paper, the better your oratory will appear.

TOM.

May live on wind, and eat my breath,
Until I'm almoſt ſtarv'd to death;
So much thy charms have ſtabb'd my ſoul,

And in my monſtrous heart have made a hole,
Big as the chimney corner or north pole.
Or——or——a gun barrel.

DOCTOR.

Tom's miſtake in ſaying the *north pole*, has raiſed a fine idea in my mind. It is the nature of charms to ſtab, it is the nature of poles to be long, and conſequently to have a ſtabbing quality. Now you might well compare her charms to ſo many north poles, wounding and ſtabbing your heart all to fritters. But as perhaps ſhe may have but little acquaintance with aſtronomy, ſhe may be at a loſs to diſcover your meaning, on which account I don't know but it would be as well to omit it. Well—any more, Mr. Facit?

FACIT.

O yes: the cream of it is to come now, to let her know what is meant by what is written. Which is a very neceſſary thing in the cloſe. The beauty of all poetry is to be ſhort.

DOCTOR.

I hope it is one of your numerous beauties.

FACIT.

Yes it is, and here you have the whole.

Why any more ſhould I my torments tell,
When coming to the point were juſt as well?

Now if to me you have a mind to marry,
I'll come with pleaſure, and I will not tarry.

DOCTOR.

Four immaculate lines, without ſpot or blemiſh. I am heartily glad theſe poetical labors of yours are now brought to a cloſe. I have no doubt of your ſucceſs; for no one can withſtand your pathos withous bathos, brevity without levity or gravity, your ſtrength without too great length, your fire we all admire, and which common poets may in vain deſire.

FACIT.

Your compliments, Doctor, are very flattering, as they come from one whoſe witticiſm in criticiſm, with emendation and alteration, have placed my verſes in an excellent ſituation. It now only remains that Tom commit the lines to memory, learn to ſpeak them with feeling and eloquence, and they muſt have the deſired effect.

Now, Tom, turn your back from us; addreſs yourſelf to one corner of the room, the ſame as if it was Miſs Harriot, and ſay as much as you are able without looking of the paper.

DOCTOR.

Speak it ſlowly and diſtinctly.

FACIT.

Speak it loud and clear.

DOCLOR.

Speak it with pathos, and proper geſtures.

FACIT.

And bring tears into your eyes if you can.

TOM.

So many ways to ſpeak it—I'm afraid I ſhall blunder.

DOCTOR.

Repeat it like Demosthenes.

TOM.

Lo I, who never meaſured wood before,
Now take my pen to meaſure a ſcore—or more.
I feel my ſtomach grow with mighty things,
Which thy all diſtant preſence brings.
If Baltimore itſelf belong'd to me,
Before I'd ever think of having thee,
I'd throw full fifty pounds into the ſea.
(Aside.) And pick it up again for myſelf.
Nay more, ſo much do I your carcaſe ſeek, [week.
I'd live on Indian corn, and go without my ſupper a whole
(Aside.) And eat the more at luncheons.
I'd live on wind, and eat my breath,
Till I was almoſt ſtarv'd to death.

So much your looks have ſtabb'd my ſoul,
And in my monſtrous heart made ſuch a hole,
As big, and deep, and long——as the north pole.
Or a gun barrel.
Now what more need I tell,
When, if I ſpeak my mind it's juſt as well?
If you, to Mr. Facit marry,
You'll——you'll——wiſh yourſelf to the Old Harry.

FACIT.

Blockhead—Scoundrel.

[*Beating him off the ſtage.*

:o:o:o:

An affecting Account

Of the diſtreſſes of the family of Monſieur de M———— From the Letters of HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

Amidſt the maſs of far-ſpread evil; amidſt the groans of general calamity, no doubt many a ſigh of private ſorrow has never reached the ear of ſympathy, and many a victim has fallen unpitied and unknown. Some of the martyrs of Maignet's tyranny have, however, found a "ſad hiſtorian of the penſive plain;" and the fate of Monſieur de M———'s family, which I have heard related much in detail by an old female ſervant, who was the com-

panion of their misfortunes, is not the leaſt affecting of thoſe tales of ſorrow.

M. de M——, formerly a noble, lived with his ſon an only child at Marſeilles, where he was generally reſpected, and where, during the progreſs of the revolution, he had acted the part of a firm and enlightened patriot. After the fatal events of the 31ſt of May, he became ſuſpected of what was called federaliſm by the jacobin party, which uſurped the power in that city, and puniſhed with impriſonment or death all thoſe who had honorably proteſted againſt the tyranny of the mountain faction. M. de M. was warned of the danger by a friend time enough to fly from the city, accompanied only by an old female ſervant, who entreated to ſhare the fortune of her maſter. His wife died ſome years before the revolution; and his ſon, an amiable and accompliſhed young man of twenty-four years of age, had a few weeks before his father's flight been called upon, by the firſt requiſition, and had joined the army of the Pyrennees.

M. de M. after wandering as far as his infirmities would permit, for, although only in his ſixty-third year, his frame was much debilitated by a long courſe of ill health, took refuge in a ſolitary habitation at a few leagues diſtance from Ariquon, and in one of the wildeſt parts of that romantic country. The mountains ſeem to cloſe the ſcene upon the traveller, till, by a narrow cleft, it again opens into a ſmall valley, where this little hermitage, for ſuch was the aſpect of the dwelling, was placed. This unfrequented

valley was rich with paſturage, and bounded by lofty hills, wooded cliffs, and in ſome parts by large groteſque rocks with ſharp peaks, that roſe above the foliage of the hanging foreſts. Not far from this ruſtic habitation a clear torrent rolls, with no ſcanty ſtream, down a bold rock, into which its fall had worn grots and caverns, which were luxuriouſly decorated with ſhrubs forever watered by the ſpray. The torrent not falling from a very conſiderable height, produced ſounds more ſoothing than noiſy, and without having the power of exciting the ſenſation of ſublimity, awakened that of penſive, pleaſing melancholy. This ſequeſtered valley, rich in the wild graces of nature, had eſcaped the decorations of French art, and no jets d'eaux, clipped trees, and "alleys who have brothers," deformed its ſolitary receſſes. Far above, and at ſome diſtance, aroſe the lofty mountain of Ventoux, covered with its eternal ſnows; that mountain which Petrarch climbed in ſpite of the ſteep rocks that guard its aſcent, and from the ſummit of which he gazed upon the Alps, the boundary of his native country, and ſighed: or caſt his looks upon the waves of the Mediterranean which bathe Marſeilles, and daſh themſelves againſt Aignes Mortes; while he ſaw the rapid Rhone flowing majeſtically along the valley, and the clouds rolling beneath his feet.

Such was the ſcene where M. de M—— ſought for refuge, and where he ſheltered himſelf from the rage of his ferocious perſecutors. He had ſoon after the anguiſh of hearing that his brother, who had a place in the adminiſtra-

tion of one of the ſouthern departments, and who had taken an active part on the ſide of the Gironde, had periſhed on the ſcaffold. M. de M—— found means to inform his ſiſter-in-law of the place of his retreat, to which he conjured her to haſten with her daughter, and ſhare the little property which he had reſcued from the general wreck of his fortune. His old ſervant Marianne, who was the bearer of this meſſage, returned, accompanied by his niece: her mother was no more: ſhe had ſurvived only a few weeks the death of her huſband. The interview between Mademoiſelle Adelaide de M——— and her uncle, produced thoſe emotions of overwhelming ſorrow that ariſe at the ſight of objects which intereſt our affections after we have ſuſtained any deep calamity; in thoſe moments the paſt ruſhes on the mind with uncontrolable vehemence; and Mademoiſelle de M———, after having long embraced her uncle with an agony that choaked all utterance, at length pronounced, in the accents of deſpair, the names of father and of mother.

M. de M——— endeavored to ſupply to his unfortunate niece the place of the parents ſhe had loſt, and forgot his own evils in this attempt to ſooth the affliction of this intereſting mourner, who, at nineteen years of age, in all the bloom of beauty, was the prey of deep and ſettled melancholy. She had too much ſenſibility not to feel his tender cares, and often reſtrained her tears in his preſence becauſe they gave him pain. When thoſe tears would no longer be ſuppreſſed, ſhe wandered out alone; and, ſeating herſelf on

ſome fragment of rock, ſoothed by the murmurs of the hollow winds and moaning waters, indulged her grief without control. In one of thoſe lonely rambles, ſacred to her ſorrows, ſhe was awakened from melancholy muſing by the ſudden appearance of her couſin, the ſon of M. de M——, who after having repeatedly expoſed his life during a long and perilous campaign in the ſervice of his country, had returned—to find his home deſerted and his father an exile. Such were the rewards which the gallant defenders of liberty received from the hands of tyrants. The young man flew to his father's retreat, where the firſt object that met his eyes was his lovely couſin, who he had a few months before beheld in all the pride of youthful beauty; her cheek flufhed with the gay ſuffuſion of health, and her eye ſparkling with pleaſure. That cheek was now covered with fixed paleneſs, and that eye was dimmed with tears; but Mademoiſelle de M—— had never appeared to him ſo intereſting as in this moment.

Two young perſons placed together in ſuch peculiar circumſtances, muſt have had hearts inſenſible indeed, had they conceived no attachment for each other. The ſon of M. de M—— and Adelaide, who both poſſeſſed an uncommon ſhare of ſenſibility, ſoon felt, that while all beyond the narrow cleft which ſeparated the little valley from the reſt of the world was miſery and diſorder, whatever could give value to exiſtence was to be found within its ſavage boundary, in that reciprocal affection which ſoothed the evils of the paſt, and ſhed a ſoft and cheering ray over

the gloom of the future. The ſcene in which they were placed was peculiarly calculated to cheriſh the illuſions of paſſion; not merely from diſplaying thoſe ſimple and romantic beauties, the contemplation of which ſoftens while it elevates the affections; it had alſo that local charm which endears to minds of taſte and ſentiment, ſpots which have been celebrated by the power of genius. Petrarch, the tender, the immortal Petrarch, had trod thoſe very valleys, had climbed thoſe very rocks, had wandered in thoſe very woods; and the two young perſons, who both underſtood Italian, when they read together the melodious ſtrains of that divine poet, found themſelves tranſported into new regions, and forgot for a while that revolutionary government exiſted. From thoſe dreams, thoſe delightful illuſions, they were awakened by a letter which a friend and fellow-ſoldier of young de M———'s conveyed to him, in which he conjured him to return immediately to the army, if he would ſhun being claſſed among the ſuſpected or the proſcribed.

Young de M——— conſidered the defence of his country as a ſacred duty which he was bound to fulfil. He inſtantly prepared to depart. He bid adieu to his father and Adelaide with tears wrung from a bleeding heart, and tore himſelf away with an effort which it required the exertion of all his fortitude to ſuſtain.

[To be continued.]

Anecdotes of the RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

From Mr. RICHARDSON'S *Letters, written a few years ago at Petersburg.*

Slavery of the Russian Peasants.

The peaſants in Ruſſia, that is to ſay, the greateſt part of the ſubjects of this empire, are in a ſtate of abject ſlavery; and are reckoned the property of the nobles to whom they belong, as much as their dogs and horſes. Indeed, the wealth of a great man in Ruſſia is not computed by the extent of land he poſſeſſes, or by the quantity of grain he can bring to market, but by the numb.r of his ſlaves. Thoſe belonging to Prince Sherebatoff, and conſtituting his fortune, are ſaid to be no leſs in number than a hundred and twenty-ſeven thouſand.

Every ſlave pays about a ruble* yearly to his owner, and if he be in the way of making money, the tribute he pays is augmented. In general, every Ruſſian nobleman allots to the peaſants that belong to him, a certain portion of land to be cultivated by them, the produce of which, excepting what ſuffices for their own maintenance, is paid to the proprietor. Sometimes thoſe ſlaves practice trades, or engage in traffic; and all ſuch perſons pay a much

* *Four Shillings.*

greater ſum yearly to their owners, than is done by the laborer of the ground. In fact, a Ruſſian peaſant has no property; every thing he poſſeſſes, even the miſerable raiment that ſhelters him from the cold, may be ſeized by his maſter as his own. A carpenter being known to have made ſome money, was commanded by the rapacious ſteward of a rapacious Knaez, to give two hundred rubles to his owner. The man obeyed, and brought the money in copper. "I muſt have it in ſilver," ſaid the ſteward. The ſlave, denying that he had ſo much, was inſtantly ſcourged till he promiſed to fulfil the demand. He brought the ſilver, and the covetous ſuperior retained both the ſilver and copper. You may eaſily conceive, that men in this ſituation, if they are ever enabled to improve their fortunes, will conceal their wealth, and aſſume an external appearance of indigence and miſery.

The owner has alſo the power of ſelling his ſlave, or of hiring his labor to other perſons; and it happens ſometimes, that a Knaez, or Boyard, ſhall give a ſlave to a neighboring Boyard in exchange for a dog or a horſe. The owner may alſo inflict on his ſlaves whatever puniſhment he pleaſes, and for any ſort of offence. It is againſt law, indeed, to put any of them to death; yet it happens, ſometimes, that a poor ſlave dies of the wounds he receives from a paſſionate and unrelenting ſuperior. I have heard, that not long ago a lady at Moſcow, the ſiſter of Mariſchal S———, was convicted of having put to death upwards of ſeventy ſlaves, by ſcourging, and by inflicting upon them other barbarous puniſhments. It was a matter of

amuſement with her to contrive ſuch modes of puniſhment as were whimſical and unuſual. Such enormity, however, notwithſtanding her rank, and the great power which the nobility have over their ſlaves, was not to paſs with impunity. She was tried, was found guilty, and condemned to ſtand in the market-place, with a label on her breaſt declaring her crime, and to be ſhut up in a dungeon. But ſhe, who had felt no reluctance in making her fellow-creatures ſuffer the moſt inhuman torments, and had even amuſed herſelf with the variety of their ſufferings, had ſuch a ſenſe of her rank, and ſuch lively feelings of her own diſgrace, that pride, ſhame and reſentment deprived her of her reaſon. In truth, both the crime and the puniſhment ſeem to me ſtrongly marked with the characters of barbarity.

A Ruſſian peaſant has no property, can enjoy none of the fruits of his own labor more than is ſufficient to preſerve his exiſtence, and can tranſmit nothing to his children but the inheritance of wretched bondage, he thinks of nothing beyond the preſent. You are not of conſequence, to expect among them much induſtry and exertion. Expoſed to corporal puniſhment, and put on the footing of irrational animals, how can they poſſeſs that ſpirit and elevation of ſentiment which diſtinguiſh the natives of a free ſtate? Treated with much inhumanity, how can they be humane? I am confident, that moſt of the defects which appear in their national character, are in conſequence of the deſpotiſm of the Ruſſian government.

I mentioned that the revenue of a Ruſſian nobleman ariſes from thoſe lands which are cultivated by his ſlaves; and ſometimes in their being employed in other occupations than tillage. They often come from diſtant provinces, and are employed as domeſtic ſlaves, mechanics, or as day-labourers, at Moſcow, Peterſburg and other cities. In theſe caſes they muſt have certificates and a written permit, ſpecifying their names, owners, and the time they are allowed to be abſent. When they come to any great town, with a view of remaining there, and engaging themſelves in any work, the perſon who employs them muſt lodge their certificates with the maſter of the police in the place where they are about to reſide. After remaining their allotted time, they muſt return to their former owners, and muſt be accountable to them for every thing they have earned. To theſe practices the Empreſs alludes in the following paſſages, in her inſtructions to the deputies aſſembled for making laws:

"It ſeems too, that the method of exacting their revenues, invented by the lords, diminiſhes both the inhabitants and the ſpirit of agriculture in Ruſſia. Almoſt all the villages are heavily taxed. The lords, who ſeldom or never reſide in their villages, lay an impoſt on every head, of one, two, and even five rubles, without the leaſt regard to the means by which their peaſants may be able to raiſe this money. It is highly neceſſary that the law ſhould preſcribe a rule to the lords, for a more judicious method of raiſing their revenues; and oblige them to lay ſuch a tax as tends

leaſt to ſeparate the peaſant from his houſe and family; this would be the means by which agriculture would become more extenſive, and population more encreaſed in the empire. Even now, ſome huſbandmen do not ſee their houſes for fifteen years together, and yet pay the tax annually to their reſpective lords; which they procure in towns at a vaſt diſtance from their families, and wander over the whole empire for that purpoſe."

Another hardſhip to which the Ruſſian peaſants are expoſed, is, that they are obliged to marry whatſoever perſons, or at what times their ſuperiors pleaſe. Every ſlave who is a father, pays a certain tax to his owner for each of his children; and the owner is therefore ſolicitous that a new progeny be raiſed as ſoon as poſſible. Marriages of this ſort muſt produce little happineſs; neither huſband nor wife are very ſtudious of conjugal fidelity: hence the lower claſſes are as profligate as can poſſibly be conceived; and, in ſuch circumſtances, we cannot expect that they will have much care of their children.

The condition of thoſe peaſants who are immediate ſlaves of the crown, is reckoned leſs wretched than the condition of thoſe who belong to the nobility; and they are of three kinds: The firſt are thoſe who, having either ſecretly or by the favor of a humane ſuperior, been able to procure as much money as may enable them to purchaſe their freedom, have alſo the good luck to live under a ſuperior who is equitable enough to free them for the ſum they offer.

Such perſons and their children, are ever after the immediate ſlaves of the crown. On the ſame footing are all prieſts and their children; though the dependence of the inferior upon the ſuperior clergy, is ſometimes as grievous as the moſt painful bondage. Soldiers alſo, and their children; and this claſs includes the whole body of the nobility, are immediate ſlaves of the crown.

Salutations, Quarrels and Amuſements of the Ruſſian Peaſants.

Two Ruſſian peaſants meeting each other, take off their caps, bow moſt profoundly, ſhake hands, wipe their beards, kiſs one another, and, according to their different ages, call one another brother or father, or by ſome appellation of affection. Both men and women in their ſalutations bow very low. I was ſtruck with this circumſtance; and ſoon found, that, in their obeiſance to the great, and in the worſhip of their ſaints, they were early trained to proſtration and pliancy of body. Indeed, the ſervile ſubmiſſion they teſtify to their ſuperiors, can only be equalled by the haughty uſage they meet with in return.

Two Ruſſian peaſants, if they ſhould happen to quarrel, ſeldom proceed to blows; but they deal abuſe with great profuſion; and their abuſive language conſiſts of the baſeſt alluſions, and the moſt ſhocking obſcenity. This can ſcarcely be exemplified in the manners of any other nation. If ever they come to blows, the conflict has a moſt ludricrous appearance; they know nothing of the clenched fiſt

of an Engliſhman; but lay about them moſt uncouthly with open hands and extended arms.

The Ruſſians in their amuſements, are indeed extremely ſocial. They aſſemble in crowds, ſing, drink, ſwing on ſee-ſaws, are drawn up and down and round about in flying chairs fixed upon wheels, ſome with a perpendicular, and ſome with a horrizontal motion.

In the winter ſeaſon, they are puſhed down ice-hills and gliſſades. Thoſe ice-hills are raiſed upon the river, and are conſtructed of wooden frames. They are very high; ſo that they aſcend fifty or ſixty ſteps on the ſide behind what is properly called the gliſſade. The ſummit is flat, and encloſed with a rail, in order that thoſe who indulge themſelves in this amuſement, may have room to ſtand and ſuffer no inconvenience in the deſcent. The ſide by which they go down is ſo ſteep, as to be juſt not perpendicular. Upon this ſnow having been piled, and water poured, it becomes a precipice of the ſmootheſt ice. In deſcending they ſit upon a ſmall wooden ſeat made for the purpoſe, and generally in the lap of a Ruſſian, who ſits behind to direct your courſe, having his legs extended on each ſide of you. In this poſture you are puſhed down the hill, and ſlide with ſuch velocity, that for ſome ſeconds you cannot breathe; and after reaching the bottom, the impulſe you have received carries you forward ſome hundred paces. There are commonly two of theſe gliſſades erected almoſt, but not quite, oppoſite to each other; and at ſuch a diſtance, as that you are carried along the ice

from one to another. Thus you may go down the one hill and up the other, alternately, as often as you pleaſe. Skating is not a common diverſion, becauſe the ice, where it is not ſwept, is uſually covered with ſnow. The Ruſſians are alſo fond of dancing; yet their dancing does not diſplay ſo much nimbleneſs, agility, and livelineſs, as it expreſſes the ſame tainted imagination, which aſſumes a leſs ſeducing and more boiſterous form in their quarrels and abuſe.

I believe I may reckon their bathing rather an amuſement than a religious practice. In every village, eſpecially in thoſe by the ſide of rivers, where they are generally built, there is a ſteam bath, conſtructed uſually of wood, to which all the inhabitants, both male and female, repair regularly once a week. This place is ſo inſufferably hot, that a perſon who is not accuſtomed to it, cannot remain in it but a few minutes. But thoſe to whom it is not unuſual, ſit quietly for a long time on the heated bricks, without any covering whatſoever, excepting ſome branches of birch, of which, however, they hardly make any other uſe than to ſcrub themſelves. After they have ſat in this ſituation, till they have perſpired abundantly, they run out, and plunge head-long into the river. They are excellent ſwimmers; but inſtead of ſwimming like frogs, as we do, they imitate rather the motion of dogs. I once ſaw one of thoſe baths catch fire; the weather was dry; it blazed up in a moment, and the whole levy it contained, ran with the utmoſt conſternation into the water, ſcreaming and plunging, and

looking back as if they thought the flames were purſuing them.

Domeſtic Manners of Perſons of Rank in Ruſſia.

The equipage of a Ruſſian nobleman deſerves particular notice. The great man lolls in a clumſy gilt coach, drawn by ſix horſes, ſometimes of different colors, and having the traces of hempen ropes inſtead of leather. The coachman and poſtilions are often in the coarſe dreſs of the peaſants, while three or four gorgeous footmen are ſtuck behind. One or two petty officers ride by the ſide of the coach, and theſe are uſually attended by a peaſant, who is alſo on horſeback; and thus princes and noblemen are dragged to court. They read plays and novels, and often ſome French philoſophy. They ſometimes write little comedies; and ſometimes repreſent them, both in the French and Ruſſian language.

Many perſons of high rank live on a footing of eaſy familiarity with ſuch of their menials as become favorites and are capable of amuſing them with their humor and low wit. Perhaps in no other country in Europe could you obtain a juſter idea of the paraſitical character, ſo frequently diſplayed by the comic and ſatirical poets of antiquity. The paraſites here are in general Frenchmen,

whoſe lively loquacity ſeems abſolutely neceſſary for the amuſement of thoſe to whoſe tables they have admiſſion.

Beſides paraſites, many Ruſſians of high rank retain dwarfs in their families, and perſons not without ſhrewdneſs, who affect folly, and amuſe them in the character of buffoons. They alſo retain a vaſt number of other ſlaves, who are employed by them in all manner of neceſſary or whimſical ſervices. The counteſs W———, has in her family ſeveral Calmuck women who are taught to read German and Ruſs, who read by her bed-ſide till ſhe falls aſleep; and continue reading or talking, without intermiſſion, all the time ſhe is aſleep; for if they did not, the counteſs would awake immediate, not much, I ſuppoſe, to the ſatisfaction of the poor attendants.

I need ſcarcely tell you, that the Ruſſians are very careleſs in the education of their children. They do not ſend them to public ſchools; but have them taught at home under private tutors. Theſe tutors are generally French or Germans, into whoſe character they make little enquiry. If their children learn to dance; and if they can read, ſpeak and write French, and have a little geography, they deſire no more. I have ſeen one of thoſe inſtructors who has, in the courſe of his life, appeared in the different ſhapes of a comedian, valet-de-chambre and hair-dreſſer. Indeed I do not wonder at the conduct of the Ruſſians in this reſpect. Why educate their children? They are to live and die in thraldom; they may be in glory to-day, and

to-morrow ſent to Siberia. Why ſhould they train their offspring for any expectations beyond thoſe of the preſent moment? The citizens of free ſtates alone are inexcuſeable, if they do not improve their minds to the utmoſt limits of their capacity. Why quicken the ſenſibilities, or enlarge the mind of a ſlave? You only teach him to hate himſelf. If, however, there was any probability, that, by enlightening the minds of the Ruſſians, they ſhould not only be enabled to diſcern the abaſement of their condition, but alſo to contrive, and execute the means of emancipation, I ſhould heartily regret their preſent blindneſs.

The military education of the Ruſſian youth is conducted very differently. They have an academy in the Waſiloſtrow, where a very conſiderable number, but none under twelve years old, are admitted. Here they live together; and during the ſummer ſleep in an adjoining field under tents. They are formed into a regiment; and each of them, of what rank ſoever, whether prince, count or boyard, muſt paſs through every condition, beginning with that of a common ſoldier, and ſubmit to every kind of obedience. They perform their exerciſe with great exactneſs, and are inſtructed in mathematics. From this ſeminary excellent officers may be expected. Like the Perſians, deſcribed by Xenophon, they learn to obey before they are called to command.

After the account I have given you of the taſte and literary education of the Ruſſians, you will not be ſurpriſed if I

tell you, that their religious principles are not very correct, nor in ſome of them, perhaps, very deeply rooted. A prieſt came to hear the confeſſion of a great man. "Holy Father," ſays the count, "have you a good memory?"—"Yes." "Then you remember what I told you at my laſt confeſſion. Since that time I have had the ſame temptations from without, the ſame weakneſs from within, and here is the ſame number of rubles." I would not ſay, however, that the princes of Ruſſia are much inferior either in religious or moral improvement, to many great men, even in thoſe ſtates of Europe that enjoy the means of ſuperior knowledge. If I am not much miſtaken, there are among them a greater number who affect indifference or diſbelief in religious matters, than who really diſbelieve. Perhaps in times of ſickneſs, diſgrace and low ſpirits, they have more faith in St. Nicholas than in Voltaire.

The fair ſex in all ages have more ſenſibility, leſs of the pride of reaſon, and more good ſenſe than the men; and accordingly you find fewer among them who affect irreligion. Their notions may be erroneous; this is owing to their inſtructors: but their diſpoſitions are pious, and they owe this to themſeleves. Indeed, when I ſee Ruſſian princeſſes, as they ſit down to an entertainment, croſſing themſelves, which they do very gracefully, in teſtimony of religious gratitude, I reſpect both their good ſenſe, and their piety.

Spangles and Ribbons.

Anecdote of HANDEL.

This celebrated compoſer, though of a very robuſt and uncouth external appearance, yet had ſuch a remarkable iraſcibility of nerves, that he could not bear to hear the tuning of inſtruments, and therefore this was always done before Handel arrived. A muſical wag, who knew how to extract ſome mirth from his iraſcibility of temper, ſtole into the orcheſtra on a night when the late Prince of Wales was to be preſent at the performance of a new oratorio, and untuned all the inſtruments, ſome half a note, others a whole note lower than the organ. As ſoon as the Prince arrived, Handel gave the ſignal of beginning *con ſpirito;* but ſuch was the horrible diſcord, that the enraged muſician ſtarted up from his ſeat, and having overturned a double baſs which ſtood in his way, he ſeized a kettledrum, which he threw with ſuch violence at the head of the leader of the band, that he loſt his full-bottomed wig by the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced bear-headed to the front of the orcheſtra, breathing vengeance; but ſo much choaked with paſſion, that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude, he ſtood ſtaring and ſtamping for ſome moments amidſt a convulſion of laughter; nor

could he be prevailed on to reſume his ſeat, till the Prince went perſonally to appeaſe his wrath, which he with great difficulty accompliſhed.

Prices paid by the London Book-Sellers to the various Editors of SHAKESPEARE.

	£.	s.	d.
Mr. Rowe was paid	36	10	0
Hughes	28	7	0
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Dr. Johnſon for 1ſt edition	375	0	0
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Total	2,288	10	6

Beſides very conſiderable ſums to critics without criticiſm, and commentators without a name.

And for Editing MILTON.

Dr. Bentley, in 1732	105	0	0
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To Dr. Smollet, for preparing a new edition of the Univerſal Hiſtory - - -	1575	0	0

NUTS.

A Spaniſh poet, we are told, in ſpeaking of the black eyes of a lady, ſays, that they were in mourning for the murders they had committed. An Engliſh poet ſpeaking in a beautiful epigram, of the blood-ſhot eye of his miſtreſs, accounts for it nearly in the ſame manner:

" Oh let it be ſaid thine eye is all red,
Nor longer, dear Harriet, be moody;
For ſince ſo many die by the ſtroke of that eye,
What wonder the weapon is bloody."

Changeable Silks.

LINES,

Written on seeing a well dressed Young Man lying in the Centre Market-house, the other evening, intoxicated.

Get up, you blockhead. Why lie here? It's cold.
Say, what can be the cauſe of ſueh a plight?
'Tis droll to ſee a wretch ſo little old,
Snore to the bleak winds of a froſty night.

Now you, "to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,"
Heed not the hardneſs of the pillow brick:
Should ſober folks in ſuch a poſture lay,
In ſuch a night, I'm ſure 'twould make them ſick.

Get up, or certainly you'll freeze to death.
Ah little does he heed my kind requeſt,
What nitrous air is ſuck'd in with your breath.
B— bleſs your ſoul, ca— can't you let me reſt?

Has ſome foul proſtitute, with cunning ſlight,
Stole from your pocket all your caſh ſo ſly,
And now got drunk, to ſet the matter right?
G— get away, ca— can't you let me lie?

Say, has ſome miſtreſs, on whoſe love you doat,
Turned to your longing look a ſcornful eye,
And ſet your fondeſt hope helmleſs afloat?
G— get away, ca— can't you let me lie?

Perhaps your widowed mother wonders where
Her wild unsteady son should from her fly;
Go to her home; avoid this win'try air.
Do go away, ca— can't you let me lie?

Say, have you at the billiard table been,
Your money lost, then care in liquor sunk;
Or what's the cause of such a shameful scene?
D— don't disturb a fellow when he's drunk!

Get up, besotted booby; why lie here?
Disgrace and mis'ry will belong to such.
The consequence of drinking don't you fear?
I— I'm not drunk; I've only got too much.

Say, shall I leave you in this cold north wind,
And suffer the thick snow your face to pelt?
What I request you ought to deem as kind.
No matter if it snows, I'm sure 'twill melt.

If you lie here, I'm confident you'll die:
Your fingers and your feet will soon be froze.
No longer in this dire condition lie.
'Tis a droll world, let's take it as it goes.

Hear me once more, no longer here lie flat:
And heed, next time your meddling with the cup,—
Though, as to dying, I don't care for that,
Rather than drink no more, I'll e'en get up.

SUMMARY.

Foreign.

Paris, October 28. M. Kotzbue was for three years director of the theatre at the court of Vienna. He was deprived of that office, together with 1000 florins, which he could not ſpend out of the hereditary eſtates. At preſent he directs the Imperial Theatre at St. Peterſburg, in Ruſſia, with an appointment of 1200 rubles; beſides an eſtabliſhment, a royal carriage at his orders, the rank of colonel, and ſeveral other advantages; in addition to which he is in poſſeſſion of an eſtate belonging to the crown, worth 3000 rubles per annum.

Domeſtic.

CITY OF WASHINGTON, *Dec.* 29.—The houſe of delegates of Virginia have paſſed an act againſt duelling, which provides that the property both of the challenger and the challenged, and the perſon carrying the challenge, ſhall paſs immediately to their heirs on giving or receiving it: that they ſhall be incapacitated from holding real eſtate; and ſhall be diſabled from holding any office under the government. The bill was rejected in ſenate.

A letter from Waſhington ſtates, on the authority of the ſecretary of the navy, that the frigate Inſurgent, and the Pickering, have been loſt. Particulars are not mentioned. They were ordered, we believe, off Cayenne.

The Britiſh commiſſioners from America, (ſays a London paper of Oct. 20) were preſented to his majeſty laſt week, on their return to England. Their negociation with America has been unſucceſsful, and we underſtand the expence of this eſtabliſhment will now ceaſe.

A ſlight ſhock of an earthquake was felt at Newport, Rhode-Iſland, on the morning of Chriſtmas day.

The plague is committing dreadful ravages in Spain. In Andaluſia 11,000 have died; in Seville 21,000; in Xeres from 160 to 200 die per day. The utmoſt conſternation prevails. It is approaching the borders of Portugal, and is ſuppoſed to ſweep off one ſixth of the populatiou of the places through which it paſſes. But a ſmall proportion of women die. This diſorder begins with violent pains in the limbs, head-ache and a ſtrong fever, and reaches its paroxiſm by the 4th day. Many die with the black vomit, and their bodies turn yellow.

A young man, of good character, and of a fine figure, propoſes a lottery, in the Bordeaux Journal. The conditions are not hard. All the widows and maidens, who have not attained the age of 32, are invited to take of him a ticket, at the price of 25 francs. There are to be 4,000

of theſe tickets. Only one number is to be drawn from the wheel, and the fortunate holder is to gain the young man for a huſband, and to partake with him the 100,000 francs produced by the lottery.

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I. The price to ſubſcribers will be one Dollar per volume; to be paid at the cloſe of every eight weeks.

II. Each volume to conſiſt of eight numbers, or 288 pages.

III. Poſtmaſters and others, who ſubſcribe for ſix, ſhall be entitled to a ſeventh gratis.

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[*No.* 8.]

Child of Pallas, &c.

The Jumper.

(No. VIII.)

I WILL not ſay it ought to be ranked among the virtues, but it is certainly one of the greateſt bleſſings of life and benefits of philoſophy, to be able, under all circumſtances, to preſerve an EQUANIMITY of TEMPER. To acquire ſuch a diſpoſition, virtuous habits are eſſentially requiſite. To guilt it will ever be a ſtranger. I do not mean by equanimity of temper, an inſenſibility or indifference to events of our lives, or a heedleſſneſs of the good and evil with which we are ſurrounded, but a ſufficient command over our own paſſions and feelings; to be able to encounter the viciſſitudes of human nature with ſerenity; to bear the ghoſtly viſage of misfortune without

deſpondency; to meet the ſmiles of proſperity without exceſſive joy.

We little conſider to what unexpected diſappointments we are liable. The wiſeſt ſchemes, and thoſe in our own minds moſt certain of ſucceſs, may prove abortive. When troubles cluſter around us, in the midſt of clouds and darkneſs, a ray of unexpected comfort may gleam through the obſcurity; the clouds of woe may diſperſe, and the ſunſhine of proſperity cheer and enlighten the hemiſphere of life.

When I go into a room filled with politicians of oppoſite principles, and hear the annunciation of ſome important election, or other political event, I am aſtoniſhed to ſee the different ſenſations that accompany the reception of the news. One ſprings from his ſeat and claps his hands through joy: Another, with horrid imprecations, condemns his adverſary, and demands the curſes of heaven on his party: A third keeps his ſeat, apparently unmoved in his mind, and appears ſtudiouſly calculating the iſſue. How many times have I had occaſion to laugh at the violence of party ſpirit, ſo juſtly denominated "the madneſs of *many*, for the benefit of a *few*." It has a ſtrange effect on the feelings of men. Many a one, who would not ſacrifice ſixpence for the relief of virtue in diſtreſs, would riſk hundreds for the obtainment of certain political objects, that, in all human probability, can never affect his intereſt or happineſs. What more commendable than diſintereſted

patriotiſm? What virtue leſs prevalent? Were candor, coolneſs and integrity, the moving principles of men's minds, ſoon would there be a general coincidence and uniformity of political creeds; ſoon would an equanimity of temper preſent objects in the ſame light to all.

In times the moſt diſtreſſing, in ſcenes that try the ſtrength of fortitude and philoſophy, we may find the moſt exalted pitch of perfection, of which the human mind is capable. Not wholly unconcerned what might be the iſſues of life, yet with a ſoul too great and good to be effected by the ordinary occurrences of human nature, *Seneca*, though a Pagan, with more calmneſs and reſignation than is uſually exemplified even with Chriſtians, met the mandate of Nero, with the ſame compoſure that would have accompanied the annunciation of the hour of the day. We hear of no ſudden emotion of paſſion, no violent expreſſions of fear or reſentment, attendant with *Socrates*, when informed he muſt taſte the fatal hemlock. Oh how happy muſt be the hourly feelings of ſuch characters. The world conſidered in a juſt light, the futility of men's purſuits, the childiſhneſs of thoſe pleaſures which attract mankind's more ardent love, little could ſuch ſouls heed the diſſimilarity of a billet-doux to an entertainment, or an order to prepare for death.

Any one who may have read Sir Walter Raleigh's Hiſtory of the World, will obſerve ſuch calmneſs, and indications of ſuch ſerenity of feeling, as to leave him in doubt whether that immortal perſonage knew a diſtinction be-

tween the priſon of a tower and the little leſs priſon of a world. We venerate ſuch names; we read of the equanimity of temper diſplayed by ſuch characters; yet little conſider that of ſuch ſerenity of ſoul we are all capable.

In the fervency of devotion, friendſhip and love, there are ſeaſons in which the ſoul will be raiſed far above its uſual poiſe of compoſure. Such extacies are allowable, becauſe whatever ſtreamlets may run into "our native temper's common ſtream," to add to its common level, make ſo much clear gain. But we ſhould guard well that ſuch additional increaſe do not merely "quicken our ſpirit's movement for an hour," then leave us in a ſituation far below that in which we previouſly were.

In the midſt of theſe reveries, having become in my own view much more philoſophical than I really am, enabled as I then thought, to meet, with the ſame indifference, a ſceptre or a goal; who but my niece Doratha ſhould come in, and tear down the noble ſtructure at once. What's the matter now, Doratha? Why this appearance of diſtreſs, this violent expreſſion of woe? You ſurely can have no juſt cauſe for ſuch extreme agitation of mind. Be pacified, Doratha, and let me know your difficulty?

"Oh, Sir, he's dead!"

Well, Doratha, there are other men in the world, who may be as agreeable to you, and with whom you might live more happily. And indeed, to tell you my ſentiments free-

ly, I have not, for a long time, entertained a good opinion of either his morals or his abilities.

" Dear Uncle it is not he."

Who then? Not my nephew I hope. Oh that will be a loſs too great to bear.

" No, no: that I ſhould not mind ſo much: but it is my dear little delicate lap-dog, that you know I brought from England five years ago. The prettieſt little thing that ever a lady had."

Away with you, and go bury your naſty puppy: it is all you are fit for: and not come here diſturbing my quiet.

It is really difficult, at all times, to preſerve an equanimity of temper.

Crites.

(No. VIII.)

This is a *stupendious* fabric; it will make a *tremendious* convulsion when it falls..

Stupendous, tremendous.

Without you are willing.

Without is never a conjunction. *Unless* you are willing.

Shut *to* the door.

We are fast divesting our verbs of needless prepositions. The wished *for* morn delays. The *to* and *for* are unnecessary. The same may be observed of hundreds of prepositions that are needlessly joined to the verb.

Fill *up* that *there* glass.

Fill that glass.

Drink *up* what remains.

Drink what remains.

I don't care, *so* it is only done.

I don't care, if it be done.

Take and go get me ſome cider.

Get me ſome cider.

I can't ſleep *if I die.*

Wrong: I believe you would ſleep very ſound.

I *take it* he is a good man.

I apprehend, or, believe he is ſo.

I forgot *all about* it.

I forgot it.

The *very* next day.

The next day.

An affecting Account

Of the distresses of the family of Monsieur de M——— From the Letters of HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

[Concluded.]

After having paſſed the cleft which encloſed the valley, he again turned back to gaze once more on the ſpot which contained all his treaſure. Adelaide, after his departure, had no conſolation but in the ſad, yet dear indulgence of tender recollections; in ſhedding tears over the paths they had trod, over the books they had red together. Alas, this unfortunate young lady had far other pangs to ſuffer than the tender repinings of abſence from a beloved object! Some weeks after the departure of her lover, the departments of Vaucluſe and the Mouth of the Rhone were deſolated by Maignet. Two proſcribed victims of his tyranny, who were the friends of M——, and knew the place of his retreat, ſought for an aſylum in his dwelling. M— received his fugitive friends with affectionate kindneſs. But a few days after their arrival, their retreat was diſcovered by the emiſſaries of Maignet; the narrow paſs of the valley was guarded by ſoldiers; the houſe was encompaſſed by a military force; and M—— was ſummoned to depart, with the conſpirators whom he had dared to harbor, in order to appear, with them, before the popular commiſſion eſtabliſhed at Orange. This laſt ſtroke his unhappy

niece had not power to ſuſtain. All the wounds of her ſoul were ſuddenly and rudely torn open; and altogether overwhelmed by this unexpected, this terrible calamity, which filled up the meaſure of her afflictions, her reaſon entirely forſook her. With frantic agony ſhe knelt at the feet of him who commanded the troop; ſhe implored, ſhe wept, ſhe ſhrieked; then ſtarted up and hung upon her uncle's neck, preſſing him wildly in her arms. Some of the ſoldiers propoſed conducting her alſo to the tribunal; but the leader of the band, whether touched by her diſtreſs, or fearful that her deſpair would be troubleſome on the way, perſuaded them to leave her behind. She was dragged from her uncle, and locked in a chamber, from whence her ſhrieks were heard by the unfortunate old man till he had paſſed the narrow cleft of the valley, which he was deſtined to behold no more. His ſufferings were acute, but they were not of long duration. The day of his arrival at Orange, he was led before the popular commiſſion, together with his friends, and from thence immediately dragged to execution.

In the mean time Mademoiſelle de M——, releaſed by Marianne from the apartment where ſhe had been confined by the mercileſs guards, wandered from morning till evening amidſt the wildeſt receſſes of the valley, and along the moſt rugged paths ſhe could find. She was conſtantly followed in her ramblings by her faithful ſervant, who never loſt ſight of her a ſingle moment, and who retains in her memory many a mournful complaint of her diſordered

mind, many a wild expreſſion of deſpair. She often retired to a ſmall nook near the torrent, where her uncle had placed a ſeat, and where he uſually paſſed ſome hours of the day. Sometimes ſhe ſeated herſelf on the bench; then ſtarted up, and, throwing herſelf on her knees before the ſpot where her uncle uſed to ſit, bathed it with floods of tears. "Dear old man," ſhe would cry, "your aged head! They might have left me a lock of his grey hairs. When the ſoldiers come for *me*, Marianne, you may cut off a lock of mine for Charles. Poor Charles! It is well he's gone; I ſee the guillotine behind thoſe trees! and now they drag up a weak old man! they tie him to the plank!—it bends—oh heaven!"—

The acute affliction with which young de M——— heard of the murder of his father, was ſtill agravated by the tidings he received from Marianne of the ſituation of his beloved Adelaide. Her image was forever preſent to his mind; and, unable to ſupport the bitterneſs of thoſe pangs which ſuch ideas excited, he again found means to obtain leave of abſence for a few weeks, and haſtened to the valley. He found the habitation deſerted—all was dark and ſilent! He flew through the apartments, calling upon the name of Adelaide, but no voice anſwered his call.

He left the houſe, and walked with haſty ſteps along the valley. As he paſſed a cavern of the rocks, he heard the moans of Adelaide; he ruſhed into the cavern; ſhe was ſeated on its flinty floor, and Marianne was ſeated near. Adelaide caſt up her eyes as he entered, and looked at him

earneſtly ; he knelt by her ſide, and preſſed her hand to his boſom. "I don't know you," ſaid Adelaide. "Not know me !" he cried, "not know Charles !" "If you *are* Charles," ſhe reſumed ſullenly, "you're come too late—'tis all over ! Poor old man !" ſhe cried, riſing haſtily from the ground, and claſping her hands together, "don't you ſee his blood on my clothes ? I begged very hard for him—I told them I had no father and mother but *him*. If you *are* Charles, begone, begone ! They're coming—they're on the way—I ſee them upon the rock !—That knife, that bloody knife !"

Such were the ravings of the diſordered imagination of this unfortunate young lady, and which were ſometimes interrupted by long intervals of ſilence, and ſometimes by an agony of tears. Her lover watched over her with the moſt tender and unwearied aſſiduity; but his cares were ineffectual. The life of Adelaide was near its cloſe. The convulſive pangs of her mind, the extraordinary fatigues ſhe had ſuffered in her wanderings, the want of any nouriſhment except bread and water, ſince ſhe obſtinately refuſed all other food, had reduced her frame to a ſtate of incurable weakneſs and decay.

A ſhort time before ſhe expired, ſhe recovered her reaſon, and employed her laſt remains of ſtrength in the attempt to conſole her wretched lover. She ſpoke to him of a happier world, where they ſhould meet again, and where tyrants ſhould oppreſs no more; ſhe graſped his hand; ſhe fixed her eyes on his—and died.

With the gloomy ſilence of deſpair, with feelings that were denied the relief of tears, and were beyond the utterance of complaint, this unfortunate young man prepared with his own hands the grave of her he loved, and himſelf covered her corpſe with earth.

The laſt offices paid by religion to the dead, the hallowed taper, the lifted croſs, the ſolemn requiem, had long ſince vaniſhed, and the municipal officer returned the duſt to duſt with unceremonious ſpeed. The lover of Adelaide choſe to perform himſelf thoſe ſad functions for the object of his tenderneſs, and might have exclaimed with our poet,

" What though no weeping loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face ;
What though no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallowed dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb!
Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be dreſt,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt :
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow—
While angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground now ſacred by thy reliques made."

Young de M—— paſſed the night at the grave of Adelaide. Marianne followed him thither, and humbly intreated him to return to the houſe. He pointed to the new-laid earth, and waved his hand as if he wiſhed her to depart, and leave his meditations uninterrupted.

The next morning at break of day he entered the houſe, and called for Marianne. He thanked her for her care of Adelaide, and aſſured her of his everlaſting gratitude. While he was ſpeaking, his emotion choaked his voice, and a ſhower of tears, the firſt he had ſhed ſince the death of Adelaide, ſoothed his oppreſſed heart. When he had recovered himſelf, he bade Marianne farewell, and haſtened out of the houſe, muttering in a low tone, "This muſt be avenged!" He told Marianne, that he was going to rejoin his battalion; but all enquiries after him ſince, have been fruitleſs: this unhappy young man has been heard of no more!

:o:o:o:

PROPOSALS

FOR THE

REFORMATION of SIRNAMES,

ABSURDLY ALLIED TO DISCORDANT

TRADES & PROFESSIONS.

Amidſt the rage of reformation, a very glaring evil has totally eſcaped the preſent reformers. Through the channel of your entertaining miſcellany I mean to be the *cenſor morum et arbiter elegantium!* The improper alliance of ſirnames with trades, &c. totally in oppoſition, calls for a *coal-*

ition at leaſt. And as *coalitions* are all the *ton*, without further preface I will come to the ſubject of this letter.

To begin with *ſirnames*. Have we not ſeen a tame, meek, ſweet-tempered lady, falſely and erronoouſly called *Mrs. Furye?* And to my certain knowledge *Mrs. Lamb* often *beats* her huſband! Then there is *Mrs. Croſs* the mildeſt woman in the world. *Col. O'Thunder* trembles at the idea of a cannon ball; *Mr. King* is a poor ſubject; *Mr. Prince* lives in a lodging, without guards and attendants; *Mr. Goodchild* broke his father's heart; *Mrs. Togood* is a name utterly unfit for the probationary ſtate of us poor mortals; and *Mr. Dogood* never troubled himſelf about his neighbors in all his life. Then there is *Mrs. Clackit* that has been dumb from her infancy, while *Mrs. Mum* ſtuns the company with her redundency of words. How often have we ſeen men of the name of *Taylor* ſhoemakers by trade, ſtrange abſurdity! However, *Mr Proudfoot* is allowed to be an excellent boot-maker; the *Miſſes Lovejoy* are the dulleſt old maids in the univerſe! *Mrs. Sable* never wore mourning above once in her life; *Mrs. Simper* always frowns; the *Miſſes Raven* ſing like nightingales; *Mr. Bloom* is a ſwarthy Creole, and *Mrs. Neild* never prayed! I know a butcher named *Hardmeat*, ſomewhat inapplicable in general; *Mr. Popwell* never fired a gun; *Mr. Barwell* ſhould have been an ironmonger inſtead of a man of fortune; *Mr. Street* lives in a court; *Mr. Foot* cannot ſtand; *Mr. Golightly* is very luſty; *Mr. Hazard* never games; *Mr. Pye* ſhould have been a paſtry-cook inſtead of an officer; *Mr. Suett* ought to have been a butcher; *Mr. Goodluck* has had ſeveral misfortunes;

there is a grocer named *Pickle;* but *Mrs. Coates,* very properly, keeps an habit warehouſe; *Mr. Ganer* gets rich by his piano-fortes; *Mr. Prettiman* is deformed; *Mr. Brewer* is a baker; *Mr. Baker* is a mercer; *Mrs. Price* was never cheapened in her life; *Mr. Penny* has got many thouſands; *Mr. Witworth* never ſaid a good thing; *Mr. Bent* is as ſtraight as any man in Europe; *Miss Prim* is all eaſe and elegance; *Mr. Prig* is a plain unaffected man; *Mr. Page* is illiterate; *Miss Crisp* is as tough as hemp; *Mr. Clarke* is a parſon; *Mr. Parsons* was never ordained; *Mr. Shepherd* has not an acre of ground; *Mr. Diamond* is an actor; *Mr. Mason* is an admirable poet; what incongruities! *Miss Piper* has no ear for muſick; *Miss Joiner* is a ſawyer's daughter; *Mrs. Beard* is bald; *Mr. Singer* cannot turn a tune; *Mrs. Peacock* warbles inimitably; *Miss Tombes* hates the idea of a church-yard; *Mrs. Graves* inſiſts upon being pickled and preſerved, to avoid earthly ſepulture. Then why ſhould a *mercer* live at the ſign of the *hen and chickens?* Or a *silversmith* at the *turbot?* Is there any analogy? As well might a tallow-chandler live at the ſign of the civet cat. But I think I have adduced plenty of examples; every man's memory will ſuggeſt an inexhauſtable variety, equally diſſimilar and incongruoue.

Now to my plan:—I would have a *licenser of titles,* names, ſigns, &c. He ſhould be well verſed in the much neglected art of *hierogliphycism;* a ſmattering of the *place, paranomasia;* and *antanaclasis* would be requiſite. He ſhould preſide at the births of infants; if they are of humble

birth, he would adapt their profeſſion to their name: As for example, *Mr. Salmon* ſhould be a fiſhmonger; *Mr. Rackstrow* a member of the Popiſh Inquiſition; *Mr. Brass* an ironmonger; *Mr. Cock* a poulterer; *Mr. Locke* a ſmith; *Mr. Dean* a parſon; *cum multis aliis*. Such a regulation would redound to the honor of the police, and help recollection infinitely. The name of the *person* would ſpecify the *trade*, and ſolve many doubts. Our dramatic authors are of this opinion in its utmoſt extent; and our inimitable *Ariſtophanes* was a bigot to the abovementioned maxims, viz. he mentions *Kitt Cabbage* the taylor; *Carmine* the painter; *Mr. Greenfat* the alderman, &c.

In my next letter I will, with your leave, enlarge on this ſubject; at preſent, I conclude, Sir,

Your's, &c.

Exotic.

For the CHILD OF PALLAS.

The dangers of Female Levity.

Maria was the only ſurviving daughter of a gentleman, eminent in the mercantile world. Her mother, amiable as ſhe was fair, boaſted a deſcent from the firſt families in the north of England. Maria, as too often is experienced from parents who own but a ſolitary repreſentative of their love, from her infancy was indulged in the extremeſt caprice of her paſſions. Her form, in her nurſes arms, like the vermilion roſe in its ſpringing bud, was a bluſh of perfect ſweetneſs, as it expanded, each diurnal ſun added to its beauty, till in the eyes of all who ſaw her, ſhe bloomed the maturity of perfection. Her mind was enriched with all the modern ornaments of education. She danced to a miracle; painted to admiration; and when her voice accompanied the guitar, it was the ſilver ſound of heaven, that trells from the hymn of the bleſt. But her heart, untutored by the leſſons of experience, like the nervous leaf, was the ſport of every paſſion. The ſmalleſt reſtraint clouded her brow, like the thunder ſtorm ſuddenly gathered on the ſummer ſky. And her vanity, like the froth of the ocean, with forbidding contempt, kept at a diſtance thoſe real friends, who admired, but could not brook her indifference.

Death, the common enemy of mankind, deprived her of her parents in her 20th year, (dangerous criſis) when the luxuriance of youth wants the ſtrong props of age and wiſdom.

Maria felt the common griefs of a daughter, ſuddenly bereft of the authors of her being. But the ſplendor of her fortune, the flatteries of her dependents, and the inſinutions of a croud of admirers, ſoon dried away theſe watry viſitants of ſorrow. There is, ſay what they will, a guardian ſpirit, that guides the enterprize of fleſh. Amongſt the train of her lovers, there was a young man who had been her father's friend, and deſigned by him, though unknown to Maria, for her huſband. He poſſeſſed the beſt of hearts, and tenderly loved her; but, unbleſſed with the outward decorations of a woman's ruin, a handſome perſon and deceiving tongue, was diſmiſſed, after the firſt declaration of his paſſion, with ineffable coldneſs, by the inexorable Maria. A young gentleman in her neighborhood, who had juſt attained his twenty-firſt year, a *day* in wiſdom, but an *age* in vice, gave a public ball, to celebrate the event; to which the beautiful Maria was invited. On that day all her finery was ranſacked. The caſket, which contained her mother's jewels, unopened ſince her death, was now ranſacked without a ſigh. In trying on a pearl necklace, the golden thread burſted aſunder, and the pearls trickled on the toilette. Was it not a warning? It is ſufficient to ſay, the vain girl decked herſelf off in all the gorgeouſneſs of external pride.

Her carriage is ready, and whirls her to the preſence of him who ſought her deſtruction. She is now in the ball-room; all eyes are fixed on her—for ſhe really was the flower of beauty. Her heart flutters, not with timidity, a woman's beſt grace, but the ambition of being admired; and her triumph is compleated, as Florio, the maſter of the feaſt, hands her out to dance. This youth, educated in all the ſyſtem of ſeduction, reading the exulting ſmiles of Maria an eaſy conqueſt, he forgets himſelf in the minuet; he ſqueezes her palpitating hand; he hums a ſonnet to her charms, and exults in the belief that Maria thought he was in love.

Fidelio, her diſcarded lover, was alſo of the party. He perceived the arts of her perfidious ſeducer. He was ſo cold to him, that he refuſed toaſting his bumper at ſupper. He reddened at his importunities, at his refuſal, and ſhewed anger at the baſeneſs of Florio's conduct. All this the vain Maria imputed to his diſappointment of her favor, and with ſmiles ſeemed to gild her approaching danger. Midnight had reached her higheſt arch; and now tolled twelve, when the warned gueſts departed for their reſpective homes. Florio would accompany Maria. His bewitching tongue had charmed every guardian of her honor to ſleep. Maria, half loſt, received his careſſes with pleaſure; his polluted hands had already with impunity viſited that inviolate region of chaſtity, her boſom, when the carriage ſtopped at her gate. They deſcend. He hands her into the hall, and impertinently calls for ſupper; nor did the

hapleſs maid think of the hour. He ſolicits her to walk in the garden, for it was moonlight: ſhe conſents. They paſs through the orange row that bordered on a canal, and enter an alcove. Not a breeze diſturbed the trembling leaves. The moon beams ſtood like magic centinels on the water. It was the ſeaſon of woman's weakneſs. The ſtruggling maid had almoſt yielded, when the faithful Fidelio, with his ſword drawn, entercd the alcove. They only heard the words, "Draw, Villain," when ſhe ſwooned away. Florio, mad with diſappointment, attacked his rival —but received a wound the firſt paſs, and fell. Fidelio ordered him to be carried to his houſe by Maria's ſervants, and conveyed the maid to her chamber. After many attempts ſhe recovered her ſenſes; read forgiveneſs in her protector's eyes; ſhe bluſhed her crime. Fidelio, weeping on her hand, aſked her for happineſs. She granted his requeſt—and they were married.

WILLIAM GARDINER.

A parallel between the famous Adventurer LAW *& our modern Lottery Insurers.*

The famous Law, whoſe ſon was lately governor general of the French poſſeſſions in India, ſet up a gaming bank at Paris, where fortunate adventurers (that is, one perſon in 500) might have the chance of winning five guineas for one ſhilling, ten for two ſhillings, and in proportion for a greater or leſſer ſum depoſited at the table. This cunning Scotſman had the addreſs to intereſt the duke of Orleans, then regent of France, in this diabolical ſcheme, by aſſuring his highneſs that he meant to reſerve but one-tenth for himſelf, and that the remaining profits ſhould go to the ſtate. The town-houſe of Paris was decorated with gaming tables, where every man, woman and child were invited by beat of drum, to ſacrifice one poor piece of twelve ſous, in order to gain five louis do'rs *toties quoties*. The bait ſucceeded to admiration; prime miniſters, cardinals, archbiſhops, and the whole hierarchy, ſent their deputies; whilſt dukes, marquiſes, counts and chevaliers, with aldermen and eminent ſhopkeepers, from almoſt every province, attended in perſon. To theſe were added, hack drivers, ſedan chairmen, ſervants, porters, ſhoe boys, ſcavengers and chimney ſweepers, who in groups, ſported at above three hundred tables, diſperſed in various apartments. This humbug went on during the winter of 1719; but the eyes of the infatuated public were not opened till Mr. Law had actually pocketed

above twelve millions, which he had prudence to remit to the banks of Amſterdam, Genoa, and Venice, and then took a French, or rather a Scots leave.

The mode of adventuring, was as follows: Three dice were to be thrown three times, and if they happened to turn up all ſixes each throw, in immediate ſucceſſion, the party won, otherwiſe not. Every perſon converſant in play, is morally convinced, that though ſuch a chance is not abſolutely impoſſible, the odds are more than five hundred to one that it does not ſucceed with any ſingle perſon, in an equal number of throws. By this calculation it appears that Mr. Law gained four hundred ſhillings, or twenty pounds, for every five pounds he muſt have loſt to one fortunate adventurer. How ſtrict the analogy is between Mr. Law's dice tables and our modern lottery inſurances, let the public judge.

Character and Compositions of MILTON.

From a letter of Biſhop WARBURTON'S *to Dr.* BIRCH.

Milton's moral character, as a member of ſociety, was certainly the moſt corrupt of any man's of that age. I do not ſay ſo on account of his being either a preſbyterian,

an independent, or a republican; for the government of one (for many honeſt men are in every one of theſe ways) but becauſe he was all theſe in their turn as they came uppermoſt, without (from any thing that appears to the contrary) a ſtruggle or a bluſh. Imagine to yourſelf a thorough time-ſerver, and you could not put him upon any taſk more completely conformable to that character than what Milton voluntarily underwent. It is true he was ſteady in one thing, namely, his averſion to the court and royal family; but I ſuſpect it was becauſe he was not received amongſt the wits there favorably; he who was ſo far ſuperior to them all. I take this to have been owing to the ſtiffneſs of his ſtyle and manner, ſo contrary to that of the court wits, who were enervating themſelves on the model of France.

The virulency of his pen againſt his adverſaries is certainly another blemiſh to that great man, which in an apology for the people of England was abominable, as violating and degrading the character he ſuſtained.

His Engliſh proſe ſtyle has in it ſomething very ſingular and original; it has grandeur, force and fire, but is quite unnatural; the idiom and turn of the period being quite Latin. It is beſt ſuited to the Engliſh hiſtory, this air of the antique giving a good grace to it. It is wrote with great ſimplicity, contrary to his cuſtom in his proſe works; and is the better for it. But he ſometimes riſes to a ſurpriſing grandeur in the ſentiment and expreſſion, as at the concluſion of the ſecond book, "Henceforth we are to

ſteer," &c. I never ſaw any thing equal to this, but the concluſion of Sir W. Raleigh's Hiſtory of the World.

He is the author of three perfect pieces of poetry. His Paradiſe Loſt, Sampſon Agoniſtes and the Maſk at Ludlow-Caſtle. The two dramatic pieces ſeparately poſſeſs the united excellencies of this famous Epic Poem, there being in the laſt all the majeſty of ſentiment that enobles the tragedy, and all the ſweetneſs of deſcription that charms in the Maſk.

It is ſaid that it appeared, by a MS. in Trin. Col. Camb. that he intended an Opera of the Paradiſe Loſt. Voltaire, on the credit of this circumſtance, amongſt a heap of impertinency (Eſſay on Epic Poetry, p. 120) pretends boldly that he took the hint from a comedy he ſaw at Florence, called Adamo. Others imagine too he conceived the idea in Italy; now I will give you good proof that all this is a viſion. In one of his political pamphlets, wrote early by him, I forget which, he tells the world he had conceived a notion of an Epic Poem on the ſtory of Adam or Arthur. What then will you ſay muſt we do with this circumſtance of the Trinity College, MS.? I believe I can explain that matter. When the parliament got uppermoſt, they ſuppreſſed the play-houſes; on which Sir John Denham, I think, and others, contrived to get operas performed. This took with the people, and was much in their taſte; and religious ones being the favorites of that ſanctified people, was, I be-

lieve, what inclined Milton at that time (and neither before nor after) to make an opera of it.

The L'Allegro ed il Penſeroſo are certainly maſter pieces of the kind.

Of all his Engliſh proſe tracts, thoſe on divorce are certainly the beſt reaſoned. In his Controverſies on the Times he is a horrid ſophiſter. But what was fanaticiſm and cant in the reſt of his party, ſhews itſelf in him a prodigious ſpirit of poetical enthuſiaſm, and he frequently breaks out into ſtrains as ſublime, or if poſſible more ſo, than in his higher poetry.

His apology for the liberty of the preſs, is in all reſpects a maſter-piece.

The Plan of Education to Hartlib, is a very able one.

Spangles and Ribbons.

Sleepy Statesman.

A member of the general court of Maſſachuſetts, who, from accuſtoming himſelf to take a nap after dinner when at home, could not diſpenſe with the cuſtom, when attending to give laws to a mighty people, not long ſince occaſioned much ſport in the houſe, by the following incident. A day was aſſigned for the ſecond reading of a lumber-act: as this intereſted our ſleeper, he requeſted a friend, who ſat next him, to awake him, if the diſcuſſion of the bill ſhould be introduced while he was aſleep. This his friend promiſed him; but, happening to go out for a few minutes, the bill was called for; and, after a ſhort debate, was committed. Immediately after, the bill for preventing fornication, was brought on. This occaſioned ſome debate, during which the ſleeper's friend returned. Finding the lumber-bill was diſmiſſed, he thought he might indulge his friend in his nap. However, as ill-luck would have it, he trod upon the toe of this votary to Morpheus, who ſuppoſed it was a ſignal for his waking: immediately rouſing himſelf, he rubbed his eyes, and looking about, perceived a pauſe in the debate—on which he roſe and addreſſed the ſpeaker as follows: "Sir, I wiſh to ſpeak a few words on

the bill now in queſtion. It affects, Mr. Speaker, my conſtituents very much: for *above half our town get their living by it.*"

Some time ſince a perſon on his travels through Coventry, Connecticut, ſtopped at the houſe of the Rev. Joſeph Huntington, D. D. and acquainted the doctor, that he had been preaching at Suſquehaunah for a conſiderable time; but was ſo unfortunate as to be driven from his poſſeſſions by the Indians, who had deſtroyed his property. He added that he was on his way to Maſſachuſetts, where he had ſome friends: and aſked charity of the doctor. The latter was liberal and hoſpitable to the ſtranger, and told him as it was Saturday, and it would be improper for him to travel on the Sabbath, he might refreſh himſelf at his houſe both days. The offer was accepted; and the Dr. invited his gueſt to aſſiſt him next day in the duties of his function; but he declined, alleging as a reaſon, that his clothes were not ſufficiently decent to appear in the pulpit. To obviate this difficulty, the Doctor offered him a ſuit of clothes almoſt new. The objection being removed, the pretended clergyman agreed to aſſiſt his brother, and, in order to prepare himſelf, deſired to be left alone that evening, to ſtudy his diſcourſe. A fire was accordingly made in his bedchamber; whither he repaired with his new garb, at the ſame time acquainting the Doctor that he muſt ſtudy till late at night, and hoped no noiſe that he might make would

diſturb the repoſe of the family. Sunday morning came, and the *preacher* being ſent for to breakfaſt, was not to be found. He had decamped in the night, *a la ſourdine*, and had carried off the clothes, ſo well ſuited to his newly-aſſumed clerical dignity, leaving behind him the following oppoſite text, written at the top of the paper, intended for his diſcourſe, "*Ye ſhall ſeek me, and ſhall not find me—and where I am, thither ye cannot come.*" John vii. 34.

A lawyer and a phyſician having a diſpute about precedence, referred it to Diogenes, who gave it in favor of the lawyer, in theſe terms: *Let the thief go before, and the executioner follow.*

Domeſtic day of DRYDEN.

The accurate and laborious Edmund Malone, Eſq. in his elaborate life of a great poet, prefixed to a late invaluable edition of his proſe writings, after informing us that "even the *domeſtic* day of ſuch a man cannot be unintereſting," adds, that Dryden uſually devoted his mornings to the compoſition of his various works. The hour of dinner, even in the lateſt period of time, did not exceed two o'clock, and plays began at four in the afternoon. Between 3 and 4 o'clock, he repaired to the coffe-houſe, and there a great part of the evening was ſpent. "Addiſon, (ſays Pope) paſſed each day alike, and much in the ſame

manner as Dryden did. Dryden employed his mornings in writing; dined *en famille*, and then went to Will's; only he *came home earlier o'nights*. In Addiſon's time, it was cuſtomary, about 7 or 8 o'clock, to retire from the coffee-houſe to the tavern, where wine, and frequeutly pipes and tobacco, were immediately called for; and ſit an hour or two, afterwards they ſupped and then again circulated the bottle.

Domeſtic day of ADDISON.

Addiſon, as Pope related to Mr. Spencer, ſtudied all the morning, then met his party at Button's coffee-houſe, dined there, and ſtayed five or ſix hours, and ſometimes far into the night. I was (ſays Pope) of the company for about a year, but I found it too much for me: it hurt my health, and ſo I quitted it. Addiſon's chief companions, before he married Lady Warwick, were Steele, Budgell, Careu, D'Avenant, and col. Brett. He uſed to breakfaſt with one of them at his lodgings in St. James' place, dine at taverns with them, then to Button's, and then to ſome tavern again for ſupper and the evening—and this was the uſual round of his life.

Changeable Silks.

For the CHILD OF PALLAS.

LINES ON MISS *******

Faireſt nymph of human mold,
Whom Jove might tempt to turn to gold;
But of ſuch wit, and chaſtity,
As would reſiſt the Deity.
Dare thy Strephon's feeble lays
Attempt thy faultleſs form to praiſe?
Thy poliſhed cheek, and ſparkling eye,
And fine arched brows of dignity;
Thy ruby lips, and ivory rows
That eaſtern pearl not brighter grows;
And form a mouth, where Nectar clings,
And Venus ſmiles, and Pallas ſings:
Whilſt on beds of pureſt ſnow,
The mother's Cupids reſt below,
That by the downy load oppreſt,
In motions ſpeakleſs heaves thy breaſt.
Or jealous of each others ſighs,
In quick alternate hurry riſe.
Matchleſs moulds! by nature placed,
To give perfection to the waiſt.

Now, Muſe diſdain the painter's art,
And act the friend's and moral part;
Search thro' her form's bewitching blaze,
And ſee what human faults diſpraiſe.
But, happy nymph, how can I find
A fault, within a faultleſs mind?
No room, I ſee, is left for pride,
Charity has the place ſupplyed:
No frowns, but thoſe for guilty fear,
And ſilly coxcombs, when they're near:
Ill nature is too dark a gueſt,
For ſuch a bright, illumin'd breaſt:
And ſcandal never durſt intrude,
She moſtly preys upon the prude:
Good humor occupies her place,
And beams reſiſtleſs in thy face:
And adds a heart ſo pure and kind,
'Twas copied from an Angel's mind.

WM. GARDINER.

LINES

On the death of a beloved Wife, who died soon after the birth of her first Child.

While awful winter ſpreads his wide domain,
And robes of ſadneſs, clothe the op'ning year;
While eaſtern rains, bedew the weary plain,
Or northern ſnows in hoary flakes appear.

With tho'ts more drear than winter's deepeſt gloom,
With anguiſh keener than the piercing blaſt;
My heart revolves on lov'd NARCISSA's doom,
And ſtrays with painful pleaſures o'er the paſt.

The comfort ſhe, and ſolace of my breaſt;
The deareſt object of my fond regard;
Whoſe meekneſs ſooth'd my troubled mind to reſt;
Whoſe kindneſs did my every toil reward.

In early years, tho' blooming, fair and gay,
To ſooth a parent's grief, became her care;
His ling'ring pains and ſorrows to allay;
To cheer his mind, and diſſipate his fear.

Her gentle ſoul ambition never fir'd,
To ſhine, the toaſt of ev'ry village ring;
Hearts to enchain, or rage to be admir'd,
Ne'er fill'd her breaſt, tho' lovely as the ſpring.

Retir'd, with peace and innocence ſhe paſs'd,
In paths remote, "the tenor or her life;"

And, to the object of her heart at laſt,
Became a tender, virtuous, loving wife.

But ſhort the period, of bliſs below,
And days of joy, give place to years of pain;
Like drowſy winter, wrapt in falling ſnow.
The ſunſhine ſhort, while gloom and horrors reign.

In bloom of life, this tender flow'r was crop'd,
When joy ſeem'd ready to attend her call;
By giving life, her ſoft career was ſtop'd,
A ſad and painful forfeit to man's fall.

Now ſhe no more ſhall ſoothe the troubled breaſt;
No more, with virtue, tend her houſhold care;
No more, with conſtant friends, in converſe bleſs'd,
In modeſt accents, talk of virtue fair.

Yet, deareſt ſhade, "while mem'ry holds her ſeat;"
While life, in purple currents, warms my breaſt;
Thy lovely image, I will ne'er forget,
'Til loſt in life, I ſink in endleſs reſt.

And ſure, if virtue meet heav'ns beſt reward;
If humble hope and faith, the heart refine;
If meekneſs meet with mercy's ſure reward,
Eternal joy, and bleſſedneſs are thine.

[*From the Telegraphe.*]

SUMMARY.

Domeſtic.

Winchester, Jan. 14. On Wedneſday, the 7th inſt. at about 22 minutes paſt 8 o'clock, P. M. this town and the country around was illuminated by a Meteor, or an expanſion of a ſubterraneous light or volcano; and in about 13 minutes afterwards a tremendous noiſe was heard, attended with a ſenſible ſhock; which not only agitated the windows of the houſes, but even the houſhold furniture. As the motion of ſound is at the rate of 1142 feet in every ſecond of time, it is preſumable that the diſtance from this town where the exploſion took place, could not be leſs than 168 miles.

George-Town, Jan. 14. A great flaſh, or train of light, as if from opening clouds or a burſting, luminous globe, was obſerved in this town and the neighboring country, about 8 o'clock on Wedneſday night, the 7th inſt. and perhaps ſome perſons may have had a fuller view of the meteor itſelf. This at leaſt was the caſe 40 or 50 miles from here in a ſoutherly direction, where the meteor was ſeen by a perſon, who deſcribed it as appearing like a moon, and making a great light. The atmoſphere that evening was filled with vapor, produced by the thaw of the day, and as

it at ſuch a time that nature moſt commonly plays off this ſpecies of fire works, there may perhaps have been ſeveral meteors; but it is aſcertained to be fact, that a ſingle meteor may be ſeen almoſt at the ſame moment by perſons at leaſt 200 miles from each other. Theſe appearances are ſuppoſed to proceed from a large collection of phoſphoric matter, an accumulation of the electric fluid, or the blaze of a train of inflammable air.

The preſident has nominated John Marſhall, now ſecretary of ſtate, chief juſtice of the United States.

Lucius Horatio Stockton, Eſq. of New-Jerſey, is nominated ſecretary at war.

The Editor of the CHILD OF PALLAS commenced the publication, not too ſanguine of ſucceſs, yet with a ſtrong preſumption that the Citizens of this Metropolis, would yield him ſufficient patronage to pay the Printer's and Paper-maker's bills, and leave him ſomething, more nouriſhing than AIR—on which to ſubſiſt.——He has been but partially diſappointed: The encouragement received, has been ſuch as to cauſe a determination to proceed, confident that in the progreſs of years, that which is now a "CHILD," may attain the ſtature and ſtrength of AGE.

It has, however, been ſuggeſted, that if publiſhed monthly, totally diveſted of political information, and containing the ſame number of pages which 4 of the preſent numbers do, it would probably be more convenient, both to the Publiſher and his Patrons. To this amendment the Editor accedes—and the Work will hereafter be publiſhed on the firſt day of every month, the ſecond volume commencing on the firſt of March next. Should ſufficient additional ſupport be given, Cuts will accompany each volume.

To thoſe who have already become Patrons of this Magazine, the Editor tenders his thanks, and preſumes ſuch ſupport will not be withdrawn.

END OF VOL. I.